MEMOIRS

OF

REAR-ADMIRAL

SIR W. EDWARD PARRY, KT

F.R.S. ETC.

LONDON:
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W. Parry

MEMOIRS

OF

REAR-ADMIRAL

SIR W. EDWARD PARRY, K^T

F.R.S. ETC.

LATE

Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

BY HIS SON

THE REV. EDWARD PARRY, M.A.

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD; AND

DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Both sex's virtues were in him combined:
He had the firmness of the manliest mind,
And all the tenderness of woman-kind.
He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing, quite out of date,
Called modesty."

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.
1859

TO

THE OFFICERS AND SEAMEN

OF THE

Royal Navy

THIS MEMOIR OF A NAVAL OFFICER

IS DEDICATED

WITH MUCH RESPECT

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THIS Edition varies little from its predecessor. At the suggestion of a naval officer, I have added, in the Appendix, the "Proposal of Union for Prayer in behalf of the Navy," to which allusion is made in the Memoir. I have thought it best to print the paper entire, in its original form, although more than one of those, whose names stand at the end, have, with Sir Edward Parry himself, now passed away.

E. P.

London,
April 6th, 1857.



PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

In adding another to the numerous biographies which are almost monthly issuing from the press, I have been induced to hope that the Memoir of Sir Edward Parry may not be without its peculiar interest, as the life of one whose name has long been before the public, not only as the successful pioneer of Arctic enterprise, or as holding important Government appointments, but also as the constant and zealous promoter of the welfare of his fellow-men.

Those who were personally acquainted with the subject of this memoir, either in the course of his public career, or more particularly in his private life, will, it is hoped, be interested in tracing the circumstances which led to the formation and development of a character they may have been led to admire or to love.

In dedicating this volume to seamen, it is my earnest desire, that those of that profession into whose hands it may fall may find benefit and encouragement in the history of a naval officer, whose first endeavour was to "serve God in his own generation," and to "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things." Of his unceasing anxiety to promote the highest welfare of the service, to which he ever felt it an honour to belong, sufficient proof will be found in the following pages.

It may be thought by some, that certain portions of Sir Edward Parry's life have been passed over in too rapid and cursory a manner. In all such cases, the object has been to mention only such circumstances as serve to maintain the thread of the narrative, or to exhibit the main features of his character, as illustrated in letters or otherwise.

In conclusion, I take this opportunity of heartily thanking all those kind friends who have contributed material for this memoir, as well as those to whose advice and judgment, in preparing it for the press, I feel myself largely indebted.

E. P.

Sonning, Berks.
Jan. 14th. 1857.

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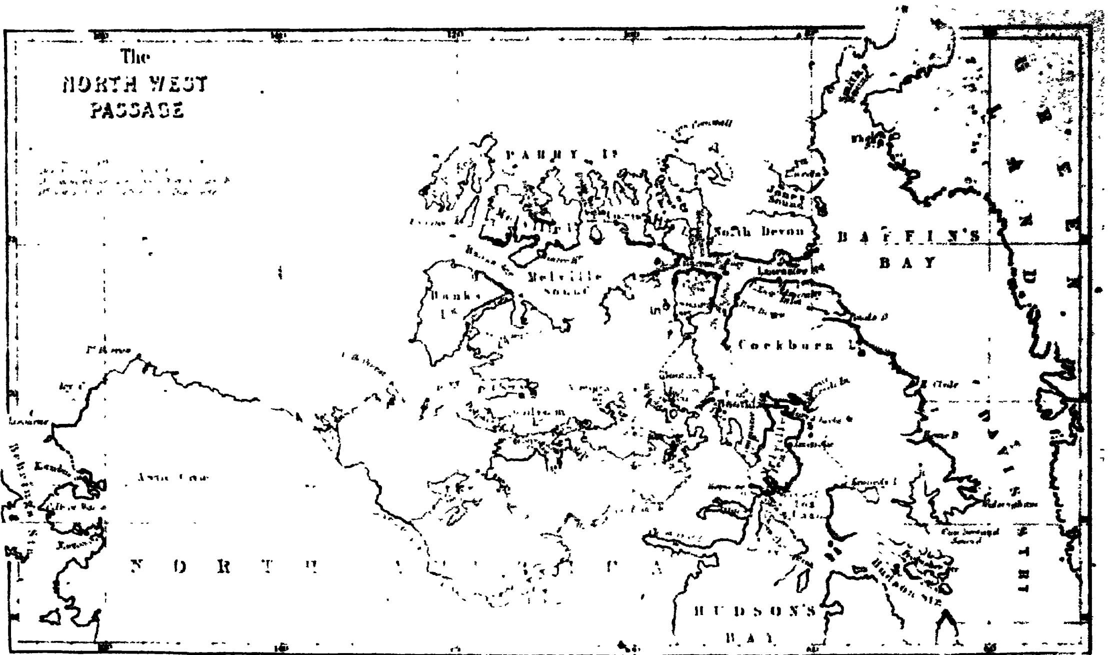
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PASSAGE
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BAFFIN'S
BAY
North Devon
Jones Sound
Melville
Sound
Banks
Cockburn I.
HUDSON'S
BAY
Hudson Str
DAVIS STRT
GREENLAND
NORTH AMERICA

MEMOIRS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE. — CHILDHOOD. — SCHOOL LIFE. — "VILLE DE PARIS."— ATTACHMENT TO HOME.—EARLY RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.—FIRST SEA FIGHT.—"TRIBUNE." —A PRIZE.—"VANGUARD."—DANISH GUN-BOATS.—RECREATION AND STUDY. — A TEMPTATION RESISTED. — LIEUTENANT'S COMMISSION.

1790—1810.

WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, fourth son of Dr. Caleb Hillier Parry, and Sarah, his wife, was born at Bath, December 19th, 1790. His father was a physician of considerable celebrity, and the author of numerous writings on professional and other scientific subjects.* His mother was the daughter of John Rigby, Esq., of Lancaster, and the grand-daughter of Dr. Taylor of Norwich, well known as a Hebrew scholar, and

* A memoir of Dr. Parry of Bath, is to be found in the "Lives of British Physicians." Family Library, No. XIV.

B

the writer of several theological works. It is needless to trace back the pedigree further; but, "Sitric of the Silken Beard,"* whose name stands over the crest of the family, was no unfitting ancestor for one who encountered perils worthy of an old sea-king, and who adopted for his watchword in life their other brief but expressive motto, — "TRY."

Edward, as the boy was always called, received the first rudiments of education in the Grammar School of Bath, under the tuition of Dr. Morgan, then head master. That he did not, even at an early age, neglect the opportunities of improvement there afforded, may be inferred from his knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, which was by no means contemptible, and which must have been, for the most part, acquired before leaving school; for, though he continued the perusal of classical authors afterwards, it was apparently only to a limited extent, the chief portion of his time being then devoted to mathematics, and other branches of study more immediately connected with the naval profession.

For the history of his boyish years we are mainly dependent on the recollections of his youngest sister. "He was," she says, "a very forward child, and showed great aptitude in acquiring and retaining knowledge. His love of music, and excellent ear for time and tune, were also early manifested. I have heard his mother say, that, at four years old, he

* Preface to Gray's poem, "The Fatal Sisters."

would catch any air after once hearing it, and that he would sing 'Rule Britannia' with all the spirit and energy of a man." When he was five years old, being taken by his parents to pay a visit to a lady of their acquaintance, and allowed to run about the house in search of amusement, he was shortly discovered alone in the library, astride on a large globe. "What, Edward?" exclaimed his kind hostess, "are you riding on the globe?" "Oh, yes," replied the delighted boy, with glistening eyes and upraised arms, "*how* I should like to go round it!" Almost prophetic words, and never forgotten by those who then heard them.

He is represented as enjoying great popularity among Dr. Morgan's pupils; and this we can well understand to have been the case, when we know, that to extreme gentleness and amiability of disposition, he united a remarkable delight in boyish sports of every description. However school-boys may often fail in appreciating the excellence of a character unaccompanied by a readiness to engage in the more active amusements of boyhood, they are never slow to admire mental worth, when combined with physical superiority. Such a happy union of qualities was found in young Parry. "A time for everything," seems to have been his motto in his earliest years, as well as in later life.

We find him pictured to us at this time a handsome boy, with a profusion of golden curls, his complexion tanned by constant exposure to the sun, and

good-nature beaming in every glance of his dark hazel eye. Tall and athletic beyond his years, he was never known to abuse his strength in persecuting those weaker than himself, but was, on the contrary, the willing champion of the oppressed. His sister relates that, on one occasion, he came to his father, as was always his custom under any difficulty, and said, "Father, I want your advice; I can't bear to see that big boy G—— beating and ill-treating little H——. I have rescued him once or twice, and this morning G—— turned upon me, and we fought, and I think I should have beaten him if the school-bell had not rung. He has challenged me on Saturday on Lansdowne, and all the big boys are to be present. Do you think I should meet him?" His father, after a few moments' reflection, asked him the age of his antagonist. "Fifteen," was the reply. "And you are not yet twelve? Try all you can to avoid a battle, and by expostulation to prevent his tormenting your little friend; but, if nothing else will do, you must fight; but be cool, and do not give way to anger." He went, and returned victorious, but with a dislocated finger; for this, however, he cared little, "for now," said he, "little H—— will be safe!"

He was not originally intended for the naval profession, but for that of a physician, and, indeed, until within a few days of going to sea, had never himself had any other view. The decision which finally fixed his future course was made very sud-

denly. Miss Cornwallis, an intimate friend of Dr. Parry and his family, had often advised, and even solicited, that Edward should be allowed to become a sailor, feeling confident that his character and tastes were well adapted for an active life of that description. Admiral the Honourable W. Cornwallis, this lady's near relative, was in command of the Channel fleet, off Brest; and when the "Ville de Paris" (Captain Ricketts) was on the point of leaving England to join that fleet, as the flag-ship, it was yielded to her representations that the boy should be allowed to make trial of a sea-life, at least for one cruize. When asked his own choice, he professed himself ready to do whatever his parents wished, and was accordingly, in June, 1803, through the kindness of the Admiral, appointed to the "Ville de Paris," as a volunteer of the first class.

The evening before he left home to join his ship, it so happened that a play was to be performed by the members of Dr. Morgan's school in aid of some charitable object. Edward had always shown considerable talent in this line, and frequently, with the aid of his sisters, would act scenes from Shakspeare, and Mrs. H. More's sacred dramas. On this occasion his services were called into requisition by his school-fellows, who were well aware of his skill in acting; and, in the course of the evening, he sustained three different characters, each with great applause from the spectators. They would have been surprised, could they have foreseen the strange

use to which this talent was to be turned in the future scenes of the profession on which he was about to enter.

Early the next morning he left Bath, accompanied by an old and faithful servant of the family, with whom he travelled to Plymouth, and who did not leave him till he saw him finally settled in the "Ville de Paris." To Parry all was new. He had never before beheld the sea, and his experience of naval matters had been confined to the small craft on the river Avon. Thomas B——, on his return to Bath, described how his young master seemed almost struck dumb with astonishment at his first sight of the sea and of a line-of-battle ship, but how, after a while recovering himself, he began eagerly to examine everything around him, and to ask numberless questions of all who were inclined to listen. While so engaged, he saw one of the sailors descending the rigging from aloft, and, in a moment, before the astonished servant knew what he was about, he sprang forward, and, with his wonted agility, clambered up to the mast-head, from which giddy elevation he waved his cap in triumph to those whom he had left below. When he regained the deck, the sailors, who had witnessed the feat, gathered round him, and commended his spirit, telling him he was "a fine fellow, and a true sailor, every inch of him." We can well imagine with what gratification the various members of his family would receive the account of this and every other incident connected

with his first entry on his new career, and how eagerly they would hail his conduct on this occasion as a happy omen of future success.

He never allowed an opportunity to pass without writing to those most interested in his welfare; and his letters, from the first, breathe throughout a willingness to disregard the necessary discomforts of a sea life, and to be pleased with all he saw around him.

"We have," he writes, shortly after joining the flag-ship, "everything to make us happy; and, I assure you that, if we are not so, it is our own fault. . . . You cannot think how many little conveniences there are on board a ship, which you would not suppose there could be. In many of the cabins we can read, write, draw, &c., without feeling the motion of the ship. If you want to take a walk, you have only to walk the quarter-deck for half an hour; if you want any violent exercise, run up to the main-top-gallant-mast-head, and I am sure it will do you as much good as walking from 27, Circus, Bath, to Summer Hill."

Parry was peculiarly fortunate in making his first trial of a sailor's life under the command of officers who were desirous and capable of winning the esteem and affection of those placed under them. Our young volunteer, in his letters, speaks most warmly of the kindness he experienced from the officers of his ship. "The Admiral and Captain Ricketts," he writes, "are most kind to me. They are always doing something to make me comfortable." He

found a true friend in one of the lieutenants of the ship, the Hon. Charles Powys, of whom he thus speaks:—

"January 4, 1804. 'Ville de Paris.'

. . . . "You cannot imagine how kindly I have been treated by Mr. Powys. Ever since I have been in this ship he has left nothing undone to make me happy, in which he has certainly succeeded. If he ever sees me the least melancholy, he is uneasy till he has discovered the cause. He is always displeased if I do not ask him for anything I want, as he says it shows a want of confidence in him. In short, in him I have found a friend to whose kindness I am in great measure indebted for my present happiness, and whom, I trust, I shall never forget as long as I live. I look on him as a kind of prop and support to me in my first setting out. By going into his cabin—by his instructions in seamanship (which he is always ready to give me)—by reading English and Latin with him, &c. &c.—I really believe that I learn as much in a day as, without him, I should do in a week."

This officer, whose kindness had so won the heart of his young shipmate, left the "Ville de Paris" in the course of this year (1804), and, not many months after, was carried off by fever in the West Indies. The tidings of his death were received by his youthful friend with the liveliest feelings of sorrow.

"Oct. 10, 1804.

. . . . "I am sorry to say I have received very melancholy news. My dear friend Mr. Powys is no more.

This account the Admiral has just received. Few people feel it so much as myself, as nothing could exceed the kindness with which he treated me during the whole time he was on board. . . . To him I owe almost every little advantage I have had since I have been here, of whom, when I think, and while I write, my heart as well as my eyes are brim full."

From the day when his servant left him on board the "Ville de Paris," in Plymouth Harbour, he adhered firmly to his resolution of letting nothing hinder him in a diligent attention to his studies. In the prosecution of these, he was much indebted to the watchful care paid to the education of the junior officers by the Rev. W. Morgan, Chaplain of the ship, afterwards Chaplain of the Royal Naval School at Greenwich.

He writes:—

"April 7, 1804.

"I am going on with my French and navigation, and beginning to make use of my 'Dictionnaire Marine.' I first write down in English any part of the ship's duty with which I am acquainted, and then translate it into French. At the same time I go on with navigation; and, though I have for some time left off Euclid, I shall now (by Mr. Morgan's advice) continue to devote part of my time to it, as it gives me an insight into plane trigonometry, which is connected with almost every branch of navigation, and may, therefore, as well be learnt out of one book as another. I have been glad to find that I have forgotten very little of my Latin, not that I can say as much of my Greek. I find, however,

that I can translate the Greek Testament pretty tolerably. My father says that amongst other books which he intends to send me is a Greek Testament. I have one already, but it is so small that they have been obliged to make use of the old abbreviations, which, in learning Greek, I had never known."

During the whole of his service on board the "Ville de Paris," this ship was employed in cruizing about the Channel, being chiefly occupied in blockading the French coast in the neighbourhood of Brest and Ushant. The eyes of England were at this time fixed upon Boulogne, in expectation of an invasion by Buonaparte, and the movements of the French fleets were anxiously watched by the British Admirals. Parry joined, with all a sailor's ardour, in the enthusiastic longing felt by all for a collision with the enemy, and his youthful eagerness for such an event displays itself in many of his letters. "No more news of *Mr. Bony* yet, and the wind has been fair for him lately. If he does not make haste, he will lose all the balls and plays, and he will not like that!"

Not the least attractive part of his youthful character is to be seen in his constant clinging to home ties. His almost childish delight at receiving letters and parcels from Bath, and the eagerness which he showed for intelligence respecting those most dear to him, are early signs of his appreciation of domestic enjoyment, and the value of family union. We can scarcely doubt that the recollection of those days had their share in the unfailing punctuality observed by

him, in after life, in corresponding with the absent members of his beloved family circle, especially with that dear son, whose lot was cast in the same profession as his own. The following letter is only a sample of many to the same effect: —

"My dearest Mother,

"I have again been made truly happy by a dear long letter from my dear mother, and my sisters have been good and regular correspondents, for which I do not know how to thank them. Whilst I see others on board frequently hoping to receive letters by every opportunity that offers, and almost as often disappointed, I have the satisfaction of receiving three or four, and never going without one. Indeed, so happy and fortunate have I been in this respect ever since I have been in the navy, that 'Parry's receiving letters' has become quite a proverb, and my not receiving any, when an opportunity offers, next to a miracle. I wish, my dear mother, I could tell you anything worth telling. One thing, which I know will delight you as much as anything you can hear from me, is, that I am as happy and comfortable as possible. Happy, I certainly am, as to my situation; most particularly so, as to my dear, dear relations — that is my greatest happiness. My own immediate comforts are nothing in comparison with what I feel for the happiness of those I love."

This strong tie of home affection was doubtless intimately connected with the growth of his religious character. In this respect Parry was singularly favoured. His home was not merely a happy one,

but he had been trained under the watchful eye and judicious care of an affectionate and pious mother, to whom he, in his turn, was devotedly attached, and whose Christian influence he knew well how to appreciate. "If," he used to say to his sisters, "we are not what we ought to be, it is not for want of our dear mother's prayers, for we are the children of prayer—of never-ceasing prayer." The religion of his early years was, indeed, widely different in character from that of his later life; and of the expansion and enlightenment of his views, which afterwards took place, we shall have occasion to speak at a later period. Meanwhile, the influence for good, resulting from youthful training, is manifested in many of his early letters, which exhibit a conscientious wish to follow the good for its own sake, and a seriousness of feeling not often found in one so young—the germ of the earnest desire of the man to employ all his energies of mind and body for the furtherance of God's glory, and the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. This may be seen in the following, penned the year after he went to sea, on the occasion of the death of one of his brothers:—

"My dearest Father and Mother,

"You may well imagine my feelings on receiving this morning the account of dear Frederick's death. I hope that God, of His infinite mercy, will give us all fortitude to bear so great a misfortune. I trust that whenever we

begin to relapse into grief, He will be our support, and will enable us to make the reflection, 'God who laid the affliction on us will give us power to bear it.' *He* has done it, and what He does must turn out eventually for our good."

On one occasion only was the "Ville de Paris" engaged in action during the time he belonged to her. On the 22nd August, 1805, a few weeks previous to the battle of Trafalgar, in obedience to Napoleon's positive orders, the French Admiral in Brest left that harbour with twenty-one sail of the line, to attack the sixteen under the command of Admiral Cornwallis, in hopes that the combined French and Spanish fleets under Villeneuve would arrive from the southward, and insure the destruction of the British blockading squadron. The expected reinforcements, however, never appeared, having taken refuge in Cadiz, after Sir R. Calder's action; and Gantheaume returned to Brest Harbour, without having ventured beyond the protection of the batteries in Bertheaume Roads. Although the English Admiral was unable to bring the enemy to a general action, some of the ships were actually engaged for a short time, and among these the flag-ship. Of this, his first experience in actual warfare, Parry thus speaks:—

. . . "The account which the newspapers have given you is rather exaggerated. . . . It certainly was the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life. It

is astonishing how little fear one feels after the very beginning of an action. Every one is busy thinking of injuring, not of being injured."

In the early part of 1806 he left the "Ville de Paris," bearing with him the highest character at the end of this, the first stage of his professional career. The opinion entertained of him by Admiral Cornwallis is recorded in the following terms:—"Parry is a fine, steady lad. I never knew any one so generally approved of. He will receive civility and kindness from all while he continues to conduct himself as he has done, which, I dare believe, will be as long as he lives."

His next appointment was as midshipman of the "Tribune" frigate, Captain (afterwards Sir Thomas) Baker. This second period of his nautical experience shows an unabated energy and perseverance in fitting himself for the requirements of his profession, by a zealous discharge of duty and attention to the improvement of his time.

It was not long before his good resolutions were put to the test. He had not been many days on board his new ship, when his Captain paid him the compliment of selecting him to perform the duties of day-mate, which position seems to have prevented him from giving so much of his time to his books as formerly. It gave him, however, a practical insight into that portion of a naval officer's duties which otherwise he could not have had

"'Tribune,' off Belle Isle, June 21, 1806.

"I am going on very comfortably in my new situation. 'Early to bed, and early to rise,' is my maxim at present. I find, however, that I have not, on the whole, so much time of my own as when I kept watch; for now I cannot be sure of a minute in which I am not liable to be sent for on a hundred different occasions. . . . . I have, in a former letter, given you a true account of my situation with regard to the duty I have to do. I often regret our not having any church or prayers here, which is one of the comforts to which I have been so constantly accustomed on board the 'Ville de Paris.' However, the outward show is not of much use; and while I can enjoy the comfort of a good conscience, and of addressing myself, when I please, to my Creator, and the happiness of reading books, which will serve to teach me the religion I profess, I do not see much reason to lament the want of a black gown, a pulpit, or an organ. My more quiet and composed hours shall be employed in my duty to my Maker and Heavenly Father, whilst I shall be endeavouring, on occasions of duty, to please my officers and companions. I have lately got into a habit of tracing any little uneasiness I may experience at any time throughout, from the causes to their consequences and effects. By this means, I always can derive some good from it, and I never leave off without acknowledging that 'everything is for the best,' or without thanking, in my heart, the goodness of my Creator for that very uneasiness (as I was at first pleased to call it), which is always but a real blessing in disguise. I could mention fifty instances of this, as they have made a strong impression on me, and I now make it my usual

plan. I am determined never, if possible, to be angry or discontented at any of these things, which every day take place; for that is only, in other words, to call in question the goodness of God."

At this period he speaks of an expected action, and vividly describes his own feelings under the immediate prospect of battle.

"Off Belle Isle, June 3, 1806.

"Yesterday, at dinner, the Captain said he expected an action every day, as the 'Regulus' (74) and two other French ships (frigates) are expected here; so you can imagine how anxiously we are looking out for them. I am, for my own part, prepared in every way, both in my duty as a Christian and as an officer. The former will be my comfort in the idea that God is always present, and that (should it please Him to save my life through these dangers) my trust will be in Him; and the latter will, I know, not fail me, unless the former does. I assure you, that whenever I may go into action, I shall never do so thoughtlessly. I shall always carry in my mind who is my Protector and my Friend; whilst my body is doing my duty as an officer, my heart shall be raised much higher, and shall be secretly (at least to the world) imploring a blessing from my Heavenly Father. Thus prepared, what have I to fear on such an occasion as going into action? I am not naturally a coward, and this, added to the knowledge of the Being who protects me, should make me bold indeed!"

After having discharged the duties of "day-mate" for nearly three months, he was advanced to the

signals, a post more to his taste than the former, and one which he had before filled in the "Ville de Paris," where his attention and quickness of eyesight had already earned him distinction. He does not fail to express his gratitude to "good Captain Baker" for his kindness. The following anecdote further illustrates the good understanding between them. He had been invited in his turn to dine with the captain, and, in the course of conversation, a difference of opinion arose between them respecting some of the rigging attached to the mainyard. After some little discussion, Parry apparently yielded to the judgment of his superior officer; but, after about an hour's interval, when the guests returned to the cabin for coffee, he produced a small rough model of the points in dispute, which he had prepared in the mean time. This gave such certain evidence that he had been in the right; that the captain good-naturedly acknowledged himself fairly beaten by his midshipman.

For two years the "Tribune" was employed, as the "Ville de Paris" had been, in cruising off the French coast. He displays the same anxiety as before to meet the enemy, and have his name mentioned in the home despatches. At one time he dwells on the disappointment caused by the escape of a large fleet of French merchantmen, off the coast of Brittany; and, subsequently, with proportionate glee on the capture of a French vessel, on board of which he was himself placed as prizemaster. Such

a charge was a position of no small gratification to a youngster of seventeen, and he always retained a lively recollection of the event. The cargo of the captured vessel consisted of salted sardines and French wines; and he used to relate, with his wonted humour, how he and his prize crew feasted on the former, till their excessive thirst drove them to the wine, as a dire necessity under the circumstances!

In the spring of 1808, Captain Baker was promoted from the command of the "Tribune" to that of the "Vanguard" (74), which belonged to the Baltic fleet. Though, for many reasons, Parry would have preferred remaining in a frigate to serving in a line-of-battle ship, he was anxious to follow his own captain. To his great delight, the desired exchange was effected without difficulty.

The "Vanguard" returned to the Medway in November, and, having obtained leave of absence, he spent Christmas at his father's house in Bath. He writes on his return to his ship:—

"Well! it is indeed just like a dream! It seems impossible that a day or two should be sufficient to change one's situation so completely; yet I am very happy. I am myself possessing a thousand blessings, of which many others are almost ignorant, or of which they know only sufficient to be convinced that they want them!"

In the spring of 1809, the "Vanguard" sailed once more for the Baltic, but not under her former commander. Captain Baker relinquished his com-

mand, in consequence of his marriage, and Captain Glyn was appointed to succeed him. Sorry as our young sailor was to lose one who had always treated him so kindly, it was not long before he attached himself to his new captain, with feelings of respect and gratitude. They were soon engaged in active work. It required all the vigilance of the British captains to protect their convoy from the formidable flotilla of gun-boats which had been prepared by the Danes. During this summer, Parry commanded a gun-boat attached to the "Vanguard," and came frequently into collision with the enemy, whose power of annoyance he knew how to respect.

"I only wish," he writes, "the people in England would be convinced that these Danish gun-boats are *not* gun-boats, or would give them some more respectable name; for they really are the only kind of vessels which the English navy has reason (not to dread, but) to guard against. It is a shame that a British squadron should be obliged to confess themselves annoyed by *boats!* But they are not gun-boats, and there the disgrace ends."

His taste for music proved to him at this time a source of great pleasure, in the hours of relaxation from duty. His violin, on which instrument he was anxious to become a proficient, was his companion during this summer cruise in the Baltic.

"I have been practising three or four hours to-day on the fiddle. I don't know whether I improve or not, but

I will do all I can, for there are so many scraping and blowing constantly about me, that the idea of playing as badly as they makes me quite sick. Music is a delightful thing, and I would sacrifice almost everything, except my other duties, to become a good or tolerable player. I have never forgotten what I have been told, viz. that 'musicians are often great heathens.' I therefore never suffer the fiddle to utter a syllable of complaint more than six days out of seven. On the seventh, it must keep its groans to itself."

It was, doubtless, in reference to the musical discord, here described as reigning in the "Vanguard's" gun-room, that he was accustomed, in after life, to relate a jesting remark, intended as a compliment to his own instrument, made to him by one of the senior officers of the ship, that he constantly heard from below "the notes of many *fiddles*, and one *violin!*"

The following letter on the same subject, is interesting from the characteristic feeling which it also displays for another's sorrow.

"'Vanguard,' Great Belt, Aug. 13.

. . . . "I am sorry to say I am just on the point of losing the most pleasant and amiable companion I have had in this ship, viz. Lieut. B——. I have had so many pleasant evenings in playing the violin, accompanied by the flute, which he plays very prettily indeed, that I shall often miss him. His health is so very bad, and his constitution so extremely weak, that he is obliged to go to England by the first opportunity.

Every one esteems him, and he will be universally lamented. His complaint has, indeed, more of the appearance of consumption than any thing else, and I agree with himself in supposing that he is not long for this world. He has neither father nor mother, but is with his sisters, under the care of guardians. We are particularly fond of a tune called 'The Sicilian Mariners' Hymn,' which is one of the most solemn and beautiful I ever heard. It was played at the burial of one or both of his parents. I could see the tears gush from his eyes as we were playing it, and he was obliged to leave off. I could not help keeping him company in the latter part of his performance."

Music, however, was not the only recreation in which he indulged. His love for Cowper, mentioned in the following, remained the same throughout life, and he often declared that he regarded him as the chief of poets. . .

"I have just been going on with Cowper's Poems. I never was so much delighted with any thing in my life. Though I have read them before, yet I never fully entered into and understood them properly. I am sure you would split your sides, sometimes, to see me when I am in ecstacies with reading them. I laugh, I cry, and always end with saying, 'What a most excellent man and Christian he must have been, and how well acquainted with mankind!'"

These lighter pursuits, though so congenial to his taste, he never permitted to interfere with his professional duties. He speaks with real pleasure of

the appointment of an efficient naval instructor, under whom he might improve himself in the study of mathematics and navigation; and he always showed a similar anxiety to exert himself in the acquisition of every species of knowledge which can be of advantage to a seaman.

"My dear Father,

"It gives me the most sincere pleasure to know, that your thoughts on the subject of pilotage coincide exactly with what appears to me so reasonable. I have often taken great pains to make the inquiries you mention, viz., the marks, shoals, dangers, and methods of avoiding them, and have been as often astonished to find that few, or none, seemed the least inclined to assist me in these occupations, though, thereby, they would be instructing themselves. The fact is exactly as you say, that they are too lazy to attend to this most necessary branch of sea-knowledge, because they are not expected to know it. Yet, to see the situation in which ships are sometimes placed, you would suppose that no man, in his senses, would fail to make himself master of so invaluable a knowledge as that of pilotage."

The age of nineteen, according to the regulations of the naval service, was the earliest period at which a lieutenant's commission could be held. It seems, however, to have been a common practice to forestall the requisite age by a false representation, and this Parry was repeatedly urged to do, the six years of his service having expired some months

before he reached his nineteenth birthday. To all such solicitations he turned a deaf ear, being too upright and straightforward to take advantage of a practice, which, however usual, was still unfair and untruthful. His determination to abide by the decision of his better judgment is shown in the following: —

"'Vanguard,' Belt, June 4, 1809.

. . . "I have made up my mind very comfortably to wait six months, till my nineteenth birthday. It is very astonishing to me, that I am every day abused by somebody or other, for not going to pass my examination at once, as soon as I have served my six years. They tell me I could certainly pass for nineteen or more, if I chose to try; all this I know very well, but there is so much to be said in opposition to it, which seems much more sensible, that they may as well say nothing more about it." . .

And again, —

"Six midshipmen have passed their examinations, which is not a customary thing at sea, but has been granted by the Admiral, as we are at so great a distance from England. One or two of them were much under age, and I have been not a little railed at, on this and many other occasions, for not having done the same. I expect to see all these receive commissions before I pass, but I do not care for that, I am very well satisfied to wait."

The time, however, at length arrived. The "Van-

guard" returned to the Downs in December, and Parry went up to town, where he remained in lodgings until the ordinary examinations were concluded. He passed for lieutenant on the 3rd of January, 1810, and through the kindness of Lord Lowther, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, obtained his commission two days after. "I have at length," he wrote to Bath, "the happiness of telling you that you may now call me LIEUTENANT PARRY!"

CHAP. II.

JOINS THE "ALEXANDRIA."—DANISH GUN-BOATS.—POLAR ICE.—ASTRONOMICAL STUDIES.—APPOINTMENT TO "LA HOGUE," AND VOYAGE TO HALIFAX.—BOAT EXPEDITION UP THE RIVER CONNECTICUT.—LEAVES "LA HOGUE." —ILLNESS.—BERMUDAS.—RETURNS HOME.—APPOINTMENT TO THE "ALEXANDER" UNDER ROSS.

1810—1817.

Early in February, 1810, Lieut. Parry proceeded to Sheerness to join the "Alexandria" frigate, Captain John Quilliam. This vessel being of the smaller class of frigates, a lieutenant's cabin would necessarily be of very limited size; but to a young officer the possession, for the first time, of a retreat he can call his own, is a matter of no small importance. Parry's first business was the furnishing of this, his "castle," as he termed it.

"'Alexandria,' Sheerness, February 19, 1810.

"I think I cannot better employ myself, for half an hour after breakfast, than by giving you a description of my cabin, which is now nearly complete. I told you it was about six or seven feet square. Its door (which opens into the gun-room, where we dine, &c.) is in the

middle of one of its sides, and on the right is a small window, looking also into the gun-room; facing you, as you go in, is a very pretty chest of drawers, and over it is my library, which makes no shabby appearance, I assure you. Just over the middle of the drawers is a small window, not a foot square, from which proceeds all the light which my cabin possesses. Upon the back row of books stands a small oval looking-glass, 'neat but not gaudy.' The bed-place is converted in the day-time into a very convenient and pretty sofa. Next the washing-stand is a small table, which, like the table in the hall at the Circus,* lets up and down. Let not the table in the Circus think itself degraded by such a comparison, for, be it known, mine is made of cedar; Lebanon itself never produced a finer piece of stuff! for the sake of distinction, call this table 'Lebanon.' Under 'Lebanon' are boots, &c.,—over it are hung my sword, dirk, work-bag,—and immediately over the middle of it is the brass branch candlestick, which, you may remember, I got at Bath; and last, though not least, over the candlestick is hung the little picture of the 'Alexandria,' which, among other things, serves constantly to remind me of the happiness I have enjoyed at Bath."

In March the "Alexandria" left the Nore, with a convoy for the Baltic. After a long continuance of unfavourable winds, they reached the Great Belt, where they received information that the Swedish ports were closed against them. "The very name of Belt," writes Parry, "suggests the idea of gun-boats;" and it was not long before these formidable foes showed themselves as much on the alert as

ever. The "Alexandria" was frequently engaged with the Danish schooners and gun-boats, which, being armed with 32-pounders, were often more than a match for the 12-pounders of the British frigate. It was seldom, indeed, that they ventured to come to close-quarters with the men-of-war, but it was not possible for the latter to prevent the loss of some of their convoy on a dark night. The boats of the enemy were so small as to escape detection for some time, and the merchant vessels under the protection of the British flag, especially those of foreign nations, showed great carelessness and inattention to orders, in many cases keeping no night-watch. It was therefore no matter of surprise, that, on the first alarm, some of the convoy should be seen already "taking their leave," while the difficult navigation of the Belt rendered a re-capture by night next to impossible.

During the first part of this year, the "Alexandria" was stationed off Carlscrona, where the Swedes, though not yet actually at war with England, were making active preparations for defence by sea and land, "in case," says Parry, "we should be inclined to *Copenhagen* them." The Swedish fleet in the harbour consisted of thirteen sail of the line, and the entrance was secured by a chain across. "That fleet," he writes, in May, "ought to have been in Yarmouth Roads by this time!"

The "Alexandria" returned to the Thames in the winter, and in January of the next year was placed

on the Leith station, under the command of Captain Cathcart, for the protection of the Spitzbergen whale fishery. During the two years spent on this service, they were again continually annoyed by the gun-boats of the enemy.

In the winter of 1811-12, the "Alexandria" remained for some weeks at Cromarty. The hospitality of the Scotch rendered this stay pleasant to the officers of the ship, especially to Parry, who, in company with the captain and surgeon, enjoyed a "cruise" of several days in the neighbourhood. He was much delighted with Inverness, and the new Caledonian Canal. This he pronounced "a truly grand undertaking," little thinking that his own name would one day be officially connected with it.

In the course of the year 1812, being still engaged in the protection of the fisheries, Captain Cathcart received orders to proceed as far as 76° N., and to return with the last of the whalers at the close of the season.

"We must," writes Parry to his sister, "in anticipation of this freezing cruise, make up our minds to cheat the summer as comfortably as we can among the bears and seals on the ice. What curiosities shall I bring you back? Would you like an island of ice? a few white bears as pets, or half a dozen seals? Of all these we shall perhaps see plenty before we return."

In the preceding autumn he had recorded, as worthy of especial remark, that phenomenon, with

which he afterwards became so familiar, the appearance of the sun above the horizon at midnight; and in this summer he made his first acquaintance with the ice of the Northern latitudes. While holding on their course towards Bear Island (which lies midway between Spitzbergen and North Cape), their progress was suddenly arrested by immense quantities of floating ice. For a few hours they persevered, steering a devious and difficult course between the frozen masses, but it soon became evident that further advance was out of the question. Baffled in their attempts to reach Bear Island, they turned towards North Cape, which had been their cruising ground during part of the former year. Even the bleak outline of the snow-capped hills of Lapland was hailed as an old and welcome friend, after the desolate expanse of the ice-fields they had just quitted. "The very snow itself seemed familiar to us."

"On the 26th of June," he writes, "we observed seven or eight small vessels lying in a narrow harbour. We got them out the same evening without opposition, and had a few hours' run on shore into the bargain. This, in Lapland, was a new thing to me. The whole scene, which our little expedition presented to the eye, was such as could not fail to make an impression on the mind. From the top of this hill we had an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, which differed little in appearance from the sea coast.

"The sea was smooth, and scarcely a sound could be distinguished, but now and then the voices of some of

our party, who were busily employed below. To make the whole more romantic, the hour was that of midnight, and, what does not often happen, I believe, in modern romances, the sun was two or three degrees above the horizon. Close to the shores of the harbour stood a little hut, in which the door could barely be distinguished from the windows, or the chimney from either. The hut was composed principally of turf, and its top was as green as could be expected, at so short a distance from the North Pole. Its inhabitants consisted of an old Norwegian woman, two or three children, one cow, and two sheep. We begged a little milk, and this she cheerfully gave, in a vessel which might be a pattern of cleanliness to the dairies of southern and more refined countries. I can scarcely imagine human nature in a condition much lower than this, at least in Europe; yet, if happiness be truly defined, the poor Norwegian woman has, probably, as large a share of it as we, who think ourselves so much more highly favoured."

The following was written to his sister, after his return from the coast of Norway: —

"August 25, 1812.

. . . . "I have a little way of talking seriously now and then, and if such moments can, with propriety, be called melancholy, that melancholy is the most delightful sensation I experience. Trust me, my dear ——, if some folks could read my thoughts on death, and on the glorious prospect of eternity, they would not believe I was a sailor. I fear our profession is not unjustly taxed with deficiency in this important point,—nay, an English sailor and his religion are, proverbially, about as opposite

as Calais and Dover. This puts me in mind of a little anecdote, which, when I was left behind the other day at Gottenberg with some prizes, I intended to have committed to paper. . . . . I was on shore in the office of a person whose business it is to take the oaths and depositions of the captors of the enemy's vessels. I was sitting down, waiting till my turn came, and accidentally took up the Testament which was lying on the table. I read for a few moments, when the man of law gravely (and, as he thought, wittily) remarked, 'That is not the kind of book, sir, that exactly suits you!' It went to my soul!"

In the study of astronomy Parry had always taken great pleasure. The following is dated Leith, September, 1811:—

. . . . . "It is a fashionable question to ask if you have seen the comet. You must know that I am rather proud on this subject, for I discovered it, at sea, some days before receiving any intelligence of its having been seen elsewhere. I first saw it, and pointed it out to the surgeon of the ship, on the night of the beautiful central eclipse of the moon. It was not then very distinct, owing to the superior brilliancy of the moon at her full; and I only then remarked, that I was confident there was no planet, or any fixed star of the first or second magnitude in that spot, directly under the Great Bear. On the night after, I again saw it more clearly, and, two days after, the paper mentioned it. Since then, as the moon has been gradually waning, it has been more and more beautiful. . . . Astronomy is a delightful science; independently of the knowledge it conveys as a science,

it carries with it, to the mind of a human creature, the strongest lessons of humility; at one view it sets forth the incomprehensible and infinite power of his Creator, and his own insignificance."

For some time past, he had employed the tedious hours of a night-watch in studying the situation of the fixed stars in the northern hemisphere. The importance of being able to obtain the latitude and longitude by night as well as by day, "of observing by more suns than one," could not, he thought, be too highly estimated. The result of his observations afterwards appeared in a small volume, entitled "Nautical Astronomy." His own experience had convinced him of the want of some elementary work on this subject, and this he desired to supply. "I have seen," he says, "two or three books on the subject, but from the manner their authors have treated it, they must have considered their readers as so many Herschels. They take so much knowledge for granted, that, if the learner possess it in reality, he will not thank them for their instruction."

On several occasions, also, he occupied himself with preparing accurate charts of the northern navigation. Surveys of different localities on the shores of the Baltic had been sent by him to the hydrographer of the Admiralty; and, while on the Leith station, he forwarded to the same quarter charts of Balta Sound and Voe, a harbour on the north-east coast of Shetland.

In January, 1813, Lieut. Parry left the "Alexandria," not without considerable regret. He writes from London: —

"I mean to go down to the 'Alexandria' again this evening. I cannot well leave her these three or four days, as I have lots to do in the packing way, besides settling a hundred little things, which a residence of three years in one *house*, and a sudden removal to another, necessarily bring with it. Nobody, without experiencing it, can conceive the peculiar feeling connected with this kind of change. One becomes so insensibly attached to a ship, in which one has seen such a variety of good, bad, and indifferent, that, however much one may wish, for good reasons, to leave her, there is something inconceivably gloomy in the act of doing so. I know every plank in the 'Alexandria' as well as I know the letters of the alphabet."

He was next appointed to H. M. S. "La Hogue" (74), Captain the Hon. Bladen Capel, then at Halifax. During the past year, exertions had been made to procure for him an appointment to that station, Sir F. Laforey having promised him his patronage, could this be effected. No opportunity, however, occurred, and another officer received the expected vacancy, returning home with the rank of commander.

While the "Sceptre" (84), which was now to convey him to Halifax, was detained at Portsmouth by contrary winds, Parry, for the first time, beheld

a steam-engine at work, in the dockyard of that port.

"Portsmouth, Feb. 26, 1813.

. . . . "I have, this morning, been to see the block machinery worked by steam in the dockyard. I cannot express to you how I have been delighted with this masterpiece of human invention. I never before saw a steam-engine; but was rather pleased with myself in finding that, with the previous knowledge I had acquired of this wonderful moving-power, I could point out to my companion the uses of its several parts as soon as I saw them, having several good plates of it in Ferguson, Imison, Gregory, &c. The extent to which it is here applied in the formation of blocks, &c., does not strike me as anything more than a tolerable knowledge of mechanics might naturally have suggested, when once the steam was made to perform its office in so wonderful and perfect a manner as it there does. The whole, however, conveys the most grand idea of the indefatigable industry of man. . . . I am confident that, if we live twenty years, we shall see steam applied to a hundred different purposes on board a ship; I may be wrong in the method of applying it, but I am sure that much is to be done by steam in a ship."

This, his first voyage across the Atlantic, was performed quickly, owing to favourable winds.

"We have," he writes, "taken frequent and excellent observations on our passage, by night and day, and I have had a famous opportunity of using my instruments, which I may safely pronounce to be excellent. The

theodolite I have, of course, had no occasion to use; it is a sweet little instrument. The sight of a full moon, just about sunset, in these latitudes, is one of the most sublime I ever saw: the clearness with which it is seen is, I suppose, to be attributed to the rarity of the atmosphere. We did not alter a sail during the whole of our passage, and we made the shortest, but one, that was ever made with a convoy. . . . Independently of our nautical observations, I can safely say, with a clear conscience, that I have not been idle on the passage. I don't think there is a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy more fond of writing than I am, and I am sure there is not one who knows how to make a worse pen; but, like Sterne, I have only commenced my tour in the world, and I shall mend as I go on. I have been so happy as to meet with a brother officer, who, like myself, 'knows only that he knows nothing,' and we have gone hand in hand together in our occupations. We have been going through Euclid again. He plays the flute, and we have our regular duets together: astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry have not been neglected, as far as reading will convey knowledge, without experiments in these delightful sciences."

At Barbadoes, he was kindly received by Sir F. Laforey; but the latter, being now superseded in his command by Sir J. B. Warren, no longer had it in his power to serve his young friend. He regretted that Parry "had not come out twelve months sooner, for, in that case, he would have been twelve months a commander." This was a great disappointment, but regret was useless.

"H. M. S. 'Sceptre,' Barbadoes.
"April 23, 1813.

"You will believe me when I say, that I do not repine at having missed what, to *us*, seems to have been a golden opportunity. We know not what might have happened, had I been promoted eighteen months ago, instead of six months hence; I might have proved one of those intolerable little-great-upstart captains, which on *very strict examination*, are to be found in our navy. I might, I say, have been so: I will not answer for myself that it would not have been the case. I consider this (and every other event of my life) as one of the innumerable means which an unseen Providence employs to educe great good from little evils; we see it in a thousand instances, and, if we cannot always trace out the good which results, it is because the creature cannot follow the Creator."

The "Sceptre" arrived at Halifax the 2nd of June, 1813. On the day previous, "the glorious 1st of June," the celebrated action between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake," off Boston, had taken place; and, a few days later, Captain Broke, who had been severely wounded, entered the harbour of Halifax with his prize, anchoring amid loud cheers from the ships and spectators on shore. "Halifax," writes Parry, "is in such an uproar, that I doubt whether the folks will ever recover their tranquillity."

The greater part of this autumn was spent in cruising off Nova Scotia. In November, a violent hurricane visited Halifax, driving from their anchors all the men-of-war and merchantmen in the harbour,

which presented a scene of desolation and distress seldom witnessed.

"The merchant-vessels," he says, "first set the example, and, in a few minutes, every man-of-war was driving from her anchors. I think we should have held out, but for other vessels that came upon us in pretty quick succession; at length our turn came, and away we went on shore, in a very soft, convenient place. It was indeed so soft, and the rain so violent, with a pitch-dark night, that we did not know for some minutes that we were on shore. We lay there that night, and got off the next morning, having received no damage whatever. I have been thus circumstantial in 'La Hogue's' adventures, because I know that it will amuse my father, and make my dear mother easy."

In the following spring, Lieut. Parry was engaged in a successful boat-expedition, attended with considerable danger. On more than one occasion, the enemy had endeavoured to destroy the British ships by means of "torpedos," a species of "infernal machine;" and, during one night in April, an attempt of this kind was made on "La Hogue," then lying off New London. "This," he writes, "ended in smoke, or rather in no smoke at all, for all the effect was the ducking of half-a-dozen people by the column of water forced up in the explosion."

At the same moment, a boat was detected by the "Maidstone" frigate, containing one man, who pretended to have come off for the purpose of selling provisions. The lateness of the hour, however, and

his muffled oars, combined with something uncommon in the appearance of the man himself, raised the suspicions of the Captain, who detained him in irons. The man would not allow that he had any share in the attempt to blow up the ship, but, after a few days, offered, in consideration of being set at liberty, to pilot the boats of the squadron up to Pettipague Point, in the river Connecticut, where several American privateers and letters of marque were lying. "Torpedo Jack," as the sailors had dubbed their captive, was willing to prove the honesty of his intentions, by going himself, handcuffed, in one of the boats. An expedition was planned accordingly, consisting of six boats from "La Hogue," "Maidstone," and "Endymion," under the orders of Captain Coote, of the "Borer" brig. Parry commanded one of the boats, being third in seniority of the officers engaged; and the account of this gallant exploit, for which a medal was afterwards awarded, may be given in his own words: —

"We proceeded in the 'Borer' to the mouth of the river, where she anchored, and we left her, at 10 o'clock at night, in six good boats, containing 120 men, of whom 40 were marines. We had only six or eight miles to row, but, on account of the tide, which at this season of the year always runs out of the river, did not get up to the shipping till break of day, and landed without opposition, after warning the inhabitants, that if a single shot were

fired in the neighbourhood, the town should be burnt. To make a short story of it, we were employed in burning vessels from daylight, at about half-past four, till noon, when we hauled off into the stream of the river, in two of the finest vessels that were afloat. In these we lay four hours longer, eating and sleeping, within pistol-shot of the woods, in order to refresh ourselves for any further exertions which it might be necessary to make; when, lo, and behold! we saw a boat, with a flag of truce, coming out from Lyme, which place, with a point on the opposite side of the river, formed its narrowest part, and, we could perceive, was destined to be the grand rendezvous of their force, in their attempt to stop our going back. The boat came alongside the schooner, where we were now all assembled (having burnt the brig which had grounded); and *such* an officer, bearing *such* a letter, nobody ever heard of or saw, — a cobbler's hand, and many words wrongly spelt! It was to demand a surrender. The style in which this was demanded was enough to make us hold it in the greatest possible contempt, which the answer that Captain Coote gave him was sufficient to show. Three cheers for old England, before the boat was out of hearing, was the most expressive answer to their presumptuous demand; and I verily believe that there was but one mind amongst us upon the occasion. Captain Coote determined upon our remaining where we were in the schooner till dusk, then to set fire to her, and push

down the river. She made the twenty-seventh which we destroyed. Whilst daylight lasted, they were afraid to bring anything against us where we then lay, for we should have landed immediately, and dispersed them; but as soon as it was dark, and we were just on the point of leaving her, they commenced a heavy fire of field-pieces and musketry from the woods close abreast of us. The tide was running at the rate of three or four miles an hour in our favour, and we were soon away from the schooner. 'The grand point, at which their chief force was collected, as I before mentioned, was near Lyme, and its opposite bank (about two miles and a half below us), and thither we drifted silently, without rowing, which would have warned them of our approach.' We observed them lighting their fires on the beach, which enabled them to see when we passed the ferry, not by the light which they threw on the water, which was inconsiderable, but they could see when any object passed between them and the fires opposite. This was very quickly the case with us, and a heavy fire commenced. We pulled rapidly past them in a few minutes, and then considered ourselves safe enough. When we went up the night before, we landed at a fort at the mouth of the river, and, finding no guns, merely threw down the flagstaff, to let them know we had been there. We knew, however, that they would have had time enough to get guns here now. When we came abreast of it,

they opened a third fire, but with no effect. Our only loss, in this truly well conducted retreat, has been two killed belonging to the 'Maidstone,' and one wounded of 'La Hogue.' Several privateers, which would very soon have been ready for sea, were destroyed. Reckoning at the rate of 10*l.* per ton, the value of the damage done would be near 50,000*l.*; and, as an immense quantity of stores were also burnt, it will not be above the mark to value the whole at 60,000*l.* sterling. We have not yet seen the New London account of it, but we hear that they are astonished. Independently of the stir we made there (five or six leagues from this place), we have also been actually the means of driving the American squadron from their anchorage several miles up the river. We imagined they must have gone up for the purpose of sending a large force from thence round to Sayboro', to cut us off in our retreat; if they did go, they were a day behind. Such is the outline of this little, but well conducted affair, of which you will soon see the official account." *

In the summer of 1814, Sir J. B. Warren was succeeded in his command by Sir A. Cochrane, and a more vigorous blockade of the American ports commenced. "La Hogue" was still stationed off

* The brave leader of this expedition, Captain Coote, was shortly afterwards lost at sea, greatly regretted by all, and by none more than Parry, who spoke of him as a "pattern to all the Captains of His Majesty's Service."

New London, and, with the rest of the squadron, kept the whole coast in a state of alarm. Little, however, was actually done, the American ships of war in the Connecticut river not venturing out to sea. At length Commodore Decatur, finding it had been impossible to break the blockade, even in the winter, and despairing of effecting it in the summer, prudently relinquished his inactive situation, and sent the crews of his ships round by land to man the "President" and others elsewhere.

The prospect of peace, held out by the abdication of Napoleon, was hailed with joy by Parry, though it seriously impaired his expectations of promotion, so long delayed. He writes, under date of July 20, 1814,—

"How glorious has been the issue of European affairs to our beloved country! She has calmly and resolutely held out, in support of the common cause of nations, against the arm of despotism, which, but for her, might, ere this, have laid Europe under contribution. Heaven be praised! she has been the means of leading back other nations, one by one, to a sense of their true interest, and has brought them to stand forth in defence of everything that should be dear to them. We may now, indeed, boast of being Englishmen, for all Europe is our debtor. I don't much like the Elba business; what say you to it? Buonaparte will never, I think, be in quiet while he lives,—it would be very odd if he were! We don't hear what the Emperor of Austria says to all this. Indeed, we only get scraps of English news from the American papers."

"La Hogue" now returned home; but Parry, "anxious" as he was "to visit once more the shores of old England," determined to remain on the North American station, as the most likely means of obtaining his long-desired step. He was, consequently, appointed to the "Maidstone" (36). The Peace of Ghent, the news of which arrived early in January, 1815, proved, as he had anticipated, a still further obstacle to the attainment of his wishes, and the letters written by him at this time show, painfully, the sickening effects of "hope deferred." Unwilling to quit his present station, and so lose the "poor, and indeed almost hopeless, chance of promotion," he successively joined the "Ardent" (64), "Carron" (20), and "Niger" (38). In November, 1815, he writes:—

"I am almost tired of shifting myself and my baggage so often. However, it cannot be helped, and we ought to endeavour to feel contented, when we are doing the best we can. You see, my dearest parents, that I am still acting on that principle, to which I trust I have hitherto adhered, viz., the doing what, under existing circumstances, seems to me to be most right. . . . . I have acted on this fixed principle through all my changes and exchanges."

The same conscientious attention to present duty appears in a letter, written at this time, on the subject of punctuality, which formed so marked a feature of his character throughout life: —

"I find I am more punctual to my leave than anybody else thinks necessary. This unpunctuality may be

of serious consequence if anything should happen; and, though a captain may wink at it, it is not he, but I who should suffer from it; besides, it is a bad habit, and a person who stays a week beyond his leave now will the next time probably stay ten days, and so on."

His health, in the early part of his life, was excellent. "As a lieutenant," he has said, "I used to wonder what a headache meant!" Once, however, during this period, while on his way from Bermudas to Halifax, in the "Menai," Captain Pell (now Sir Watkin O. Pell, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital), he was seized with a severe attack of inflammation. The kindness of Captain Pell, who immediately placed his own cabin at the disposal of the invalid, left a deep impression on his mind, and he always spoke most warmly of the attentions he received from this officer. Upon landing, he obtained three months' sick leave, the first part of which was passed at the hospital. At Halifax he made many friends, and received so much kindness, that he declared when the time came for him to join his ship, that it was like "leaving home." With the admiral's secretary, Charles Martyr, Esq., he, at this time, formed a tie of the closest intimacy. "I know not," he says, "a young man in the world, for whom I have such high esteem and respect. If you knew him for twenty years, I will answer for your discovering in him, every day, something new to admire." The friendship thus formed continued

after their return to England, and remained unbroken until Mr. Martyr's death, which occurred some years later. The sorrow which Parry felt at the loss of this valued friend proved, as will be seen, the means of marking the advance and development of his own religious principles.

The Christmas of 1815 was spent at Bermudas, where he awaited the arrival of the "Carron" from Trinidad, and, during his stay in these islands, he was much indebted to the kindness of the officers of the 62nd regiment, who made him an honorary member of their mess.

"The appearance of these islands, covered with cedar trees, whose bright green is happily interspersed with the milk-white houses,—the peculiar light colour, and exquisite clearness of the water, which surpasses anything that can be imagined from having seen the sea in other parts of the globe,—present a scene uncommonly romantic and interesting. Moore, who celebrated its beauties *, could not, certainly, have found any spot more likely to inspire the imagination of a poet. Another poet, too, Waller, has touched upon it in his song, though Johnson says he never was there. Last, though not least, the immortal Shakespeare has laid the scene of

* "Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled, and Waller has strayed!"
MOORE.

"These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone."—*Id.*

his 'Tempest' in the 'still vexed Bermoothes.' Still, I think these gentlemen would not have relished a twelvemonth there. There is, positively, nothing eatable to be got, and even a poet would soon have found to his cost, that no substantial beef and mutton is to be found grazing in the 'fairy fields of fancy.'"

Early in 1817, he was recalled to England, in consequence of a severe family affliction. His father had, in the preceding October, been seized with a paralytic attack, which deprived him of the use of his right side, and reduced him, for the remaining six years of his life, to a state of great suffering and helplessness. His father's illness, and his own despair of promotion, combined to render this the gloomiest period of our sailor's life; but, when the cloud which overhung his fortunes seemed most impenetrable, an opening unexpectedly occurred, which threw a gleam of encouragement over his darkened professional prospects, and finally proved the forerunner of success and renown.

At the conclusion of the war, and, consequently, of active service on a foreign station, Parry, while yet on the coast of America, had been anxious for employment in some expedition for the purpose of discovery. A project of exploring the river Congo, in Africa, being in contemplation, he volunteered for this service, but, owing to his detention at Bermudas, was prevented from joining it in time. The travels of Clapperton had interested him much, and his atten-

tion continued to be occupied with the subject of African discovery.

About the close of the year 1817, in which he returned to England, he wrote to a friend on this subject. The letter was written, but not posted, when his eye fell on a paragraph in the newspaper relative to an expedition about to be fitted out to the Northern Regions. He seized his pen, and added to his letter, by way of postscript, that, as far as he was concerned, "hot or cold was all one to him, Africa or the Pole." The friend to whom the letter was addressed showed it to Mr. Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty, and the well-known patron of arctic discovery. In a few days, Parry, still a lieutenant, was appointed to the command of the "Alexander" discovery ship, under the orders of Commander John Ross in the "Isabella," "for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and ascertaining the probabilities of a North-West Passage to the Pacific."

CHAP. III.

BRIEF SKETCH OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY PREVIOUSLY TO 1818. — LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

ONE day, early in the month of June, 1576, when Greenwich was a royal residence, three small ships lay moored in the river, opposite the palace. A queen of England stood at one of the windows, waving her hand, in token of farewell, to an officer standing upon the deck of the larger vessel. Nearly three hundred years afterwards, when another queen sat on the throne of Elizabeth, a naval officer, travelling in all haste from the north of our island, arrived at daybreak in London, and announced to the world, that the North-West Passage had been discovered. These three centuries, which elapsed between the departure of Sir Martin Frobisher from Greenwich, and the arrival of Lieutenant S. G. Cresswell in London in 1853, with despatches from Captain M'Clure, form an interesting episode in history, being the time occupied in the solution of that problem, which Frobisher pronounced to be, in his day, "the only great thing left undone in the world."

The discovery of the continent of America, at the

close of the fifteenth century, opened out a wide field for nautical enterprise. The flourishing trade of Spain and Portugal in the Indian Seas stimulated the merchants of England to seek a shorter passage thither than that by the Cape of Good Hope. Hence a series of expeditions, at greater or less intervals, for the discovery of a "North-West Passage to Cathaia and lands Orientall." Even before the reign of Elizabeth, some attempts had been made towards this object. In the time of Henry VII., Sebastian Cabot, then only twenty-three years of age, considering it "a thing more divine than human, to sail by the west into the east, where spices do growe, felt in his heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing."* In those days, however, so little was known of the continent of America, which lay as a great barrier between the shores of England and the East Indies, that Cabot, after sailing "as far as the 56th degree under our pole," and "finding, to his great displeasure, that the land still continued" to the north, retraced his steps to the southward, as far as Florida, still hoping to come across some opening which might suit his purpose. It is mentioned, in some accounts, that his progress to the northward was stopped by "such coulde and heapes of yse," that he durst pass no further; also, that he found "the days very long, and, in a manner, without

* Shillinglaw. Narrative of Arctic Discovery.

nyghte." On his return to England, Cabot was prevented from prosecuting his discoveries by the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck, and the war with Scotland. The impulse, however, given by his efforts to arctic research, stirred up others to imitate his example. Portugal was, at this time, one of the great naval powers of Europe, and the countrymen of Vasco di Gama were not likely to leave to England the sole enjoyment of the fruits of this new field of enterprise. Accordingly, Gaspar de Correal, a Portuguese of high rank, sailed from Lisbon in 1500, and returned to that port the next year, having made his way as far as the coast of Labrador, and bringing back with him several of the natives, as trophies of those hitherto unknown regions. He sailed again the next year to follow up his discoveries, but was never heard of more. His brother Michael went in search of him, but he, too, never returned. A third brother offered to follow, but the King Emanuel refused to permit him to tempt a similar fate*, and the loss of the two Cortereals will ever remain one of the impenetrable mysteries of arctic story, a foretaste of that more prolonged tragedy which has been witnessed by our own generation.

Frobisher was the first Englishman who sailed in command of an expedition for the discovery of a North-West Passage, Cabot being of Venetian

* Shillinglaw. Narrative of Arctic Discovery.

extraction, though his nautical fame was gained under the English flag. The first voyage of the former was signalised by the discovery of the strait, which bears his name, but its more immediate results were singular. Among the curiosities brought home by him was a piece of black stone, in appearance much like ordinary sea coal. This on being thrown into the fire, and "quenched with vinegar," sparkled like gold. The news soon spread, like wildfire, that the "New Countrie" was to prove a mine of wealth, and two expeditions were successively fitted out by Frobisher, for the purpose of obtaining ore; the last was on a large scale, embracing a scheme of settlement, which, however, ended in nothing. The supposed precious metal seems to have been, in reality, nothing more than particles of micaceous sand, or, according to another conjecture, the glistening mineral known as Labrador spar.

The bursting of this glittering bubble left the minds of our countrymen, once more, open to the consideration of the less visionary object of arctic exploration. Repeated failures only serve to kindle afresh the "flame of desire" to accomplish the long-sought passage between the two great oceans. In the two centuries which succeeded Frobisher's last voyage, many expeditions were fitted out at the public expense, and many more at the cost of private individuals, who formed themselves into

companies for this purpose.* 'Among the discoveries to which these gave rise, those of Davis, Hudson, and Baffin,' are most worthy of mention. The last was the first to circumnavigate the extensive bay, or rather sea, which bears his name, and to the accuracy of his observations testimony has been repeatedly borne by later navigators. To him we owe the discovery of Smith's Sound, which, there is now every reason to believe, is the passage separating Greenland from the opposite coast, thereby proving the truth of Burleigh's conjecture that "Groynelande is an islande." It was Baffin, too, who laid down on our charts the name of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, the entrance of which remained barred to European enterprise for two centuries, until its icy gates opened to admit the "Hecla" and "Griper" under Lieut. Parry.

In all the northern expeditions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, England held far the most conspicuous place. At times, however, her example roused the emulation of other countries to enter the lists of arctic discovery. As early as the reign of Francis I., a French squadron, under Cartier, visited the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and gave the first impulse to the colonisation of Canada.

* The first company of merchants ever incorporated by charter in England is said to be one formed in 1553. Their capital was only 6000*l.*, with which three ships were fitted out under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, with his whole ship's company, was frozen to death off the coast of Lapland, in attempting to force a north-east passage to India.—*Quart. Rev.* viii. p. 125

The Dutch, in 1594, despatched three successive expeditions, under the ill-fated Barentz, along the northern shores of Russia, penetrating as far as Nova Zembla. The Danes, also a nation of brave seamen, in the seventeenth century, stimulated by the successes of Hudson and Baffin, sent out several expeditions in the same direction; all of which resulted in disaster and disappointment. Behring, who has given his name to the strait which divides the two great continents of Asia and America, was also a Dane by birth; but his discoveries were made under the auspices of Russia, and owe their origin to the energetic mind of Peter the Great. The Empress Catherine, in sending out the expedition under his command, was only following out the wishes of her imperial husband, who, on his death-bed, had drawn up instructions for the purpose.* Behring, like Barentz, fell a victim to disease, in the midst of the scene of all his hopes and disappointments, and his crew returned with difficulty to their native country.

We now come to the commencement of the present century; and here we may pause for a moment to see what had been done towards the discovery of the North-West Passage. The existence of a polar sea could not be doubted; for Hearne and Mackenzie † had viewed it from its southern shore at the mouths of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers. The western entrance of this sea had been

* Shillinglaw, p. 142. † In 1772 and 1789.

opened by Behring; and, towards the close of the last century, Captain Cook crossed its threshold, and penetrated as far as Icy Cape. The eastern door was entirely closed and unknown. Between the west shore of Baffin's Bay and Icy Cape, the chart presented a blank, broken only by the headlands which marked the estuaries of the two great rivers above named.

With the nineteenth century a new era dawned on arctic history. Within a space of thirty-five years, from 1818 to 1853, successive expeditions left our shores, each resulting in varied success, and the contribution of much valuable scientific information; until, at length, the crew of M'Clure's ship passed homeward through Lancaster Sound, having entered the Polar Sea from the western side.

To the late Sir John Barrow, secretary of the Admiralty, is owing the practical revival of this interesting question in the minds of our countrymen. He strongly urged the necessity of accomplishing that discovery to which our old navigators had led the way; and of not allowing others, especially Russia, "a naval power of but yesterday," to snatch from Britain the honour of solving this great problem. But the strongest argument urged was the increased probability of success, arising from the disruption of the vast fields of ice, which, for more than four centuries, had blockaded the shores of Old Greenland. This fact was fully attested by the reports of whalers and others, who, while they found

the higher latitudes comparatively free from obstruction, met with icebergs and islands of packed ice far to the southward of their original fastnesses.

In consequence of these considerations, a plan was drawn up by Sir John, then Mr. Barrow, which resulted in orders being issued by the Admiralty for the preparation of four ships, to be appropriated to the service in question,—two, for the search of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and two, to proceed from the Sea of Spitsbergen towards the North Pole.

Having thus briefly traced the history of former expeditions for the discovery of a North-West Passage, it may be well to consider the peculiar characteristics of the service on which the crews of these ships were employed.

It is a strange life on which the seaman enters, when once his vessel has made the ice of the Northern Seas. Till that moment, the dangers he has encountered have been such as his nautical experience has taught him to avoid or meet; but, the ice once around him, all is changed. At this critical moment, when he feels that the perils of an almost untried and uncertain navigation call for every aid that his skill can suggest, he is, gradually, deprived of that friendly help which he has always regarded as his mainstay in the hour of need. Each day, as he approaches nearer to the magnetic pole of the earth, the compass becomes more sluggish, until,

at length, it is "thrown aside as useless lumber." The wind rises to a gale, and instead of the rocks and shoals, which, in other seas, offer, if we may so say, only a passive resistance to the sailor's course, here loose frozen masses dash against the vessel's side with a violence which no skill or chart can avoid. Well might the British mariner, two centuries ago, be affrighted by the "very loathsome noise" † so new to his ears, when an arctic navigator of our own days describes it as such, that "the orders of the officers and men could scarcely be heard," ‡ as they toiled through the heavily-laden breakers.

Strange too and magnificent, in approaching the portals of the Northern Ocean, must be the first sight of the huge floating mountains of ice, past which the vessel glides, — their upper snow-capped surface, of alabaster white, sparkling in the sun, and contrasting with the beautiful azure of the base, against which the surf is dashing. § These giants of the north are, at once, the friend and foe of the adventurous navigator. Now he courts their proximity, making fast to them for security, or slowly hauling past their huge sides; while, at other times, he steers wide of the glistening masses, fearing lest, like the fabled rocks of Grecian story, they should

* Parry's Voyages.

† Waymouth's Voyage in 1602; Shillinglaw, p. 76.

‡ The late Admiral Beechey's Narrative of the Voyage of the "Dorothea" and "Trent," in 1818.

§ See accounts of Parry, Scoresby, and others.

meet and crush his frail bark, or, perchance, lose their balance, and fall upon him. In this latter case, it is but short warning that is given. The sound of a voice, the firing of a gun, or a blow with a boat-hook, is often enough to detach the loosened fragments, and endanger the equilibrium of the whole. Down into the sea, with a noise as of thunder, falls the mountain, for a moment disappearing from view; then, suddenly, in the midst of a cloud of foam, shooting up again into the air. For a while it rocks to and fro, as if uncertain of its new position, into which, at last, it gradually subsides, while streams of water pour from its surface, glistening with emerald hues in the rays of the sun.*

Various and fantastic are the forms assumed by these mountains of ice, to deceive or amuse the sailor. At whiles, the cry of "a sail" startles him, and, half doubting, half hopeful, he prepares his packet of home letters, all to no purpose. Again, his fancy spreads before him, gorgeous in tints of gold and emerald, a palace not unworthy of fairy-land, with crystal colonnades, and diamond-studded gates,—or, once more, it is a huge pavilion that meets his eye, from whose entrance he almost expects some uncouth form to issue, to do the honours of the North, and welcome the strangers to his frozen abode.†

* Journal d'un Voyage aux Mers Polaires, par J. R. Bellot.
† Ibid.

In these regions all is rude and colossal. The huge ice-mountain, itself hundreds of feet in height, is but a small fragment of a vast glacier on the shore, extending often for two or three miles inland. The separation of the berg from its parent field has been described by an eye-witness of the avalanche.

"This occurred on a remarkably fine day, when the stillness of the bay was first interrupted by the noise of the falling body. We had approached one of these stupendous walls of ice, and were endeavouring to search into the innermost recesses of a deep cavern near the foot of the glacier, when we heard a report, as of a cannon, and, turning to the quarter from whence it proceeded, we perceived an immense piece of the front of the berg, sliding down from the height of 200 feet, at least, into the sea, and dispersing the water in every direction, accompanied by a loud grinding noise, followed by a quantity of water, which, being previously lodged in fissures, now made its escape in numberless small cataracts over the front of the glacier." *

All in keeping too with the scene are the wonders of animated nature. Here, spouting the water from his nostrils, a whale lies basking on the surface of the sea, until, alarmed by the unwonted intrusion on his solitude, he suddenly dives head foremost, lashing the water into foam with his broad-forked tail. There, the scene will be diversified by a

* Beechey's Narrative.

walrus, formidable with its huge tusks and ponderous bulk, reclining leisurely on the brink of the ice, or moving sedately about in one of the pools of water. A little further on, a seal is lying in wait at the edge of a hole, watching his opportunity to dive after a fish; while above, on a ledge of the berg, or rock, a great white bear, himself on the look out for the seal, alarmed by the dip of oars, or the strange sound of human voices, plunges head foremost into the sea, over a precipice many feet in height. Should his visitors be at leisure for a chase, he is not let off thus easily; and the excitement of a bear-hunt is usually too attractive for the opportunity to be allowed to slip.

The eye of the mariner is now directed upwards, and here nature seems, in a manner, to change her course, and work signs and wonders in the heaven over head. Now, the sun appears no longer circular, but of an oval form,—or, perhaps, there is no longer one sun in the sky, but two suns mock his wondering gaze; and, in like manner, at night, two moons shed their silvery beams on the glistening icebergs, past which the vessel glides in her phantom-like course.* Again, the whole of one quarter of the heavens is illuminated with golden rays, dimming the radiance of moon and stars, while flickering shafts of light shoot swiftly upwards to the zenith. The ignorant native of these frozen shores, when he sees

* Parry's Voyages, Bellot's Journal, &c.

these glittering portents, cries aloud to his comrades, that "the spirits of the air are rushing by." The wiser British seaman gazes in scarce less wonder at the sight, but he knows that he is nigh the "birth-place of the Aurora Borealis."*

Onwards speeds the ship,—but now the ice gathers closer, and her situation becomes, each hour, more and more perilous. Once caught in the "pack," she is entirely at its mercy. Instances have been known where a vessel has drifted, helplessly and hopelessly, for scores, nay, hundreds of miles, without possibility of extrication.† At times, she is violently heaved up, high and dry, above the surface of the ice, and then again dashed down into the hollows, her timbers groaning, and her masts quivering with the shock. The skill of the seaman is of no avail. Admiral Beechey relates that in one case, "the motion of the ship was so great, that the ship's bell, which, in the heaviest gale of wind, had never struck of itself, now tolled so continually, that it was ordered to be muffled, for the purpose of escaping the unpleasant associations it was calculated to excite." Often,

* Quarterly Review, xviii. p. 492.

† The American searching expedition under Lieut. de Haven, in 1851, was carried in this way, from the mouth of Wellington Channel, through Lancaster Sound, some way down Baffin's Bay. The "Resolute," abandoned in 1853, a little to the south-east of Melville Island, was afterwards found in Davis Straits, having drifted a distance of about 1200 miles. Sir James Clarke Ross, in 1849, drifted, in the pack-ice, from Leopold Island to Pond's Bay, about 300 miles.

when the perilous crisis seems furthest off, it is, in reality, most imminent. On the 21st August, 1853, two ships, a steamer and a transport, were drifting, in closely-packed ice, at the entrance of Wellington Channel. There was scarcely any wind, and none dreamed of danger close at hand. All at once, the watch on board the transport were alarmed by the sudden and unaccountable closing in of the ice around them. There was not even time to give notice to the sleepers in the hammocks below, when they were awakened by the fearful sound of the ice crashing in at the bows. In less than fifteen minutes from the first alarm, the "Breadalbane" was crushed, and engulfed in the heaving ice, her crew having only just time to escape with their lives.* The spectators of the catastrophe, from the deck of the "Phœnix," scarcely knew that anything unusual had occurred, when the transport sank before their eyes, her pendant fluttering in the breeze as she vanished from their view.

But, for the present, let us suppose these dangers to have been avoided, and that the long Arctic winter is now fast approaching. As the brief summer draws to a close, the vessel, still slowly advancing through the intervals of open water, is gradually arrested in her course by the rapid formation of the "young ice" on the surface. Often, with all sails set, and a fair breeze astern, she

* Sir Edward Belcher's Despatches, 1853.

remains motionless, reminding the baffled crew of Gulliver, helpless in the toils of his Lilliputian antagonists.* The warning is not slighted, and a convenient spot is selected for winter quarters. The union jack is hoisted on shore, and the ship is, in a few hours, firmly frozen in, her topmasts struck, and the upper deck securely housed over, with the prospect of well nigh three quarters of a year of helpless durance in her icy fetters.* Shorter, and still shorter, grows the scanty daylight. Magnificent hues of gold, purple, and crimson, in the clear sky, attend the rising and setting of the slowly departing sun †, as though to compensate for the long period of darkness now so near at hand. At length, from the masthead, his orb is seen to set for the last time. The dreary, sunless night of three months has begun. Day after day, the cracking timbers of the imprisoned vessel attest the gradual descent of the mercury. Before many days the mercury itself is frozen in the tube, the beer refuses to ferment, and the spirits and vinegar are congealed into a solid mass in the cask.‡

Beyond the shelter of the vessel, there is little to cheer the already sufficiently depressed spirits. In calm weather, it is possible to stir abroad without any serious inconvenience. But there is not much to tempt one outside. With the exception of a few gaunt wolves, whose hungry howl is constantly heard near the ships, and the little arctic fox, in his

* Parry's Voyages. † Ib. ‡ Ib.

winter coat of snowy white, the animals, which might have lured the hunter to the chase, have left the bleak inhospitable coast for a more genial southern region. To seaward, all that meets the wearied eye is one monotonous surface of ice, unbroken, save by a few "hummocks" thrown up, here and there, above the general level,—while the shore presents one waste of dazzling snow. When the snowdrift is stirred by the wind, exposure, as in the "tourmente" of the Alps, becomes almost certain death. If the imprudent straggler at length succeeds in making his way back, his looks are wild, his words indistinct and rambling, like those of a drunken man, and he is fortunate if he escape with the loss of his frostbitten fingers, stiffened to the shape of the musket stock, or staff, which he carries in his hand.* For the use of those who venture to a distance from the ship, finger posts are planted on neighbouring heights, pointing towards the winter quarters. But the strange refracting power of the atmosphere is a constant source of deception. To guide his steps in the waste, the traveller singles out with his eye what he conceives to be a lofty rock at some distance, but, after a few paces, stumbles over a small stone in his path. A bear, to all appearance, is descried, watching the ship with hungry eyes from the top of a cliff. A party is hastily formed, who arm themselves with guns and pikes, and sally forth for

* Parry's Voyages.

the chase, dividing into two bands to cut off Bruin's retreat. Meanwhile the animal decamps, and all marvel at the unwonted agility of the unwieldy monster. But the mystery is soon solved. A sailor pursues, and in a few minutes returns, holding in his hand a small Arctic fox, the real object of all these alarming preparations.*

But even a Polar winter has, at last, an end. A seaman climbs a hill, and reports that he has actually seen the sun, whose beams, ere many days, once more fall on the housings of the imprisoned ship. His orb is yet, in reality, below the horizon, and his first appearance is owing to refraction, but it is enough,—the long night is over, and the hearts of all are gladdened. It is long before his rays gain any power, but, when this is once the case, the scene changes rapidly. The snow vanishes from the ground, giving place to beds of the scarlet poppy, and the purple saxifrage, while the constant and cheerful note of the snow-bunting, the "redbreast of the North," resounding on all sides, reminds his listeners of a brighter country, the fields and hedge-rows of home. Now the reindeer return to their haunts, and the fox is found with his white winter-fur already speckled with gray. Herds of musk oxen frolic, with awkward gambols, in the midst of luxuriant mossy pastures, which almost present the appearance of a pleasant English meadow.† On land, Nature has

* Bellot's Journal.

† Parry's Voyages, Bellot's Journal, &c.

already burst her chains, but the ice in the harbour of refuge is still many feet thick. The thaw, however, is telling each hour, and the loud reports of the parting masses, every now and then, announce its steady progress. The brief summer is already half over, ere the saw and blasting cylinder have done their work;—but, at length, the ship glides from her prison, at first slowly and half doubtfully, as though cramped by long confinement, and then, as the channel widens, more confidently. Her crew take a last look, scarcely a regretful one, at the well-known cliffs marking the boundaries of their captivity. Three cheers for Old England, and three more for Icy Cape, or Lancaster Sound, and they are, once more, on their way, and all the hopes and fears of Arctic navigation have again sprung into life.

Such is a Polar winter, and such, in its main features, is life within the Arctic Circle.

CHAP. IV.

THE "ALEXANDER" FITTED OUT AT DEPTFORD.—LIEUT. FRANKLIN.—SAILING OF THE EXPEDITION UNDER ROSS. — BAFFIN'S BAY. — LANCASTER SOUND AND CROKER MOUNTAINS.—RETURN TO ENGLAND.—PARRY APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF A NEW EXPEDITION.

1818.

Of the two expeditions, fitted out in the year 1818, for the purpose of Arctic discovery, that consisting of the "Isabella" and "Alexander," with which Parry was connected, was intended, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, to explore Baffin's Bay, and to seek an opening in the same quarter, where former explorers had failed; while the "Dorothea" and "Trent," under Captain Buchan, were to take the bolder course of steering for Behring's Straits across the North Pole itself.

The second in command of this latter expedition was Lieut. Franklin, Parry's acquaintance with whom dates from this period, when both were engaged in fitting out their respective vessels at Deptford. Franklin, in age four years his senior, had earned considerable distinction in the late war,

and both were now about to make their entry on the stage of Arctic enterprise, with which their names were to be for ever associated. The acquaintance, thus commenced, afterwards ripened into the unbroken friendship of two kindred natures, for nearly forty years. When the fate of the "Erebus" was yet uncertain, none felt more keenly than Sir Edward Parry the torturing anxieties of prolonged suspense. To use his own words, his lost friend was in "his sleeping as well as his waking thoughts," and among his own most treasured memorials was found one paper with the touching endorsement,—"Dear Franklin's last letter to me, July 10th, 1845." He thus records his first impression of his friend's character:—"With Lieut. Franklin I have had a good deal of conversation, and I think him the most clever man of our cloth, as far as I can yet judge, with whom I have conversed for some time."

Lieut. Parry, now for the first time in command of a vessel, set himself diligently to the task of gaining information upon subjects more immediately connected with the peculiar service to which he had been chosen. In this he was aided by the kindness of many influential friends. An introduction to Sir Joseph Banks was followed by an invitation to make free use of his library, a liberty of which the young officer gratefully availed himself. "Sir Joseph's invitations," he wrote, "are not like those of fashionable life, but are given

from a real desire to do everything which can, in the smallest degree, tend to the advancement of every branch of science."

Of the continued kindness of his warm friend and patron, the Secretary of the Admiralty, he also writes:—

"I called upon Mr. Barrow, who immediately sent for me, and shook hands like a twenty years' acquaintance, and conversed with me, for half an hour, upon the North-West Passage, islands of ice, bears, Baffins, Hudsons, &c. I mentioned to him having seen, while coming from America last April, islands of ice in a low latitude; at which he caught, as an additional confirmation of the reported breaking up of that body to the northward, and desired me to give him a full account of the situation in which I saw them."

His time was now spent chiefly at Deptford, where no pains were spared in rendering the ships as strong as wood and iron could make them, for encountering the pressure of the ice, and in providing for the comfort of officers and men.

"Everybody," he writes, "is desirous to anticipate our wishes in this respect from the highest to the lowest that are employed in our equipment. . . . . I do not mind telling *you* that the 'Alexander' has obtained, among the officers, the name of the 'Yacht,' from the very superior accommodations we have to those of the other ships. Indeed, I never saw anything more snug and comfortable; but this circumstance should not be mentioned, as people might fancy I gave myself the

credit of it, whereas the truth is, that, during the progress of our equipment, the officers of the dockyard, the principal of whom I knew before, have attended to my wishes in everything, an advantage the others could not possibly have."*

In the midst of these active preparations, he received tidings of the death of his beloved sister, Mrs. Eardley Wilmot. The tidings affected him deeply, but he did not suffer these feelings to interfere with a vigorous attention to his more immediate duties, as will be seen from the following:—

"Deptford, March, 1818.

"My dearest Parents,

"If it were not that I knew you would expect a letter from me to-morrow, I should have been tempted to tear up that which I despatched to-day, and which was, literally, written chiefly upon a cask, while our men were at dinner. After the most busy day that I think I ever passed in my life, how happy am I to be able to sit down quietly in my lodgings, to attempt to answer the many anxious inquiries you have lately made respecting our expedition! I consider it to be *our* business to collect materials, and to preserve those materials in as perfect a state as possible, for the examination of scientific men when we return; noting down the 'habitat,' a precaution I remember my dear father to have given me some years ago. I shall let nothing escape me that comes within my reach, and I hope to be able to produce, on our

* The "Alexander" was fitted out in the Dockyard, and the other ships in Merchant Docks.

return, a tolerable collection for the learned to work upon. I will take care to procure everything, mineral or fossil, that I meet with. My hammer stick, which has been much admired, is hanging up in my cabin, and will, I hope, be often brought into use during the summer. Indeed, I shall never go on shore without it, for it will be useful as a weapon, as well as in the other way.

"The observations upon the magnet will form one of the most interesting objects of the expedition. A variety of compasses are prepared for us, and great expectations are formed of the results we are likely to obtain in high northern latitudes. The connexion observed, in many instances, between magnetism and electricity, and between these and the Aurora Borealis, is very curious, and it is expected that the observations we shall be enabled to make may throw considerable light upon it. There are great speculations on foot, as to what effect may be anticipated upon our compasses, when we approach the Magnetic Pole.

"You will easily believe how deeply I felt the concluding page of my dearest father's letter. Whether it shall please God that I am ever, in this world, to have the happiness of seeing you again, is at the disposal of Him who 'doeth all things well.'"

The interest excited in the public mind by the contemplated expedition, had attracted large crowds of visitors to Deptford, and the decks were thronged with sight-seers from morning till night. When the ships dropped down to Woolwich, he says, "We have the 'Alexander' to ourselves, for the first time since she was put into commission."

On the first Sunday of the voyage, the "Alexander's" ship's company were mustered in the gun-room for Divine Service, a duty never omitted, except in cases of urgent necessity.

"Seamen," he writes, "with all their imperfections on their heads, are certainly a very attentive congregation. It may be said, in opposition to this, that, in a man-of-war, they are afraid to be otherwise, but the 'Alexander' is not yet enough a man-of-war to produce attention by any such means; and I never saw a more orderly congregation than that to which I read prayers to-day. Nothing could be more satisfactory and creditable than the attention of my men. It really was delightful, and, you may depend upon it, that nothing but very bad weather shall prevent my constantly attending to it. If it edifies *one* man only of my crew, it cannot be said to be of no avail; but I am sure it will do more. At all events, I am doing a duty. Let us trust with implicit confidence in that God, whose eye is everywhere, and whose mercy and beneficence are equally conspicuous, whether we traverse the frozen regions of the North, or bask in the sunshine of our native plains."

On the 3rd of May, the shores of Shetland were left behind, and, on the 26th, they rounded Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, passing, however, at a considerable distance to the southward of it. The sailing qualities of the two vessels, which had appeared nearly the same on the passage from the Nore to Lerwick, were

now proved to be very unequal. The sluggishness of the "Alexander" was a continual source of regret to Parry; not merely from his natural eagerness to press onward towards the field of discovery, but because his ship was unable, like her consort, to spare the time for heaving to, occasionally, for the purpose of obtaining soundings, and making observations on the direction of currents, &c.

In a polar voyage, the sight of the first iceberg is an event of some interest, and, on the same day that they rounded Cape Farewell, they passed a berg at the distance of a few miles. The lively imagination of the "Isabella's" crew traced, in its fantastic peaks, some resemblance to the Lion and the Unicorn of the Royal arms, which was, at once, interpreted as an omen of good luck. A few days later, the ice of Davis' Strait was fairly entered, and the ships, at times, completely stopped. "The masses, or lumps of ice," Parry writes, "sometimes resemble the huge piles of stone at Stonehenge, two upright pieces supporting a third placed horizontally upon them."

Whenever advance was rendered impossible by the state of the ice, the delay was turned to account, for the purpose of making observations. The usual practice was to make the ships fast to one of the many icebergs in the neighbourhood, which was then converted into a site for the temporary observatory. The strange character of the scene, which met the eye at these times, was as though one had entered on a new world.

"The magnificence of the view is far beyond any description I can give of it. One half of the horizon, that to the eastward, was occupied by the bleak hills of Greenland, and some of its islands not more than two miles from us. Within a few miles all round us, the water was clear; but the whole of the western horizon, from land round to land, was covered with innumerable masses of ice packed close together. Here and there, a tremendous berg appeared, each assuming some peculiar fantastic shape. If the scene around were grand, that *upon* the iceberg was not less interesting. In one part, was to be seen a group attentively employed in making the requisite observations; in another, a party of sportsmen, firing at the numerous loons, mallemukes, kittewakes, &c. Below, were the boats taking ice on board for water; here and there, a sailor or two amusing themselves in sliding down from the top of the ice to the valley below. The whole scene was extremely interesting and novel. We were employed in executing some of the most important objects of our mission, and this, alone, would have made it delightful." *

On one occasion, while waiting for the sun to break through the overhanging veil of mist, the interval was employed by the officers in a mock fight with snow-balls.

"Some who had gained the summit of the berg, on which they could only just manage to sit, as upon a saddle, looking down an almost perpendicular cliff, perhaps 90 or 100 feet high, into the sea, on the opposite side to that which they had mounted, thought proper to pelt with snow those who had not been so bold, or so

* Lieut. Parry's Journal.

quick in ascending. A sharp conflict ensued, the assailants returning the fire, as they continued to mount, till, at length, the summit was gained by all, and a truce proclaimed by both parties. These are trifling incidents, and may, perhaps, be considered by some as unworthy a place in a journal of this kind; but, to one who witnessed the scene, and reflected on it, on the spot, it could not but induce some pleasing considerations. To see the officers of both ships joining with the utmost good humour, in such amusements, was a pleasing proof of the good understanding that existed between us, and the cheerfulness that animated all; and one could not help going a step farther, to consider that the same unanimity which prevailed among us, in partaking of that relaxation which our duty allowed us, might also be expected to extend itself to the most hearty co-operation, whenever those difficulties should arise, which we have a right to anticipate in the execution of the great object of our mission."

At Waygat Island, they fell in with a large fleet of whalers, waiting for the ice to open to the northward.

"Here, a proud sight to an Englishman presented itself to our view; for our surprise may, perhaps in some degree, be imagined, when on opening the land of this island as we ran along it, we saw a fleet of between twenty and thirty sail of British ships at anchor, giving to this frozen and desolate region the appearance of a flourishing sea-port of some great European nation. Every ship cheered us as we passed, and our men returned it."

While detained at Waygat Island, some Esquimaux came on board. John Sackhouse, the interpreter, or "Jack," as he was commonly called, acted

as master of the ceremonies on the occasion, and Scotch reels were danced on deck, to the merry strains of a Shetland fiddler. The likenesses of some of the party were taken, and they seemed much pleased on being shown the drawings. The behaviour and manners of these poor people were very pleasing, and do high credit to the Danish missionaries residing among them. Some traits of their character deserve to be recorded. Captain Ross, wishing to have some of their dogs, desired they might be brought, in return for which he promised to give them some guns, powder, and shot, which they value highly for killing game.

"To this they willingly agreed; but, when they were told they might take the guns with them *then*, and bring the dogs to-morrow, they would not listen, but faithfully brought the dogs the next day, and received their equivalent. I believe this trait of honesty to be, entirely, the effect of the instruction they have received from their pastors; for every history of Greenland agrees in stating that, though they are honest among themselves, they think it no harm to cheat Europeans."

The ice, at length, began to separate, and, a breeze having sprung up, preparations were once more made to advance. Jack, however, was missing. He had escorted his countrymen on shore, and had not yet returned. A boat was sent in search of him, and the poor fellow was found in one of the huts, with his collar-bone broken. The accident had been caused by the recoil of his gun, which he had over-

loaded on the strength of his own maxim, "Plenty powder, plenty kill."

The ships now advanced slowly along the coast of Greenland. Independently of the many tedious stoppages caused by the closing of the ice, they were continually delayed by the slow progress of the "Alexander." The motion of the ice was so constant and rapid, that a passage, through which the "Isabella" had passed, was often closed before her consort came up in time to take advantage of the same opening. When the wind failed, the ships were towed by the boats, or "tracked" along the edge of the floe, and the services of the "Isabella's" fiddler were again called into requisition, to play to the men as they walked along. Nor was this species of navigation less dangerous than tedious. One of the whalers, which still accompanied them, was crushed between two moving floes, and the crew barely escaped with their lives. The ships, selected for the expedition, had been built so strongly, that they escaped unhurt from the pressure, which would have stove in a weaker vessel. As it was, the violence of these repeated shocks was such, that the whole frame of the vessel trembled from stem to stern. "We ought not," Lieut. Parry writes in his journal, "to complain of the 'Alexander's' sailing, while she stands these squeezes so well; for it would not be easy to make a ship sail, even tolerably, with so much additional timber in her."

On the 31st of July, in lat. 70° 33′, a number of

whales were seen in all directions, and the boats, being sent in pursuit, succeeded in killing one above forty-six feet in length. On the same day they parted from the last whaler, the "Bon Accord," of Aberdeen, with three hearty cheers. The "Isabella" and "Alexander" had now fairly entered the field of discovery, and were left to pursue their course alone, along a coast unvisited by any European since the days of Baffin. The hopes of ultimate success, entertained by Lieut. Parry himself, will be seen from one of the last letters written by him, just before parting with the whalers.

"H. M. S. 'Alexander,' July 25.
"Davis' Straits. Lat. 75° 30′, N.

"My dearest Parents,

"The Greenland ships having at length, in this latitude, found a plentiful harvest of whales, which are now 'blowing' about us in all directions, the ice being open for us to the northward, it is probable that we may here leave them. In regard to our advance to the northward, it may be said that the season has been just like any other; for the *whimsicalities* (as I cannot help calling them) of the ice are such that it is impossible to say, from the appearance of the fields of it at one moment, how it will be in ten minutes afterwards, so suddenly, and apparently without any cause, does it sometimes open, when it could be least expected. There is one great reason, however, for thinking that we shall do wonders in the next two months; all the masters of the Greenland ships allow that at this very time, when their business is finished in these parts, the most favourable

opportunities of getting on to the northward occur, and they all look upon it as a business of little or no difficulty. At this season the ice is very rapidly dissolving. Every field is covered with innumerable *ponds*, or pools of water, which are increasing in size, every moment, from the warmth of the air, which is that of a spring day in England. There is no doubt of our getting much farther than any Europeans ever have been before, and the general opinion among us is (though it should not be publicly expressed), that we shall winter very comfortably, somewhere on the coast of North America; *i. e.* —if Baffin's Bay be a bay—on the west coast of it. On examining Baffin's own account very narrowly, however, we incline to the opinion, that, however he might have intended to imply that he saw the land all round the north side of this bay, he has never said so.

"I enclose a paper upon the subject of magnetism, which is a copy of duplicate letters I have written to Mr. Barrow. This is a subject which has, of late, proved very interesting. Since I wrote that letter, the variation of the compass has increased to 89°, so that the North Pole of the needle now points nearly due west! The dip of the needle is about 84° 40′. As the needle is supposed to direct itself constantly to the magnetic pole, it follows that this pole must now be west of us; and, as the dip is not far from 90°, it follows, also, that it must be placed somewhere not very far from us in that direction. The greatest variation observed by Baffin here, 200 years ago (and the greatest, as he says, in the world), was 56°, so that an amazing increase has taken place during that interval. I have remarked to you, in a former letter, two or three facts relating to

Baffin's journal, which prove his accuracy, as far as we have yet gone, beyond any doubt.

"How delightful, my dearest parents, is this occupation of mine! If I could know that those whom I love most dearly in England are well, I should not have a wish ungratified. You know that God's mercy and protection are not confined to one particular quarter of the globe He has created, but that they are equally extended to all. The dangers of the service on which I am engaged (I mean danger as estimated by our short-sightedness) are, in reality, nothing, unless sailing in the smoothest water and the finest climate can be so considered. You would be delighted to see our 'two or three gathered together' in our little church every Sunday, which the men like very much, and which the service has only prevented one or two Sundays since we left the Nore. I keep a very regular journal of every occurrence, which I never suffer to go one day behind, but put down each circumstance as it happens. I think I never enjoyed such uninterrupted and excellent health in my life as at present. Adieu! Let us trust firmly and uniformly in God, and that He may ever bless you all, prays your ever affectionate

"W. E. Parry."

A few days after leaving the fishing-grounds, the two ships, becoming entangled in the ice, fell foul of one another with a terrible crash. The strength of their timbers was such, that they escaped without material damage, but spars, rigging, and boats, were literally torn to pieces. This danger, however, was trifling in comparison with what followed. The floe,

to which the ships had been moored after the last disaster, was found to be drifting towards some stranded bergs, and all hands were set to work to cut a dock*, for the security of the vessels in case of a collision. The ice proved too thick for the saws to make sufficiently rapid progress, and, as the next resource, the ships were warped, with considerable difficulty, along the edge of the floe to some distance. Hardly was this done, when the very part of the floe, where the dock had been commenced, came in contact with the berg with such violence as to be forced some fifty feet up its steep side, and the broken fragments fell back on the ice with a loud crash. Had the ships been docked there, they must have been crushed to atoms, and no human strength and skill could have saved them.

On the 8th of August, a landing was made on a small island, about six miles from the mainland. Here were some piles of stones, such as are commonly found in the Esquimaux burial grounds. The next day, some of the natives were seen advancing rapidly along the ice, in their sledges, towards the ships. After some hesitation, they were induced by Sackhouse to venture on board, and great was their astonishment at all that met their eyes. This tribe, it seems, had never before had any communication with Europeans, and, though their language was a

* To "cut a dock" is to saw out a hole in the edge of a floe, large enough to contain the ship. The use of it is to secure the ship from being "nipped" by the sudden advance of another floe.

dialect of that spoken by Sackhouse and his countrymen of South Greenland, they appear to have been cut off from all contact with their southern brethren. Unlike the other tribes of the Esquimaux race, they possessed no canoes, and the very name of "Kajak" was unknown to them. Like Montezuma's Mexicans before Cortes, they spoke of the ships as living creatures, and mistook the movement of the sails for the flapping of wings. "What great creatures are these?" they cried. "Do they come from the sun or moon?" During several days, while the ships were detained by the state of the ice, they received several visits from their new friends; but, at length, the wind opened a passage in the barrier, and the water beyond was found tolerably clear of ice. Some spray, which now, once more, fell on the forecastle, was hailed as a pleasing novelty, when the ships, so long entangled in the floe, renewed their usual pitching motion. In this way they passed the Wolstenholme and Whale Sounds of Baffin, and, at midnight, on the 19th of August, the "Isabella" and "Alexander" were off the entrance of Smith's Sound at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, but did not approach sufficiently near the land to determine whether it were only an inlet, or a strait leading into the sea beyond. In the same cursory and unsatisfactory way was passed the mouth of Jones' Sound, on the west shore of the Bay.

On the 30th, a wide opening in the land to

the westward was observed, and the water being deep, and entirely free from ice, the ships made for the entrance of LANCASTER SOUND. The expectations of many were now raised to the highest pitch. The "crow's nest" was continually visited throughout the day, and the eyes of all strained to catch a glimpse of the land they eagerly desired not to see at the end. "Here," writes Lieut. Parry, in his journal, "Baffin's hopes of a passage began to be less, every day more than another; here, on the contrary, mine begin to grow strong. I think there is something in his account, which gives cause to suspect he did not see the bottom of Lancaster Sound—*i. e.*, whether it were really a sound or a strait — nor have we yet seen the bottom of it." The next day, they were fairly within the sound, the "Isabella" a few miles ahead of her slower consort, "We continued to run with all the sail we could press on the ship. I never wished so much that the 'Alexander' were a better sailer; for the inlet looks more and more promising, the swell comes from the north-west compass (that is, south-south-west true), and continues just as it does in the ocean. It is impossible to remark this circumstance, without feeling a *hope* that it may be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it." These hopes were still as high as ever, the water as deep and free from ice as before, when, all of a sudden, the "Isabella" tacked, and rejoined the "Alexander." Both vessels retraced their course,

and Lancaster Sound was left behind. To those on board the latter vessel, such a proceeding on the part of the commodore was inexplicable. In Lieut. Parry's journal, not a remark is made on what must have been a severe blow to his confident expectations of success; but his voyage up the same sound, the next year, is the best comment he could make upon the existence of the Croker Mountains, which the imagination of the commander of the "Isabella" had conjured up, as barring all advance to the westward.

The private journal of another officer on board the "Alexander" is more emphatic on this point. "Not any ice was to be seen in any direction, and at seven o'clock, the weather being remarkably fine and clear, land was not to be discerned between N. 21° W. and N. 44° E. At this time, our distance from the northern land was estimated at seven or eight leagues, and from the southern six or seven leagues; but, alas! the sanguine hopes and high expectations excited by this promising appearance of things were but of short duration, for, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the 'Isabella' tacked, very much to our surprise indeed, as we could not see anything like land at the bottom of the inlet, nor was the weather well calculated at the time for seeing any object at a great distance, it being somewhat hazy. When she tacked, the 'Isabella' was about three or four miles ahead of us."

During the homeward voyage, little occurred worthy of mention. In Davis' Straits, the ships

parted company in a heavy gale, but arrived at Lerwick within two hours of each other, on the same day, October 30, just six months since they left that port. Here they heard that the "Dorothea" and "Trent" had returned to England, having failed in accomplishing their object. Both had been roughly handled by the ice, and the former vessel, at one time, was so disabled as to be in a foundering condition.

The following was the first letter written by Lieut. Parry after his return:—

"Nov. 1, 1818. H. M. S. 'Alexander,' Shetland.

"My dearest Parents,

"I am delighted at having an opportunity of conveying to you the intelligence of our arrival. A few moments only are allowed me to write, and we shall be in England, in a few days, ourselves. For the present, therefore, I sha'l only say, that I have never had one moment's indisposition, and am now in the most perfect health, *and have done my duty.* These are blessings for which I am truly grateful to God, and for which your thanksgivings will, I know, be offered to Him. If I only knew that those I love in England were well, I should be very comfortable. On the subject of our expedition I shall not say anything now, for reasons which, by and bye, will be obvious. The unanimity that has prevailed among us, and the excellent health every man has enjoyed, is delightful. Adieu! God bless you all."

The return of the expedition sadly disappointed the hopes of those who had so sanguinely believed in the existence of a north-west passage. Captain

Ross had, it is true, found the headlands and sounds of Baffin's Bay to exist as Baffin had described them, and, so far, had restored the credit of that able navigator, whose discoveries had been almost erased from the map; but he had declared the impossibility of finding an opening to the westward, in terms no less positive than those employed by Baffin himself. Of the five sounds particularly named by the latter, and less closely approached by Ross, three have been since proved to be actual passages. But though, as regarded the main question at issue, so little had been accomplished, sufficient had been done to convince some of those engaged in the expedition, that more might easily be effected.

"I feel confident," writes Parry in his journal, after leaving Lancaster Sound, "from all I have lately witnessed, that the attempts at discovery in the polar regions have always, hitherto, been relinquished just at a time when there was the greatest chance of succeeding." In a letter written home, shortly after his return to Shetland, he says:

"That we have not sailed through the North-West Passage, our return in so short a period is, of course, a sufficient indication; but I know it is in existence, and not very hard to find. This opinion of mine, which is not lightly formed, must on no account be uttered out of our family; and I am sure it will not, when I assure you that every future prospect of mine depends upon its being kept a secret . . . . . . Our ships are in as good condition as ever, and, with a few stores, I should be

content to go again with them next April. I only wish they would let me!"

His opinion of the matter was, however, soon known at head-quarters, and, doubtless, had considerable influence in the measures promptly taken by the Admiralty. He writes:—

"London, November 28.

"In my letter of yesterday, I purposely avoided telling you that, on that day, I had, by Mr. Barrow's advice, sent my card up to Lord Melville, Wednesday being the day appointed for seeing officers. We, that is, Franklin and myself, saw Mr. Hay, who acquainted us, from his Lordship, that he would see us on Friday. . . . . About three o'clock, Lord Melville saw us, Franklin, as senior officer, the first. He conversed with me upon our expedition, and, what was more interesting to me, upon what yet remained to be done. You must know that, on our late voyage, we entered a magnificent strait from thirty to sixty miles wide, upon the west coast of Baffin's Bay, and—*came out again*, nobody knows why! You know I was not sanguine, formerly, as to the existence of a north-west passage, or as to the practicability of it if it did exist. But our voyage to this Lancaster Sound, as Baffin calls it, has left quite a different impression, for it has not only given us every reason to believe that it is a broad passage into some sea to the westward (probably that of Hearne and Mackenzie), but, what is more important still, that it is, at certain seasons, practicable; for, when we were there, there was not a bit of ice to be seen. This truth has been fully communicated to Lord Melville by Mr. Barrow, who had, with his usual

discernment, immediately discovered it, without any information from me upon the subject. Lord Melville conversed with me, pretty freely, on the probability of a passage there."

Under these circumstances, it was not likely that the energetic Secretary of the Admiralty would allow the great question to rest, and, accordingly, in December of the same year, two vessels, the "Hecla" and "Griper," were selected, under the advice of Parry himself, and taken into dock to be repaired and strengthened for arctic service.

"Who is to command them," he says, "we do not know yet, but it is plain that I shall have some finger in this new pie, which is all I care about. It was also very gratifying to find, on going to the Hydrographical Office, that they were making copies of my charts of Baffin's Bay in preference to any others."

It was not long before his highest hopes were confirmed. On the 16th January, he was, to his own intense satisfaction, appointed to the command of the "Hecla," and of the expedition, Lieut. Liddon being placed under his orders in the "Griper."

"There was a great discussion at the Admiralty, as Mr. Maxwell's letter informed us, before they would finally decide who was to command the expedition. Mr. Barrow was for me, and Sir G. Cockburn was well inclined towards me. The latter, however, being determined to be governed by no feeling but the fitness of the

person he should choose, was requested by Mr. Barrow to take all the journals, and to form a judgment by them. It was on this score that he told Lord Melville that I was the person he should recommend, and I was chosen accordingly. This is very gratifying to me and to you all. I have the account from Mr. Barrow. You will be pleased to hear that all our supplies will be on the same liberal scale as last year's expedition, which is, indeed, taken as a sort of standard, and, as far as regards the material part of the equipment, they cannot do better."

He was not less gratified with the Admiralty instructions, in which he was recommended to attempt the passage, in the first instance, through Lancaster Sound. It will be a matter of surprise to many, as it was, no doubt, to Parry himself, that, notwithstanding the confidence thus reposed in him, promotion was still delayed. For this, however, he now cared comparatively little. "When I look," he said, "at the 'Hecla' and at the chart of Lancaster Sound, oh, what is promotion to this!"

CHAP. V.

PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE.—"HECLA" AND "GRIPER" PASS THROUGH LANCASTER SOUND.—"WESTWARD, HO!"—WINTER AT MELVILLE ISLAND.—RETURN HOME.—PROMOTION TO COMMANDER.—FREEDOM OF BATH, ETC.

"I have not the smallest doubt, that a ship provided, as we were, with abundance of provisions, warm clothing, and fuel, might winter in the highest latitude that we have been in, without suffering materially either from cold or disease."—*Lieut. Parry's Journal in H. M. S. "Alexander,"* 1818.

1819—1820.

THE "Hecla" and "Griper" were fitting out at Deptford, the former in the very spot in the dockyard where the "Alexander" had been commissioned by Parry in the preceding year. "I can scarcely," he says, "yet bring myself to believe, that one short twelvemonth has conferred upon me the command in an expedition, of which I was then proud to be second." The equipment of the ships was left entirely to himself, and no pains were spared in following out his instructions. In order to expedite matters, the work was carried on by torchlight every evening, after the usual hours; and it

was said, that the same amount of work had scarcely ever been done in the yard, by an equal number of men, in the same space of time. The confidence placed in his judgment was so great, that no officer was appointed to the vessels under his command, without first consulting him, and without his full consent. With the exception of Lieut. Liddon, an officer, in Parry's opinion, of great promise, and one beside, all had been employed in one or other of the two expeditions of the previous year. Franklin, with whom Parry would gladly have been associated, and under whom he would have been well content to serve, was not of their number, having been appointed to the command of that land expedition to the shores of the North American Continent, which was invested with an interest, if not in its results, at least in its adventures and misfortunes, even greater than that which we are about to describe.

With such officers to serve under him, Parry felt success to be doubly sure.

"I really think" (are his words) "that we are going out under the most comfortable circumstances, in every respect, that can be imagined. How delightful it is that we should all know each other, and, I may add, how much better for the service! All will, I trust, be confidence and good humour. We are all looking to one object, and I am certain there is not an officer on board who will not do his utmost to attain it."

The ships were readily manned. No sooner were they commissioned than crowds of volunteers offered

themselves, and the only difficulty was that of selection. When this was complete, no vessels in the British Navy could boast a finer set of petty officers, seamen, and marines, than the fourscore and fifteen who answered to their names at the muster on board the "Hecla" and "Griper," on the morning of the 1st of May, 1819. "Perhaps," writes Parry, "I ought not to praise my ship too much (for it is something like praising one's own child), but she really appears to me to be perfection for this service. I believe she is as complete as human art can contrive. Oh! how I long to be among the ice!" With the "Griper" he was not so well content, and, before the ships left the river, he had actually contemplated the possibility of leaving her behind altogether, and boldly proceeding alone in his favourite "Hecla." On the passage to the Nore, however, she answered better than had been expected, and he abandoned the hazardous project of a solitary arctic voyage: but her slow sailing proved, throughout the voyage, as great a source of hindrance and vexation, as that of the "Alexander" had been in the year before.

On the 11th of May, the ships left the river, and passed the Orkneys on the 24th. Four days afterwards, they were in sight of the small solitary crag called Rockall. "There is, perhaps," observes Parry, "no more striking proof of the infinite value of chronometers at sea, than the certainty with which a ship may sail directly for a single rock like this,

rising like a speck out of the ocean, and at the distance of forty-seven leagues from any other land." In obedience to the Admiralty instructions, bottles were thrown overboard, each containing an account of the situation of the ships, with the date and a request in six European languages, that whoever found it would forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty. This was done, every day, during this and subsequent voyages, except when the ships were beset in the ice. On the 15th of June, they had a view of Cape Farewell, at the extraordinary distance of forty leagues. This was attributed to the increased transparency of the atmosphere before rain, aided by the well-known effects of refraction in those seas.

As the ships advanced along the east side of Davis' Straits, they found a uniform and almost unbroken sheet of ice to the westward, interspersed with numerous icebergs of large size. Against these the heavy southerly swell dashed the loose ice with tremendous force, sometimes raising a white spray to the height of more than a hundred feet, "accompanied with a loud roar, resembling the roar of distant thunder, and presenting a scene at once sublime and terrific."* They had now almost reached the latitude of Lancaster Sound, but the barrier of ice which intervened was as obstinate as ever; and, for some time, all efforts to pierce it were vain. At

* Parry's Narrative of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage.

night, the fog used to freeze so hard in the rigging and sails, that some *tons* had to be shaken off in the morning, before the ropes could be properly handled. Once, the "Hecla" was nearly nipped between a floe and an iceberg, against which a strong current was driving the former. The boats were lowered only just in time to tow the ship clear; for one minute afterwards, the ice came violently in contact with the berg, surrounding it on every side.

Convinced, by his experience of the last year, of the probable existence of clear water on the other side of Baffin's Bay, Parry made one more strenuous effort to *force* a passage to the westward, and, this time, his exertions were crowned with success. After a whole week, of most laborious and tedious sailing, tracking, and towing, sometimes not making more than four miles in one day, or a few hundred yards in a night, the barrier was passed, and clear water gained. Sir James Lancaster's Sound was now open before them. The best months in the year for the navigation of the northern seas were yet to come, while the magnificent range of mountains at the entrance of the Sound, recalling forcibly to mind the events of the preceding autumn, inspired all with feelings of animation and eager hope. On the 31st of July, a party was sent on shore to a spot which had been visited in the former year. The flag-staff they had erected was still standing, and the tracks of their own feet were as distinct as if imprinted yesterday, showing that little or no snow

had fallen for the last eleven months. This, too, was a favourable sign. "We were now," writes the commander of the expedition, "about to enter and explore that great sound or inlet, which had obtained a degree of celebrity beyond what it might otherwise have been considered to possess, from the very opposite opinions which have been held with regard to it. . . . . We all felt it was that point of the voyage which was to determine the success or failure of the expedition."

A westerly wind and swell, setting down the Sound, for some time tantalised these ardent expectations of all on board the two vessels, in those days unaided by the power of steam, now so invaluable an assistance to deeds of naval enterprise. At length the wished-for moment came. An easterly breeze sprang up, and a crowd of sail was set, to carry to the westward the impatient and eager discoverers of seas before unploughed by any keel, and of lands on which the eyes of civilised men had never yet rested.

"It is more easy to imagine than describe the almost breathless anxiety, which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any one could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused at the eagerness with which the various reports from the 'crow's-nest' were received — all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes."

Various were the alternations of hope and fear. Some flattered themselves "that they had actually entered the Polar Sea,"—others "began to calculate the distance and bearings of Icy Cape,"—while, again, the cry of "land" from the mast-head cast all their hopes to the ground, until the dreaded barrier was discovered to be "only an island of no very large extent." Soon, however, it was evident to all, that, as far as finding the entrance to the North-West Passage was concerned, their efforts had been crowned with complete success. Croker Mountains had, phantom-like, faded into thin air before the bows of the "Hecla." To a large opening in the northern shore Lieut. Parry gave the name of Croker's Bay, "being anxious to seize, as it would seem, the earliest opportunity of making some compensation for having transformed, as with a touch of Harlequin's wand, the magnificent and insuperable range of mountains, which a former expedition had assigned to one Secretary of the Admiralty, into a broad and uninterrupted passage (Barrow's Strait), bearing the name of the other Secretary. In fact, neither mountain, nor ice, nor any other obstacle, real or imaginary, opposed the progress of Lieut. Parry." *

* Quarterly Review, xxv. p. 180.

After the return of the expedition to England, the following epigram appeared in one of the morning papers :—

Old Sinbad tells us, he a whale had seen
So like the land, it seemed an island green ;
But Ross has told the converse of this tale,
The land *he* saw was—"*very like a whale!*"

Hitherto, the water had been entirely free from ice, but soon a compact body of floes was found blocking up the passage to the westward. The weather, which had been for some time rather hazy, now cleared up, and a large opening was seen to the southward, over which the dark "water-sky" seemed to promise an open sea. In hopes that this might lead to a clear passage, in a lower latitude than that of Barrow's Strait, the ships stood down the east side of Prince Regent's Inlet, so named in honour of the royal personage, the anniversary of whose birthday fell about this time. As they sailed down this inlet, they were approaching rapidly to the Magnetic Pole of the earth, afterwards visited by Sir J. C. Ross, then a midshipman on board the "Hecla." The sluggishness of the compasses had been gradually increasing ever since they passed Lancaster Sound, and now they "witnessed, for the first time, the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship, so that the needle might now be said to point to the north pole of the ship." For the purposes of navigation, therefore, the compasses were no longer of use, and the binnacles were stowed away below, while, for magnetical observations, the compasses had to be removed to the shore or the ice.

The hopes which had been gradually rising with the increasing width of the inlet, were soon rudely

dashed to the ground, by the sight of an extensive barrier of ice before them, beyond which no water could be seen. They retraced their steps, accordingly, to Barrow's Straits, where, to their joy and surprise, the barrier of ice, which had before stopped them, had entirely disappeared. Fogs and light winds rendered their passage slow, but, on the evening of the 22nd August, they were off the mouth of a broad channel, eight leagues in width, on the northern shore of the strait. To this the name of the Duke of Wellington

"The arrival of this grand opening was an event, for which we had long been looking with much anxiety and impatience; for the continuity of land to the northward had always been a source of uneasiness to us, principally from the possibility that it might take a turn to the southward and unite with the coast of America. The appearance of this broad opening, free from ice, and of the land on each side of it, more especially that on the west, left scarcely a doubt on our minds of the latter being an island, and relieved us from all anxiety on this score. Every one felt that we were now, finally, disentangled from the land which forms the western side of Baffin's Bay, and that, in fact, we had actually entered the Polar Sea." *

The sea being still sufficiently open to the westward, Parry did not consider himself justified in exploring Wellington Channel. Their progress was still much retarded by fogs, which obscured the

* Parry's Narrative.

view at times so completely, that the "Griper" could not be seen from the "Hecla" at the distance of a cable's length astern. In the absence of the sun, as well as of the compasses, the ship's course could only be regulated by the direction of the breeze, which, fortunately, blew pretty steadily from the eastward. Notwithstanding these difficulties, considerable advance was made in the desired direction, and, on the 3rd September, the cheering intelligence was announced by Parry to his crews, that they had become entitled to the first in the scale of rewards granted by parliament to those who should succeed in penetrating to longitude 110° W. of Greenwich, within the Arctic Circle. A promontory of Melville Island, off which they were at the time, was named by the men "Bounty Cape," and hailed by all as the first fruits of success.

Beyond this point was another cape, to which the ice was so closely attached, that further advance, for the present, seemed impossible. Fortunately, an excellent harbour offered itself, and the ships were brought to anchor in the "Bay of the 'Hecla' and 'Griper.'" This was the first spot where the ships had anchored since leaving Yarmouth Roads, and, as it seemed to mark, in a very decided manner, the completion of one stage of the voyage, the ensigns and pendants were hoisted. "It created in us," writes Parry, "no ordinary feelings of pleasure, to see the British flag waving, for the first time, in those regions, which had hitherto been considered

beyond the limits of the habitable parts of the world."

It was now the 7th of September, and the season for navigation was, evidently, fast drawing to its close. Parry, however, felt that every moment of the time which yet remained was precious, and determined to extend his operations to the latest possible period. The anchors were, accordingly, once more weighed, and the ships crept slowly along the south shore of Melville Island. The nights were already so dark that, deprived of the use of compasses, they could not venture to move between the hours of ten and two; and, even in broad daylight, the dangers to which they were every hour exposed, were such as might have daunted the stoutest heart. Once, a floe, running against the ice to which the "Hecla" was secured, turned her violently round, as on a pivot; and, on another occasion, both ships narrowly escaped destruction, being within a few hundred yards of the place where an enormous floe dashed against the heavy grounded ice. A few days later, the "Griper" was driven on shore by the action of the ice, and was only got afloat again after severe labour on the part of both crews. Lieut. Liddon was then very ill, and Parry proposed to remove him to the "Hecla," until the "Griper" should be afloat. To this offer he turned a deaf ear, and, in the spirit of a true British sailor, declared he would be the last, instead of the first, to leave his ship, and remained, throughout the time, seated on the lee

side of the ship, giving the necessary orders. These continued mishaps brought all reluctantly to the conclusion that the time had arrived when it became necessary to look out for winter quarters. With the concurrence of his officers, Lieut. Parry determined to regain, if possible, the "Bay of the 'Hecla' and 'Griper,'" which alone seemed to offer convenient shelter. This, however, was not so easy; — the ice in the bay had increased much since they left it, though only a few days before, and, to add to their difficulties, the young ice was forming rapidly on the surface of the water. Before they could reach the harbour which had been selected in the bay, it was necessary to cut a channel of more than two miles in length, through which the ships were drawn into their winter quarters. For three days, both ships' companies were employed in this arduous task, in which officers and men shared alike; while, foremost among all, ever ready to devise expedients, and, by example and word, to encourage the rest, was Lieut. Parry himself. Up to their knees in water, with the thermometer nearly at zero, not a complaint was heard, and when the ships at length, at three P. M. on the 26th September, reached their station in WINTER HARBOUR, the event was hailed with three as hearty cheers as ever burst from the lips of British seamen.

The most difficult part of Parry's task now began. Hitherto, while the necessity for active exertion remained, and constant watchfulness of eye and hand

were requisite in the prosecution of the dangerous voyage, it was comparatively easy for the commander of the expedition to preserve the health and cheerfulness of the crews. Now, however, it needed all the resources of a fertile mind and an active example to prevent the evil consequences likely to arise from want of regular employment, during the dreary hours of a northern winter. But Parry was fully equal to the emergency.

"Having now reached the station where, in all probability, we were destined to remain for at least eight or nine months, during three of which we were not to see the face of the sun, my attention was immediately and imperiously called to various important duties, many of them of a singular nature, such as had for the first time devolved on any officer of his majesty's navy, and might, indeed, be considered of rare occurrence in the whole history of navigation." *

The security of the ships, and comfort of those on board, was the first concern. Both vessels were housed over with thick coverings, and the berths warmed, as well as the circumstances would allow, by a current of heated air from an oven. The upper deck was cleared, to leave room for active exercise, when the weather should be too inclement to leave the ships. On these occasions, the men were made to run round the deck, to the tune of a hand organ, or one of their own songs; while, as a further safeguard against scurvy, they were obliged to drink,

* Parry's Narrative.

each day, a certain quantity of lime-juice and water, under the inspection of an officer. "This precaution," says Parry, "may seem unnecessary to those who do not know how much sailors resemble children in all those points in which their own health and comfort are concerned."

During the first few weeks after their arrival, hunting parties were sent out, when the weather allowed, and some deer and grouse were added to the common stock, from which all shared alike; but before the end of October, all the animals on Melville Island had migrated to the southward. The tedious monotony of the view beyond the ships may well be imagined.

"When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm and clear days which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object was to be seen, on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect, and the sound of voices (which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual), served, now and then, to break the silence which reigned around us—a silence far different from that peaceful composure which characterises the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the deathlike stillness of the most

dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye, or amusement to the mind, that a stone of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.

"Dreary as such a scene must necessarily be, it could not, however, be said to be wholly wanting in interest, especially when associated in the mind with the peculiarity of our situation, the object which had brought us hither, and the hopes which the least sanguine among us sometimes entertained, of spending a part of our next winter in the more genial climate of the South Sea Islands. Perhaps, too, though none of us then ventured to confess it, our thoughts would sometimes involuntarily wander homewards, and institute a comparison between this desolate region, and the livelier aspect of the happy land which we left behind us."

With so little variety on shore, and no prospect of release for a period of several months, it became absolutely necessary to provide some amusements for the ships' companies. Lieut. Parry proposed, therefore, to his officers to get up a play occasionally. This proposal was readily seconded, and, under the auspices of Lieut. Beechey, as stage manager, the theatre on board the "Hecla" contributed greatly to preserve the general cheerfulness and good humour which had hitherto subsisted. "In these amusements," he writes, "I gladly undertook a part myself, considering that an example of cheerfulness,

by giving a direct countenance to everything that could contribute to it, was not the least essential part of my duty, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed."

The first play was performed on the 5th of November, on which day the sun was seen for the last time. These theatrical entertainments took place regularly once a fortnight, and afforded much amusement, though the thermometer on the stage was, usually, many degrees below zero. Even the occupation of fitting up the theatre, and taking it to pieces again, was regarded by the captain as a matter of no little importance; "for I dreaded," he says, "the want of employment, as one of the worst evils that was likely to befall us. As the stock of plays on board was rather scanty, consisting of only one or two odd volumes, our authors set to work, and produced, as a Christmas piece, a new musical entertainment." This had special reference to the service in which they were engaged, being called the "North-West Passage: or, the Voyage Finished," and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that the author was none other than Parry himself.

In order still further to carry out his object of providing occupation and amusement, especially for the officers, he suggested the idea of starting a weekly newspaper, of which Captain Sabine should be editor, to be supported by original contributions from both ships. He was aware that, as a general rule, such a paper might be open to objection in a

man-of-war, but his confidence in the discretion and good disposition of his officers was too great for him to apprehend any serious consequences; and the issue proved that this confidence was not misplaced. "I can safely say," are his own words, "that the weekly contributions had the happy effect of employing the leisure hours of those who furnished them, and of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect, which would sometimes intrude itself on the stoutest heart." The "North Georgian Gazette and Winter Chronicle" was laid on the public table of the officers' mess-room every Monday morning, and its arrival was eagerly looked forward to, as one of the events of the week. When the ships returned home, the Gazette was printed by the officers at the request of their friends, and of all the contributions, whether of good-natured criticism, humorous invention, or more serious feeling, those from the pen of Parry yield to none.

Occupied in this way, the shortest day, or, to speak more strictly, the depth of the long winter night, came upon them. The return of each day was only marked by a twilight for some time about noon, during which they were able to walk out for an hour or two.

"There was usually, in clear weather, a beautiful arch of bright red light overspreading the southern horizon, for an hour or two before and after noon, the light increasing, of course, in strength, as the sun approached the meridian. Short as the day now was (if, indeed, any

part of the twenty-four hours could properly be called by that name), the reflection of light from the sun, aided occasionally by a bright moon, was, at all times, sufficient to prevent our experiencing, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, anything like the gloomy night which occurs in more temperate climates. Especial care was taken, during the time the sun was below the horizon, to preserve the strictest regularity in the time of our meals, and the various occupations which engaged our attention during the day; and this, together with the gradual and imperceptible manner in which the days had shortened, prevented this kind of life, so novel to us in reality, from appearing very inconvenient, or, indeed, like anything out of the common way. It must be confessed, however, that we were not sorry to have arrived, without any serious suffering, at the shortest day, and we watched, with no ordinary degree of pleasure, the slow approach of the returning sun."

Christmas Day was raw and cold, with a good deal of snow. Divine service was performed in both ships, and, in order still further to mark the day, some addition was made to the usual dinner of the crews, who also enjoyed an extra allowance of grog, to drink the health of friends in England. The officers also met at a social dinner, and the day was distinguished, as far as circumstances would permit, with much of home festivity. A piece of English roast beef, which formed part of their dinner, had been on board since the preceding May, having been preserved without salt, merely by the cold.

Thursday, the 3rd of February, was an eventful

day for the crews of the imprisoned ships. A few minutes before noon, from the refractive power of the atmosphere, a glimpse was caught, from the "Hecla's" main-top, of the sun, which had been beneath the horizon since the 11th of November. On the 7th, his orb was fully visible, and, though some months must still elapse before the ships could be set free, preparations were made for the coming summer, in the collection of stones for ballast, &c. This month of February, notwithstanding the presence of the sun to cheer them, was actually the coldest they had experienced. On the 15th, the spirit in the thermometer descended as low as — 55°, almost the lowest degree that had ever been recorded.* "Notwithstanding the low temperature of the external atmosphere, the officers contrived to act, as usual, the play announced for the evening; but it must be confessed that it was almost too cold for either the actors or the audience to enjoy it, especially for those of the former who undertook to appear in female dresses." The ships, throughout this winter, were insufficiently warmed, and fuel moreover was scarce. The bleak shore offered no substitute, and their own stock was carefully husbanded, in case they might be obliged to spend

* A yet lower degree of temperature was afterwards registered by Sir John Richardson, at Fort Confidence, in 1848–9; and, still more recently, by Dr. Kane, to the north of Smith's Sound. The *mean* temperature of the three winter months at Melville Island was —28° 36′!

another winter in the ice. "It is a pleasure to me," Parry would often say in after life, "even to stir the fire; for I have known what it is to have to hide the poker, lest our coals should be made to burn too quickly."

One day towards the close of the month, a fire broke out in the observatory on shore, and, in the exertions made to extinguish the flames, many severe frostbites were incurred.

"The appearance," writes Parry, "which our faces presented at the fire, was a curious one, almost every nose and cheek having become quite white with frostbites, in five minutes after being exposed to the weather; so that it was deemed necessary for the medical gentlemen, together with some others appointed to assist them, to go constantly round, while the men were working at the fire, and to rub with snow the part affected, in order to restore circulation."

The month of March set in mildly, and the solid ice, which had for some time lined the ships' sides, from the accumulated vapour, began to melt. From the lower deck of the "Hecla" more than 500 gallons of ice were carried away, being the accumulation of less than four weeks. In like manner, on opening the deadlights on her stern windows, more than twelve large bucketfuls of ice were removed from between the double sashes. On the last day of April, the temperature rose as high as freezing, or what, to them, might rather be called the thawing point, being the first time such an event had oc-

curred for nearly eight months. The contrast to the previous excess of cold was so striking, that it required all the Commander's authority to prevent the men from imprudently throwing aside their winter clothing, an alteration which might have been attended with serious consequences.

The expedition having been victualled only for two years, of which one had now expired, Lieut. Parry considered it expedient to reduce the daily allowance of food to two-thirds of the established proportion. The cheerfulness with which this reduction was received by officers and men was most gratifying to him, as an additional proof of the zealous principle of duty which had marked the conduct of all under his command ever since they left England.

The appearance of the first ptarmigan on the 12th of May, and the discovery of some tracks of rein-deer and musk-oxen, were hailed with delight as sure omens of returning summer. The "game laws," as the men called them, were now revived, every animal that was killed being regarded as public property, and as such regularly issued, like any other provision, without any distinction ot persons. The ice round the ship, six feet in thickness, was now cut through with considerable labour, and, before long, the ships were once more afloat. The ice in the harbour and to seaward was, however, still as thick and as close as ever, and, when Parry considered that in about three weeks the sun

would again begin to decline towards the southward, he confessed that even his most sanguine expectations of the complete success of the enterprise were somewhat staggered. The thaw, however, was nearer at hand than they had reason to suppose. Early on the morning of the 24th, one of the men reported that he had felt a few drops of rain—an event hailed with much satisfaction, nothing being so effectual as rain in dissolving the ice. The same evening a smart shower actually fell. So unaccustomed were all to the appearance of water in a fluid state, that it is stated that every person hastened at once on deck, to witness so interesting a phenomenon.

To occupy the time which must elapse before the ships could be set free from the ice, Parry spent a fortnight on a journey into the interior of the island. Thirty years afterwards, the tracks of his cart wheels were found by Lieut. M'Clintock, as distinct as though they had been made the day before. The ground being still deeply covered with snow, the party suffered much from snow blindness, but the time of their return to Winter Harbour was marked by the rapid progress of the thaw. To seaward the ice was already covered with pools of water, while on shore the change was not less decided, the dreary waste of snow having given place, as though by magic, to large patches of an almost luxuriant vegetation.

On the 30th of June, Thomas Scott, one of the "Hecla's" seamen, died. This was the only event of the kind which occurred during the absence of

the ships from England, and the seeds of disease seem to have been sown in his constitution for some time past.

"On Sunday, the 2nd of July, after Divine Service had been performed, the body of the deceased was committed to the earth, in a level piece of ground about a hundred yards from the beach, with every solemnity which the occasion demanded, and the circumstances of our situation would permit. The ensigns and pendants were lowered half-mast during the procession, and the remains of our unfortunate shipmate were attended to the grave by every officer and man of both ships. To the performance of this last melancholy duty, under any circumstances sufficiently impressive, the peculiarity of the scene around us, and of the circumstances in which we were placed, could not fail to impart an additional feeling of awful solemnity, which it is more easy to imagine than to describe. A neat tombstone was afterwards placed at the head of the grave by Mr. Fisher, who carved upon it the name of deceased, with the other usual information."

It was not till the 1st of August, after more than ten dreary months of confinement, that the ice had sufficiently loosened to allow the ships to escape from Winter Harbour; and, even then, it was soon evident, that they had only a very narrow channel through which to work their way to the westward, between the land and the ice. For some days they gallantly persevered in forcing their way through the floes, which seemed to increase in thickness as

they advanced. The ships were often in danger of being crushed to atoms. On one occasion the whole body of ice in the neighbourhood came violently in contact with a piece of a floe close to them. This, at once, split across in different directions with a loud crash, and, presently afterwards, they "saw a part, several hundred tons in weight, raised, slowly and majestically, as if by the action of a screw, and deposited on the top of the field, presenting towards them the surface which had split, and which appeared of a fine blue colour, and very solid and transparent. This mass of ice was forty-two feet in thickness, which will give some idea of the difficulties of this portion of the voyage, and the dangers to which the ships were hourly exposed." Several times, all hopes of saving the "Griper" were given up, and, once, they were on the point of cutting large holes in her decks, in order to allow the casks of provisions to float up out of the hold, instead of sinking with the ship in deep water. Her ordinary bad sailing qualities were now increased tenfold by the large "tongues" of ice, which adhered to the hulls of both vessels, and which had to be constantly cut away, a tedious and most laborious task. All their efforts, however, to get beyond the south-west extremity of Melville Island proved unavailing, and, convinced at length of the impossibility of obtaining the desired object, Parry, after consulting with the other officers of the expedition, determined that any further

attempt to proceed in that direction would be fruitless.

On the 26th of August, accordingly, the ships' heads were turned to the eastward, and they were favoured with so little interruption from the ice, that in six days they had passed through Lancaster Sound. They now fell in with some whalers, which, in the course of the summer, had actually reached Lancaster Sound, which before had always been regarded as inaccessible. From these they learned the tidings of the death of King George III. and of the Duke of Kent. On the 26th of September, they took their final leave of the ice, and, on the 30th October, Lieut. Parry landed at Peterhead, and, in company with Captain Sabine, proceeded without delay to London, to report his arrival at the Admiralty.

"Such was the excellent state of health which we, at this time, continued to enjoy, that during the whole season of our late navigation from Winter Harbour to the coast of Shetland, being a period of thirteen weeks, not a single case has been entered on the sick list, except from one or two accidents of a trifling nature; and I had the happiness of seeing every officer and man on board both ships, with only one exception, return to their native country in as robust health as when they left it, after an absence of nearly eighteen months, during which time we had been living entirely on our own resources."

On his arrival in Scotland, Parry writes: —

"Haddington, Nov. 1, 1820.

"My dearest Parents,

"I have landed with Sabine, am well, and shall be in London about Saturday. The mail could not carry our baggage, or I should have preferred that conveyance, but I am coming as fast as four horses can carry us. We landed at Peterhead, not far to the north of Aberdeen. Write to me at the Northumberland Coffee-house, and, if it should have pleased God (for which I am *quite* prepared) to make any alteration in our family, do not hesitate to mention it at once. God's holy will be done! I trust you are well and happy, as I am. I shall steal a day or two to see you, immediately after the first bustle is over. God bless you!

"Ever your affectionate

"W. E. Parry."

The same day that the result of the expedition was known at the Admiralty, Parry obtained his promotion, so long delayed, to the rank of Commander.

"Admiralty Office, Nov. 4, 1820.

"Sir,

"I have this day received, and communicated to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, your letter, dated in Davis' Straits the 5th of September last, and forwarded to England by the 'Lee,' whaler, reporting that the ships under your orders had, in the summer of 1819, succeeded in discovering a passage, through Sir J. Lancaster's Sound, into the Polar Seas; that they wintered, in lat. 74° 47′ N. and long. 110° 47′ W., near one

of a number of islands, which you named the "North Georgian Islands,"* and that not having been able this season, from the quantity and magnitude of the ice, to penetrate further to the westward than the meridian of 113° 47′ W., nor to find any opening to the southward, you had, in concurrence with the unanimous opinion of the other principal officers of the expedition, determined to return with the ships to England. And I am commanded by their Lordships to express to you their satisfaction at your return, and at the extensive addition which this voyage has made to the knowledge of the Northern regions, and to acquaint you that, in approbation of your services, their Lordships have promoted you to the rank of Commander.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN CROKER."

Promotion, however, was not the most gratifying result of his success in the Polar regions:—

"I know not," he writes to his father, "where to begin, in telling you the congratulations I have received from friends and strangers, since my arrival in town. What with visits, and what with letters, I have been literally overwhelmed; and I only hope that your poor son's head may not be turned, past all remedy, by this flattering reception! Even strangers in the coffee-room introduce themselves, and beg to shake hands with me."

One of the first honours conferred on him, after his return, was the freedom of his native city, which

* These have since been named the Parry Islands.

was duly presented in an oak box, formed of a piece of the "Hecla's" timber. The example of Bath was afterwards followed by the corporation of Norwich; and, in the spring of the next year, the inhabitants of Bath presented him with a valuable piece of plate, as a further proof of the "high sense entertained by them of the perseverance and skill he had evinced, and of the advantages which science, navigation, and commerce might derive from his nautical enterprise and discovery." In February, 1821, he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Society. "A man," he wrote, "of the name of South*, was elected at the same time, and a punster remarked, that it was extraordinary that North and South should meet at the Society in one night!"

At the annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., a motion, that Captain Parry should be honoured with the society's silver medal, was superseded by an amendment, that he should receive, in its stead, the Bedfordean gold medal. The amendment was carried unanimously.

In the midst of all these deserved honours, and while the tide of popularity was yet in full flow, Parry was still mindful of Him, under whose providential care his own exertions had been crowned with so much success. On the arrival of the "Hecla" and "Griper" in the Thames, a public

* Sir James South, F. R. S., &c.

thanksgiving was offered for their safe return, in the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, in consequence of the following letter, addressed by the commander of the expedition to the Rev. Mr. Ellis:—

"London, Nov. 10, 1820.

"Sir,

"Myself, the officers, seamen, and marines, who have lately been employed in discovery in the Arctic regions, are desirous of offering up our public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the many, many mercies we have received at His hands. I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken, in requesting you will inform me, whether you can, with propriety, and without any appearance of parade or ostentation on our part, which I am particularly anxious, on every account, to avoid, perform that office for us at your church on Sunday next.

"Should there be any objection to this, I trust you will believe that I have solicited this favour in perfect ignorance whether it be proper or not, and with a sincere desire to give the glory where alone the glory is due.

"I must, once more, beg you to pardon the liberty I have now taken, and remain, Sir,

"With great respect,
"Your obedient and humble servant,
"W. E. Parry,
"Commander of H. M. S. 'Hecla.'"

The narrative of this voyage to Melville Island was published by order of the Admiralty. Previously

to publication, the whole was revised by his father, whose mental activity, in the midst of great bodily suffering, was still unimpaired. "No one," it was said of this work at the time, "could rise from its perusal without being impressed with the fullest conviction that Commander Parry's merits, as an officer and scientific navigator, are of the highest order; that his talents are not confined to his professional duties; but that the resources of his mind are equal to the most arduous situations, and fertile in expedients under every circumstance, however difficult, dangerous, or unexpected."*

In a scientific point of view, the results of this voyage are most important. On the subject of magnetism, especially, the observations, constantly and carefully registered, were the first which had ever been made so near the magnetic pole of the earth. No opportunity was ever omitted of gathering information which the means at hand could supply, and the exertions of the commander were ably seconded by those under him. The labours of Captain Sabine, R.A., who accompanied the expedition as astronomer, speak for themselves, being arranged in a valuable appendix to the narrative.

Of his officers and crews Parry had, throughout, but one opinion, nor were their feelings towards himself less warm.

"You may imagine," he writes, just before the ships

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxv.

were paid off, "the high gratification I experienced the other day, in being received on board with three hearty cheers. It is this which constitutes my truest satisfaction, not a little enhanced by the happiness of seeing them all safe and well at Deptford, among their families and friends."

That these cheers were no empty compliment he was soon in a position to prove. He had but to hoist his pendant once more, and the first of the eager crowd of volunteers who offered themselves were the old seamen of the "Hecla" and "Griper."

CHAP. VI.

SECOND VOYAGE.—"FURY" AND "HECLA."—JOHN GORDON. — REPULSE BAY. — FIRST WINTER AT WINTER ISLAND. — ESQUIMAUX. — ILIGLIUK. — DISCOVERY OF THE STRAIT OF FURY AND HECLA. — SECOND WINTER AT IGLOOLIK. — RETURN TO ENGLAND. — ILLNESS. — APPOINTED HYDROGRAPHER TO THE ADMIRALTY.

1820—1823.

Of the actual existence of a North-West Passage it was hardly possible to doubt, after the success which had attended the voyage recorded in the preceding chapter. However, the stubborn barrier of ice to the westward of Melville Island, which had checked the advance of the "Hecla" and "Griper," seemed to render unadvisable any further attempts to force a passage in so high a latitude, and Parry's decided opinion was, that any future expedition which might be sent out ought to endeavour to skirt along the northern shore of the Continent of America. Of this coast, it must be borne in mind, that nothing was then known, beyond the fact that Hearne and Mackenzie had viewed the Polar Sea at the mouths of the Coppermine and Mackenzie

rivers. The north-east angle of the great continent was, as yet, unknown; and, in order to reach it, a passage would have to be sought through some of the channels which existed to the north and north-east of Hudson's Bay. Repulse Bay, at the north extremity of "Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome," had never been fully explored; and, by many, it was thought not improbable that it might, after all, prove to be not a land-locked bay, but a passage leading into the Polar Sea beyond. In this direction, therefore, it was proposed that the first attempt should be made.

The "Hecla" and "Griper" were paid off on the 21st of December, 1820, and, on the 30th of the same month, Parry's commission was signed as Commander of the "Fury;" the "Hecla," Commander Lyon, being again placed under his orders. The Admiralty instructions coincided entirely with his views on the subject of the desired passage, being, in fact, founded on his own earnest representations. Repulse Bay was to be first thoroughly explored, and, failing to find a passage in that direction, he was to coast along to the northward, examining every creek or inlet that appeared likely to afford the expected opening to the westward.

"London, Jan. 2, 1821.

"My dearest Parents,

"I commissioned the 'gallant Fury bomb' yesterday, and have already been overwhelmed with offers of persons to accompany me in all kinds of capacities.

Two lieutenants are, by my desire, appointed to 'Fury,' Nias and Reid, who were both on the last expedition, and accompanied me on our journey across Melville Island. Lieut. Lyon, who has lately been travelling a good deal in Africa, has been induced to accept the command of the 'Hecla,' with a promise of instant promotion to the rank of commander. He is spoken of, by all who know him, as an exceedingly clever fellow, and his drawings are the most beautiful I ever saw. Hooper of course goes with me. I hope Edwards, the surgeon, will go, but I fear he has had enough of it. I would give 100*l.* to have him, and I know, if he would go with any one, he would go with me. My number of daily visitors is now about doubled, half of them coming to talk about the last, and the other half about the next expedition. . . . . . 'Fury' came into dock to-day, and our men are beginning to find their way back again, being very desirous of trying a third trip."

While engaged in fitting out his ships, as before, at Deptford, he thus alludes to a Sunday spent at Greenwich,* on a visit to his friend Mr. Charles Martyr, of Halifax, of whom mention was made in an earlier chapter.

"I have just returned to town from Greenwich, where I have spent a very pleasant day with the Martyrs. We went to the chapel of the hospital, which is the most beautiful Protestant place of worship I ever saw; and its beauty is not diminished by the association of ideas, produced by looking down from the gallery upon the aged heads of more than a thousand British seamen, worn out

in their country's service, and for whom the gratitude of their country has thus nobly provided."

Before leaving England, he was presented at Court by Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty. From some cause or other, Parry had thought that his Majesty felt little interest on the subject of arctic discovery, and was, therefore, agreeably surprised with the way in which he was received.

"The king, whose manner instantly set me at my ease, quite as much as if I had been in the presence of any other gentleman, said, 'Captain Parry, I congratulate you on your return from your enterprise; I am sorry I have not had an opportunity of seeing you before, but I am happy now to add my tribute to that of every body else.' Sabine came next, and His Majesty was very civil to him also. Then came Lyon, as we had ourselves arranged, and Lord Melville, who was close by, introduced him as 'about to accompany Captain Parry.' 'Yes,' said his Majesty, 'and to share in his honours!' looking towards me as I was sidling off."

While the ships still remained at Deptford, the "Hecla" excited especial interest, for all, of every degree, were anxious to tread the planks of a vessel which had so recently borne the flag of Britain to the unknown north, and had braved the rigours of an arctic winter. In order to oblige the numerous applicants for admission, and, at the same time, as some acknowledgment of the flattering reception he had met with from the public, Parry determined to

give a grand entertainment on board the "Fury." The idea was hailed with glee by all, and Monday, the 17th of April, fixed upon for the day. Under the direction of the captain himself and his first lieutenant, both of whom enjoyed the "spree" fully as much as the youngest on board, all hands were set to work, and the ships gaily decorated with flags and green branches for the occasion. It was arranged that the upper deck of the "Fury" should be the ball room, while the hulk, outside of which she lay, was tastefully fitted up as a kind of general promenade. The sun shone brightly on the assembled guests, and, aided by the enlivening strains of the Artillery band, the festivities were prolonged to so late an hour, that the moon had already risen on the dancers before the first boat quitted the ship.

On the 27th April, the ships were ready for sea, and the wind fair for the Nore; but it was Friday, and Parry, though eager enough to be off, was unwilling to cast even the shadow of an evil omen upon his enterprise, by loosing his sails on that day of the week. The next morning the wind changed, and, after waiting in vain two days for it to shift to a favourable quarter, the ships were towed as far as the Nore, and finally left the river on the 8th of May. His forbearance in not leaving Deptford on an unlucky day was thus rewarded by the curious coincidence, that they bade farewell to the Thames on the same Tuesday of the year as that on which

they had sailed on the former voyage. "This is pleasing," he writes, "because sailors are superstitious, and have a great fancy for lucky days, with which I always think it best to comply, if possible."

While the ships were on their way down the river, a melancholy accident occurred. John Gordon, one of the "Fury's" seamen, had accompanied the former expedition, and, during the long winter at Melville Island, had derived such benefit from the instruction received on board, that, from a reckless, swearing man, he became an altered character. The rest is given in Sir E. Parry's own words, in a lecture delivered at Southampton the year before his death.

"I have his fine, tall, powerful figure now before me, stalking across the ice, when it was breaking up with violence, almost under his feet, with the end of a six-inch hawser over one shoulder, and an axe on the other, to make a hole in the ice for an anchor, to secure the ship from danger, often requiring unusual activity and nerve. In such cases, John Gordon was the man always called for, and the man always at hand. The year after our return to England, a fresh Arctic Expedition was fitted out, under my command, and, to my great satisfaction, one of the first men who presented themselves to accompany me was John Gordon, to whom I gladly gave one of the best petty officer's ratings. And I reckoned greatly on the example such a man would set to all of my crew. But God, in his mysterious providence, had ordered it otherwise. When the ship had dropped down

to Gravesend, Gordon was sent in a boat, one morning, to lay a kedge anchor. In throwing the anchor out of the boat, one of the flukes caught the gunwale, bringing it to the water's edge. The tide running very strong, Gordon saw that the boat must be swamped, and the crew greatly endangered, if the anchor were not instantly released. He flew from the stern sheets past the other men, and, by the utmost effort of his own muscular power, lifted the anchor clear, just in time to save the boat. But, in so doing, he neglected his own personal safety. As the anchor ran down, the bight of the hawser got round his body, and dragged him out of the boat,—and we have never seen John Gordon from that moment to this! I cannot describe the sensation this melancholy catastrophe occasioned in the ship, for Gordon was respected and beloved by all."

Owing to contrary winds, it was a considerable time before the ships were clear of the Orkneys.

"However," Captain Parry writes, "I do not in the least regret our detention, as I am certain we are too early for commencing our operations in Hudson's Straits, and it gives me an opportunity of confirming the good accounts of myself and our ships to a later date. My dearest mother anticipated, in one of her letters, our having commenced our regular Sunday church-service on board the 'Fury.' This was not the case, however, till to-day. . . . . Nothing can, possibly, be more delightful than our little church. We had, while last in England, the Morning Hymn and Hundredth Psalm added to our organ, the former to be played at the commencement of the service, the latter at the end of the Litany,

which adds a good deal to the solemnity of the whole, as does also a regular chaplain performing the service in his gown."*

Nothing of consequence occurred during the passage across the Atlantic; the ships, whose sailing qualities were well tested in the gales which they encountered, were found to be of very equal powers, an advantage fully appreciated by Parry, who, on his two previous voyages, had had his patience sorely tried by the sluggish movements of the "Alexander" and "Griper." On the 14th June, they fell in with the first iceberg in Davis' Straits, about seven degrees to the east of the mouth of Hudson's Straits. Here, the "Nautilus" transport, which had accompanied them from the Nore, was dismissed, bringing home the last despatches and letters. Among the latter was the following from Captain Parry to his parents, which, though, in some of its expressions, differing materially from what he would have written in later life, exhibits a tone of deep religious feeling:—

"H. M. S. 'Fury,' off Hudson's Straits.
"June 21, 1821.

"My dearest Parents,

"The time being near at hand when the transport will finally leave us for England, I gladly commence my letter, which will probably convey to you the last information of our movements which can reach you for a

* The Rev. George Fisher accompanied this expedition, as Chaplain and Astronomer.

long time. I feel, in this event, as if a second separation were about to take place from those most dear to me in the world; but I also feel that the Being, who has hitherto kept us, will keep us still, however distant we are from each other, and to whatever length of time it may please God to continue our separation. . . . . I thank God that I am in excellent health, to enable me to perform, by His gracious assistance, the duties of the station to which He has called me. I trust I am duly thankful for His mercies to me, for the success He has granted me, and for any future worldly prospects; but I am much more thankful that I can safely say I never felt so strongly the vanity, uncertainty, and comparative unimportance of everything this world can give, and the paramount necessity of preparation for another and a better life than this. . . . . My dearest Parents, may God, of His infinite mercy, bless, protect, and make you happy! He is my witness, that I would willingly lay down the life He has given me to secure your happiness or comfort, if these can be expected in this life. Whether we are to meet again here, God only knows; but of this He has assured us, that we can, by earnestly imploring His grace and assistance, and by our own best endeavours, secure to ourselves a meeting where shall be joy and happiness, without a single drawback, for ever and ever. Once more, God bless you! He who knows the secrets of all hearts can alone know the deep and ardent affection of your grateful and affectionate son,

"W. E. Parry."

On the second day after parting with the transport, the ships entered Hudson's Straits; but their

progress was much impeded by ice and dense mists, which overhung the bleak northern shore, along which they made their way.

"It requires," writes Parry, "a few days to be passed amidst scenes of this nature, to erase, in a certain degree, the impressions left by more animated landscapes; and not till then, perhaps, does the eye become familiarised, and the mind reconciled, to prospects of utter barrenness and desolation, such as these rugged shores."

They were, at this time, completely beset, and drifted about at random with the tides; while the swell of the Atlantic, setting down the strait, every now and then separated the masses sufficiently to dash the ships against the ice alongside, with a force that no vessel strengthened in the ordinary way could have withstood. As they worked their way slowly to the westward, they fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux, whose rude manners strongly contrasted with those of any they had before seen, and whose filthy customs disgusted all on board.

"On the whole" (Parry says), "it was impossible for us not to receive a very unfavourable impression of the general behaviour, and moral character, of the natives of this part of Hudson's Strait, who seem to have acquired by an annual intercourse with our ships for nearly a hundred years, many of the vices which, unhappily, attend a first intercourse with the civilised world, without having imbibed any of the virtues or refinements which adorn or render it happy."

The difficult navigation of Hudson's Strait occupied a whole month, for it was not until August 2nd that they reached the north-east corner of Southampton Island. Of the existence of a passage to the north of this island many doubts had been raised. Eighty years before, the name of "Frozen Strait" had been laid down in the charts, upon the authority of Captain Middleton, but some at home had impugned his honesty, and boldly asserted that this strait was a chimæra of his own imagination. Such being the case, it rested now with Parry to choose between Middleton and his accusers; in other words, to decide whether he should at once assume the strait in question to be a reality, or take the more certain but circuitous course round the south of Southampton Island, by which the distance to be traversed before reaching Repulse Bay would be increased to nearly 150 leagues. After the most anxious consideration, he determined to pursue the bolder course of attempting the direct passage of the Frozen Strait; "though," he confessed, "not without some apprehension of the risk he was incurring, and of the serious loss of time which, in case of failure, either from the non-existence of the strait, or from the insuperable obstacles which its name implied, would thus be inevitably occasioned to the expedition." The result proved that he was right in preferring the ocular testimony of his predecessor to the speculations of his accusers. The Frozen Strait, which Middleton had

seen, but not attempted, was found to exist, and to be by no means unworthy of its disagreeable name. Slowly, but surely, the discovery ships made their way through the floes and hummocks, rendered more dangerous by the prevailing fogs. The only discovery, worthy of mention, was a magnificent bay, free from ice, and "possessing many advantages that would have rendered it invaluable in a more temperate clime." This was named after the Duke of York, having been entered on the birth-day of his Royal Highness. Leaving this inviting spot, they continued their course as before, until, the weather suddenly clearing up, they found a continuous shore immediately ahead. They had, in fact, without being aware of it, actually entered Repulse Bay. A boat was at once detached from the "Hecla" to row round the further extremity, where alone, from the overlapping of one or two headlands, the smallest hope of a passage could exist. The party soon returned, and reported that Repulse Bay was true to its name, so that all conjecture on that subject was now set at rest for ever.

The first problem of the voyage being thus solved, the grand object still remained, viz., to "get hold" (as Parry expressed himself) "of the north-east corner of America." This much, however, had been gained, that they had at last "got hold" of the continent itself, and the ships accordingly repassed the mouth of the bay, and proceeded northwards. But they were not yet clear of the strait of ill-

omened name. "The obstructions and difficulties to be encountered were as little known as the geography of this part of the coast of America, along the line of which Captain Parry was directed to keep, in proceeding to the northward, and to examine every creek and inlet, which might afford a practicable passage to the westward. In fulfilling this part of his instructions, never, since the voyages of Vancouver along the north-west coast of America, was a line of unknown coast explored with more indefatigable zeal and perseverance, or with more minuteness, under the most appalling difficulties."* The tides now encountered were so strong, and the ice-laden eddies so violent, that the ships were sometimes completely turned round, to the imminent risk of the rudders, and, indeed, the whole framework of the vessels. But this was not all; for, after having, with infinite labour, advanced some distance to the north, through the labyrinth of ice, the floe to which they were attached drifted southwards, and actually carried them back to the same spot where they had been a month before. Under these vexatious circumstances,

"To consider," (Parry writes,) "what might have been effected in this interval, (which included the very best part of the navigable season) had we been previously aware of the position and extent of the American Continent, about this meridian, is, in itself, certainly unavailing, but it serves to show the value of even the smallest

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxx.

geographical information, in seas where not an hour must be thrown away, or unprofitably employed. Nor could we help fancying, that had Bylot, Fox, and Middleton, by their joint exertions, succeeded in satisfactorily determining, thus far, the extent of the continent of land, the time, which we had lately occupied in this manner, might have been more advantageously employed in rounding, by a more direct route, the north-east point of America, and even in pursuing our way along its northern shores."

Till the end of September, the whole time was spent in the examination of several deep creeks on the coast. In this difficult and tedious task the commander set a worthy example to all. On one occasion, he was absent from the ships eight, on another, nine days and nights, and the extent of coast actually discovered, and laid down on the charts, amounted to two hundred leagues. The following, from the pen of one of the "Fury's" officers, testifies to his cheerful endurance on these trying expeditions, as well as to the affectionate anxiety for his personal safety, felt by those under his command: —

"September, 1821.

"Captain Parry determined, the moment we could get the ship out of her present situation, to proceed once more in the boats, and examine the coast to the southward until he should reach Gore Bay; directing that the ships should follow in that direction, whenever the ice permitted. A boat from each ship having been prepared, with eight days' provisions, Captain Parry, accom-

panied again by Mr. Ross and Mr. Sherer, in the 'Hecla's' boat, with Mr. M'Laren, assistant surgeon of the 'Hecla,' left us at four o'clock, on the 14th September, to pursue his examination.

"On the morning of the 21st, the ships were got under way, and all sail made to the southward, keeping as close to the western, or right hand shore of the inlets, as possible, in order to avoid missing the boats, should they be on the return. On the morning of the 22nd, the wind came from the northward, and gradually freshened to a stiff breeze, continuing throughout the day, with occasional showers of sleet and snow. In the evening the weather became more inclement, and a very heavy fall of snow added considerably to the anxiety we began to feel on account of Captain Parry and his party, who were victualled for eight days, and had been absent seven.

"The whole of the 23rd passed without any sign or appearance of the boats, and (though I felt sure Captain Parry had not neglected such precautionary measures as would enable him to extend his resources for a day or two,) the idea of their being reduced to the necessity of even a short allowance of provisions in such a climate, at this season, exposed, as they were, to all its inclemencies, was sufficient to excite all our commiseration and sympathy, independently of the more fearful consideration, that some serious disaster might be the cause of their delay. With these feelings, we were delighted to hear that Captain Lyon intended to get under way at daylight, and run to the southward to look for them. The weather moderated in the course of the day, and the wind became light, and drew round to the westward. At daylight on the 24th, the ships' anchors were weighed,

and all sail made along the land to the southward. We had not gained above six or eight miles, when the wind became directly contrary; and when the night closed in, without any appearance of the boats, our anxiety was increased to a most alarming degree. A large body of ice had been observed to the southward the whole day, and we became apprehensive that this might cut them off, and would equally prevent our approach to them. A thousand fearful consequences of such, or other similar disasters, were haunting our imaginations, when, at 7.50 P.M., the flash of a musket was observed at some distance from us. A blue light was immediately burned from the ships, lights hoisted, and muskets flashed, and, in a few minutes, we had the happiness to be fully assured of its being our boats returning, by their burning a port-fire. It is necessary to be placed in a similar state of anxiety, to understand the joy which diffused itself over every countenance, and which was still heightened, when, at 9 o'clock, Captain Parry and all his people got on board the ships, in excellent health, without having suffered a want, privation, or inconvenience of any kind. The obstruction they had met from ice had been the cause of frequent delays, and they had, on this morning, been obliged to carry their boats for a mile and a half on land, before they could proceed; but, at the first detention, Captain Parry reduced the allowance of bread, &c., and, as they had been fortunate in procuring two reindeer, besides hares and grouse, there was no lack of provision, and they had sufficient for two days, besides the venison now remaining."

The season was now fast drawing to a close; the rain froze as it fell, rendering the decks and ropes

as smooth and slippery as glass, while the increasing darkness, added to the rapid formation of the young ice, gave too evident notice that winter was close at hand. Accordingly, a convenient bay in a small island, off the entrance of Lyon inlet, was selected for winter quarters. On the 8th of October, the ships were moved into their places, through a canal cut for the purpose, and, in a few hours, firmly frozen in.

An arctic winter was, by this time, no novelty to the crews of the "Fury" and "Hecla," and the experience of Winter Harbour had taught Captain Parry the best means to be employed, for the preservation of health and comfort. The theatre, from which so much amusement had been before derived, was now "rigged out" afresh, on a grander and more commodious scale, with its decorations much increased; while the improved mode of warming the ships, by means of Sylvester's stoves, prevented the inconvenience they had before experienced from the cold.

"It must not be supposed" (writes one of the officers), "that the pleasure afforded by these exhibitions arose from the great merit of the performers, and the excellence of the acting. The audience were a class ready to be amused by any novelty, and, in an especial manner, to be gratified by seeing the officers, to whom they were in the habit of looking up with respect and obedience, voluntarily exerting themselves for their sole amusement. The exertion was not made in vain; the

men were amused, and to their hearts' content. It is impossible to witness such a scene, without being impressed with a full conviction of its value, and without expressing a hope, that nothing might deprive the men of this occasional relief from ennui, the natural and baneful attendant on an uninformed mind, during the long and tedious winter."

Of one play, "The Poor Gentleman," acted on the 17th of December, Parry observes, that "it was performed by the officers in so admirable and feeling a manner, as to excite uncommon interest among the men, and to convince him, more than ever, of the utility of their theatrical amusements." These entertainments were occasionally varied by the exhibition of an excellent magic lantern, presented to the commander, for the use of the expedition, by a lady, who persisted in keeping her name a secret from those whom she was thus serving. On other evenings, Parry, who had no notion of being idle himself, or of allowing others to be so, succeeded in mustering, alternately in his own cabin, and in that of Captain Lyon, a very respectable orchestra, in which his own violin took not the least conspicuous part. On these occasions, the doors of the cabin were thrown open, that the ship's company outside might enjoy the music.

"More skilful amateurs" (says Parry) "might have smiled at these our humble concerts; but it will not incline them to think less of the science they admire, to

be assured, that, in these remote and desolate regions of the globe, it has often furnished us with the most pleasurable sensations which our situation was capable of affording. Independently of the mere gratification to the ear, there is, perhaps, scarcely a person in the world really fond of music, in whose mind its sound is not, more or less, connected with his far distant home."

For a couple of hours, during those evenings which were not thus occupied, a school for teaching the men reading and writing was established on the lower deck of each of the ships, that in the "Fury" under the superintendence of the purser, Mr. Hooper.* Attendance was quite voluntary, but so good a use was made by the seamen of the advantages thus afforded, that, when the expedition returned to England, there was not a man on board who could not read his Bible.

In the midst of these occupations, the shortest day passed over their heads, without any of the interest which it had excited on a former occasion.

"In fact," (as Parry observes,) "our winter was no longer an experiment; our comforts were greatly increased, and the prospect of an early release from the ice as favourable as could be desired. In short, what with reading, writing, making and calculating observations, observing the various natural phenomena, and taking the exercise necessary to preserve health, nobody felt any symptoms of ennui, during our imprisonment in winter quarters."

With one exception, the health of the crews continued excellent. Scurvy, the great enemy of the polar voyager, was kept at a distance by the use of antiscorbutics, liberally supplied to the expedition. To these was added a regular growth of mustard and cress, in boxes filled with mould, which, owing to the superior warmth of the ships, was now carried on on a larger scale than before. An amusing incident is connected with the preservation, during the voyage out, of the mould in which these vegetables were grown. While the ships were detained at Kirkwall, a boat came off to the "Fury" with some sacks full of earth, which the ship's carpenter (an Aberdeen man, who had formerly belonged to the merchant service,) was ordered to stow away below. At this he ventured somewhat to grumble, and to question the utility of the article in question. "Never mind!" says his mate, John P——, from whom the account comes, "never mind! Depend on it the Captain has something in his head, and it 'll be all right!" The obnoxious sacks were, accordingly, stowed away, but, during the voyage across the Atlantic, they proved too much for the carpenter's patience, and, at length, he ordered P—— to throw the lumber overboard, as a mere fancy on the part of the Captain, no longer remembered. P—— shook his head, but his superior was determined, and away went the bags, not; however, into the sea, but, at all events, out of sight. Days and months passed, and the affair was for-

gotten. Winter Island was reached, and the ships were frozen in. One day, an order was given to the carpenter to provide some long shallow boxes. This done, — "Now then, my man," says the Captain, "for those sacks of earth!" Down comes the unfortunate carpenter to his mate, in a state of ludicrous perplexity, "Eh! P——, but what will we do, man? — Here's the skipper singing out for the sacks we heaved overboard!" "We, indeed!" says P——, "but never mind, it's all right; they never went overboard at all!" and, doubtless, many of his messmates had cause, at Winter Island, to be grateful to him that it *was* all right.

Christmas day was now past, and the new year had already commenced, when a circumstance unexpectedly occurred, which served still further to while away the tedium of the yet remaining months of imprisonment, and gave, moreover, to this second voyage a character of its own. On the 1st of February, the look-out on board the "Hecla" reported that a party of strange people were advancing over the ice towards the ship, from the westward. The glass being directed towards them, they were found to be Esquimaux, and some appearance of huts, at the distance of about two miles in the same direction, was then, for the first time, discovered. Parry, with two or three officers, and a few men, at once set out to meet their unexpected visitors, with whom they were, shortly, on most intimate terms. Nothing could exceed their orderly and quiet be-

haviour, contrasting strongly with their brethren of Hudson's Strait. They appeared, at a distance, to have arms in their hands, but these proved, on nearer inspection, to be a few blades of whalebone, intended as a peace-offering, or for barter. Some of the women of the party, whose handsome clothes of deerskin attracted the notice of the officers, began, to the astonishment of the latter, to strip, for the purpose of selling their garments, though the thermometer was at 23° below zero. It soon appeared, however, that there was nothing very dreadful in the matter, as each had a complete double suit. Parry now expressed, by signs, his wish to accompany them to their huts, with which request they willingly complied, some going on before to fasten up the dogs, lest they should run away at the sight of so many strange faces. The Esquimaux village, if it may be so called, consisted of five huts, with a complete establishment of canoes, sledges, and dogs, and about sixty men, women, and children, seemingly as settled as if they had been there for months. It puzzled Parry, not a little, to divine how they had escaped notice on board the ships, where so many eyes were continually on the look out for anything that could afford variety or interest. But the problem was solved some days after, when, having requested their newly-made friends to go through the process of building a hut, it was accomplished so speedily, as to show that a very few hours would suffice to complete the whole village as it stood. The

party now entered one of the huts, all of which were formed entirely of snow and ice. After creeping through two low passages, having each its arched doorway, they found themselves in a small circular apartment, of which the roof was a perfect arched dome. From this room three doorways led to as many others of a similar form, lighted by round windows of ice, neatly fitted into the roof. The women were seated on their beds of skins, each with her little fireplace or lamp, and surrounded by her domestic utensils, while the children crept behind their mothers, alarmed at the sound of unknown voices, and the sight of so many strangers.

The respectful and good-humoured behaviour of these poor people made a favourable impression on their guests, which was not lessened during the almost daily intercourse which now ensued. With one or two exceptions, their honesty was always strikingly displayed. If a glove or handkerchief were dropped, or left behind in the huts, they would restore it to the owner, often taking the trouble to travel to the ships for the purpose. On one occasion, some of the "Hecla's" officers bought two dogs, which made their escape to their old quarters. The next day, after the departure of the Esquimaux from the ships, it was found that they had left the same animals carefully tied up on board. Their integrity will appear the more remarkable, when we consider that nearly all the articles, even those of trifling value, which met their eyes, were as

much prized by them, as gold or jewels would have been by civilised people. Their delight in music was unbounded, and the fiddle on board the "Hecla," as well as the organ, were endless sources of amusement. One day, Parry paid a visit to the huts, and prevailed on one of the women to sing him a song, which she willingly did, and displayed a remarkably soft voice, and an excellent ear. Her name was Iligliuk, and, almost every day, she showed some fresh symptom of the superiority of understanding, for which she was so remarkably distinguished. While the majority of her country-men would stand stupidly at the armourer's forge, caring only to have some spear-heads fashioned by his means, Iligliuk would watch every stroke of the hammer, and each blast of the bellows, showing plainly that her attention was occupied with the utility and apparent simplicity of the process. The following anecdote, related by Parry, displays a pleasing trait of her character.

"She had promised to cover for me a little model of a canoe, and had, in fact, sent it to me by the serjeant of marines, though I had not rightly understood from the latter from which of the women it came. Believing that she had failed in her promise, I taxed her with it, when she immediately defended herself with considerable warmth and seriousness, but without making me comprehend her meaning. Finding that she was wasting her words upon me, she said no more till an hour afterwards, when, the serjeant accidentally coming into the

cabin, she, with the utmost composure, but with a decision of manner peculiar to herself, took hold of his arm to engage his attention, and then, looking him steadfastly in the face, accused him of not having faithfully executed her commission to me. The mistake was thus instantly explained, and I thanked Iligliuk for her canoe; but it is impossible for me to describe the quiet yet proud satisfaction displayed in her countenance, at having thus cleared herself from the imputation of a breach of promise."

It occurred to Parry, that the superior intelligence of this Esquimaux woman might be advantageously employed for the purpose of communicating some knowledge of the geographical outline of the coast, along which they were to make their way when the ice broke up. The first attempt of this kind was made by placing several sheets of paper before her, and roughly drawing, on a large scale, an outline of the land about Repulse Bay and Winter Island. This being done, the pencil was placed in her hand, and she, soon comprehending the nature of her task, continued the outline, naming the principal places as she proceeded. The scale being large, it was necessary, as she arrived at the end of one piece of paper, to tack on another, until she had, at length, filled a dozen sheets, and had completely lost sight of Winter Island at the other end of the table. Her ready comprehension induced Parry to try again on a smaller scale, and this succeeded better. As she traced the windings of the coast to the northward of their present quarters,

"It would have amused an unconcerned looker-on," Parry writes, "to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of *our* part of the group, till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may, therefore, in some degree, be imagined, when, without taking it from the paper, Iligliuk brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S. S. W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay. . . . Being desirous of seeing whether she would interfere with Wager River, as we knew it to exist, I requested her to continue the coast line to the south, when she immediately dropped the pencil, and said she knew no more about it."

The north-east point of America was, in fact, found afterwards to be where Iligliuk had represented it. Meanwhile, the spirits of all concerned in the expedition were raised, by the expectation of finding the desired passage at so short a distance to the north of Winter Island.

Iligliuk had, however, her failings, and the chief of these was vanity,—a feeling which, as may be supposed, was not a little increased by the attentions she received from her European friends. The fact is, that, before the time came for the Esquimaux to leave Winter Island, she was quite spoiled. Parry remarks of her:—

"I am compelled to acknowledge that, in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman

became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency, and even modesty, of her behaviour had combined with her intellectual qualities to raise her, in our estimation, far above her companions; and I often heard others express, what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained, which modesty in a woman never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had been always freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to the 'wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligliuk was sent for as an interpreter, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence, to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not, therefore, be wondered at, that she became giddy with her exaltation. In short, Iligliuk in February, and Iligliuk in April, were, confessedly, very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade oneself, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual."

The end of May had now arrived, but there was, as yet, no prospect of release for the ships. On shore, vegetation seemed labouring to commence, but the

snow still lay thickly in most parts, while to seaward, appearances were even less promising. During their former winter at Melville Island, there had been, before this period of the season, several hours of hard rain, changing the white surface of the ice to a greenish colour, and aiding most effectually in its dissolution. The Esquimaux were, however, now about to leave the ships, and to migrate to their summer place of residence to the northward. They had, throughout, been treated with great kindness, and, on more than one occasion, when the seal hunters had returned empty handed for days together, the whole party had been saved from actual starvation by supplies of biscuit dust from the ships. In their barterings, they had showed, from the first, a child-like simplicity in their willingness to part with their most valuable possessions; but Parry had taken good care that they should be no losers in the end, and now, at the final leave-taking, he presented them with several valuable gifts. The immediate results of so sudden an influx of wealth seemed likely to be serious, especially to the women, whose joy sent them into hysterical fits of immoderate laughter, succeeded by floods of tears. As they moved off with their sledges, drawn by themselves, for want of a sufficient number of dogs, these light-hearted people greeted their benefactors with three cheers, in the true Kabloona (English) style. They were soon out of sight, and the voyagers were once more alone.

At length, on the 2nd July, after having nearly completed the ninth month at Winter Island, the ships, partly by means of channels laboriously cut through the ice, and partly by the action of the wind drifting the heavy ice from the land, finally effected their escape, and stood to the north, up Fox Channel. On one side, the shore was completely lined with ice, while, on the other, huge floes were drifting rapidly about with wind and tide, leaving a channel of a few hundred yards in width, which, however, was often quite blocked up. Once, the ships were swept against each other; and, after some grinding and squeezing, they considered themselves fortunate in escaping with the loss of one of the "Hecla's" boats, which was torn in pieces by the "Fury's" anchor. On another occasion, the friction of the "Hecla's" hawsers was so great, as nearly to cut through the bittheads, and, ultimately, to set them on fire, so that it was necessary for men to stand by with buckets of water. The pressure, at the same time, made her heel over considerably, and lifted her stern up, as with a wedge, several feet above the water. As she righted, the rudder was unhung with a sudden jerk; and the ship drove several miles to the south, before it could be again secured. To these dangers was added the constant fear of again being beset, or drifted back as before, undoing the labour of weeks. This mortification, however, they were spared. On the 12th of July, the examination of a wide opening in the shore led to the discovery of a large fresh-

water river, its deep banks richly clothed with vegetation, and forming, in one place, a magnificent cataract upwards of a hundred feet in height, which was honoured with the name of the secretary of the Admiralty. After leaving Barrow River, they were favoured with an uninterrupted run of fifty miles, no unimportant event in this tedious and uncertain navigation. Here, the large herds of walruses, which lay huddled together on the loose pieces of field ice, confirmed them in their belief that they were now approaching Igloolik, the country of Iligliuk and her companions. The passage to the westward, of which she had given promise, could not be far off; and, accordingly, on the next day, they found themselves off a wider opening than any they had yet discovered. Their vexation may be imagined, when, instead of a navigable channel, one unbroken sheet of ice, stretching from shore to shore, met their expectant eyes. For nearly a month, they were thus stopped at the very threshold of the North-West Passage. During this period, repeated excursions were made on foot, to explore the shores of the strait of which they had so long been in search, and the first actual sight of which Parry thus describes: —

"At half-past five on the morning of the 18th August, we arrived at a peninsula which promised to prove of high interest, as it appeared to lead to the very spot where, from the set of the tide and the trending of the coast, the strait was most likely to be found: and if

presented, at the same time, a geological character differing from any we had before met with. We now turned nearly due north, and, after passing over a mile and a half of rocky country, we arrived, at about 7 A.M., at the ultimate object of our journey, the extreme northern point of the peninsula, overlooking the narrowest part of the desired strait, which lay immediately below us, two miles in width, and apparently very deep. Beyond us to the west, the shores again separated to the distance of several leagues, and, for more than three points of the compass, in that direction, no land could be seen to the utmost limits of a clear horizon, except one island, six or seven miles distant. Over this we could not entertain a doubt of having discovered the Polar Sea, and, loaded as it was with ice, we already felt as if we were on the point of forcing our way through it, along the northern shores of America.

"After despatching one of our party to the foot of the point for some of the sea water, which was found extremely salt to the taste, we hailed the interesting event of the morning by three hearty cheers, and by a small extra allowance of grog to our people, to drink a safe and speedy passage through the channel just discovered, which I ventured to name by anticipation, THE STRAIT OF THE FURY AND HECLA. Having built a pile of stones at the promontory which, from its situation, with respect to the continent of America, I called CAPE NORTH-EAST, we walked back to our tent and baggage, these having, for the sake of greater expedition, been left two miles behind, and, after resting a few hours, set out on our return."

A light easterly breeze at length enabled the ships

to struggle through the newly-discovered strait for some distance. The main body of the ice was, however, almost as firm and impracticable as ever, while the "young ice," the certain herald of winter, was already forming on the little open water that remained, and was hourly engaged in connecting afresh the masses whose partial disruption had vainly raised their hopes. A few days more decided the matter. So rapidly, in fact, was the season closing in, that it was for some time doubtful, first of all, whether the ships would be able to retrace their course, and get free of the strait again; and then, whether they could escape being frozen up at sea. At length, after beating about, among the floating ice, for many stormy days, and losing several anchors, they were, finally, on the last day of October, hauled into their second winter-quarters, at the Island of Igloolik. Here they found themselves again among the Esquimaux, among whom they recognised the familiar faces of some of their former friends. One of these, whom the sailors had christened "John Bull," was so overjoyed at meeting the friendly "Kabloonas" once more, that he actually sent, by one of the sailors, a piece of sealskin, as a present to "Paree," being the first offering of real gratitude, without expectation of a return, which he had ever received from these people.

In this good company, the dreary winter was passed as cheerfully as the somewhat gloomy prospects of the expedition would permit. As to

their operations during the coming year, Parry was in great perplexity; but his doubts, at length, resolved themselves into a definite scheme of a daring and hazardous nature. This was to send the "Hecla" home, and, taking from her stores a year's provisions, to continue his voyage alone in the "Fury." For the greater part of the winter, he kept his plan to himself, and when, at length, he made it known, not a murmur was heard from any one of the gallant crews he commanded. Each was willing to return, or to remain, as his commander should decide. In a long letter to his parents, written at this time, to be transmitted to them by Captain Lyon, he thus expresses, in simple yet manly terms, his determination not to relinquish the main object of his voyage without one more struggle, and breathes the spirit of that calm reliance on a higher power, in which his resolution had been taken.

"I, yesterday, communicated to all in both ships the determination to which I had long ago come, of sending the 'Hecla' to England, and continuing our efforts in the 'Fury' singly. Nothing can exceed the lively and animated bustle now going on in our little colony; and it is a source of very great gratification to me, at this particular period, to see the good health generally enjoyed by us. May God continue to us His all-merciful guidance and protection; and I cannot despair of still ultimately effecting our object. I am determined, however, with the continued assistance of Providence, to show that perseverance has not been wanting in this enter-

prise; and no consideration shall induce me to relinquish it, while a reasonable hope of success remains. Whatever the event may be, our efforts shall be worthy of our country, and our return, I trust, at least not inglorious. What the issue is to be, is in much better hands than ours to determine. . . . The 'Hecla' will tell you our story as far as it goes. For the concluding part of the tale, which is 'in the womb of time,' our dear friends in England must patiently wait for the next post, which I trust may be *viâ* Kamtschatka. They will not fail to feel comfort in knowing that we are ever under the guidance of Him, 'who is about our path, and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways.'"

Probably, had this intention been carried out, the fate of the "Erebus" and "Terror" might have been forestalled by that of the "Fury." Only a few days, however, before the liberation of the ships, a circumstance occurred, which effected a total change in his views. The scurvy, which had hitherto been unknown, save in a few cases among the officers, whose sedentary pursuits rendered them less generally attentive to habits of regular exercise, now made its unwelcome appearance most unequivocally among the men. The surgeon was consulted, and his opinion being, decidedly, against the wisdom of keeping either of the ships out a third winter, Parry's better judgment prevailed over his zeal in the cause of discovery, and, with a passing sigh for the Polar Sea, which lay at the western gates of his newly discovered strait, he resolved to make the best of his

way home in company with the "Hecla." He was further confirmed in this change of determination by a last sight he took of the strait, where the barrier of ice remained as firmly and apparently as hopelessly, fixed as ever. The unexampled lateness of the season also convinced him of the little progress he could hope to make in an onward direction, during the coming summer. As it was, it was not until the end of the second week in August that the ships were finally released; and, even then, the singular mode of their progress southward, from Igloolik to their old winter-quarters at Winter Island, proved how little could have been effected in a contrary direction. The wind failing, and the ice closing in around them, they were, without the smallest possibility of exertion on their own part, drifted at random down Fox Channel, now driven among shoals, with only a few inches of water to spare, now whirling round a headland, at the rate of two or three knots an hour. Nor was this all. The season was so far advanced, that, at one time, it seemed by no means improbable, that, though on their way home, they might be detained for a third winter in the ice, almost within sight of open water. At length, Hudson's Straits were passed, and they bade farewell to the last iceberg in Davis' Strait.

"It can scarcely be imagined," (Parry wrote, on their homeward voyage across the Atlantic,) "by those who have not been similarly situated, with what eager interest

one or two vessels were, this day, descried by us, being the first trace of civilised man that we had seen for the space of twenty-seven months."

On their arrival at Lerwick, they were warmly greeted by the inhabitants, eager to welcome them back to their native country.

"I feel it impossible," (he continues,) "adequately to express the kindness and attention we received, for the three or four days that we were detained in Bressay Sound by contrary winds. On the first intimation of our arrival, the bells of Lerwick were set ringing, the inhabitants flocked from every part of the country, to express their joy at our return, and the town was illuminated at night, as if each individual had a brother or son among us. On the 12th of October, being Sunday, the officers and men of both ships attended Divine Service on shore, when the worthy minister, the Rev. Mr. Menzies, who was before well known to many of us, offered up, in the most solemn and impressive manner, a thanksgiving for our safe return; at the same time calling upon us, with great earnestness, never to forget what we owed to Him, 'who had been about our path and about our bed.' The peculiarity of the circumstances under which we joined the congregation, the warmth of feeling exhibited by every person assembled within the sacred walls, together with the affectionate energy of the preacher, combined to produce an effect, of which words can convey but little idea, but which will not easily be effaced from the minds of those present on this affecting occasion."

The joy of his return to his native shores was, this

time, saddened by a severe, though not unexpected blow. The first letters, which, as usual, awaited him at the Scottish ports, conveyed the intelligence of the death of his father, whose health, already much impaired, had, from the time of the departure of the expedition, gradually declined, until March 22nd, when he died. The news affected him deeply, but his official duties prevented him from at once hastening to his bereaved home; and he posted, as before, in all haste to London, to present his papers to the Admiralty. The letters he had received in Scotland also brought the tidings of his youngest sister's marriage. She was then living near London, and saw him on the day after his arrival in town. As might be expected in one whose affection for home ties was always so peculiarly strong, he was deeply depressed in spirits, and she observed that he could neither eat nor speak. The next day, she was summoned in haste to his hotel, and found him already in the delirium of high fever. For some days he was in considerable danger, and his sister and brother-in-law, with his friend, Mr. Martyr, were constantly with him; but his critical condition was carefully kept from his mother's ear, until the crisis was past. The meeting between the widowed mother and her beloved son was most affecting, as the former lifted up her heart, in solemn thanksgiving, to Him who had mercifully preserved her from further bereavement.

The following letter, one of the first he wrote after his recovery from this illness, was in reply to

the congratulations of his friend Franklin on his own safe return. The latter had himself returned the year before, from the perilous expedition, with Sir John Richardson, to the shores of the Polar Sea, which has made their names for ever memorable in the annals of arctic adventure.

"Stamford Hill, October 23, 1823.

"My dear Franklin,

"I can sincerely assure you, that it was with no ordinary feeling of gratification, that I read your kind letter of congratulation on my return. Of the splendid achievements of yourself, and your brave companions in enterprise, I can hardly trust myself to speak, for I am apprehensive of not conveying what, indeed, can never be conveyed adequately in words, my unbounded admiration of what you have, under the blessing of God, been enabled to perform, and the manner in which you have performed it. To place you, in the rank of travellers, above Park, and Hearne, and others, would, in my estimation, be nothing in comparison of your merits. But, in you, and your party, my dear friend, we see so sublime an instance of Christian confidence in the Almighty, of the superiority of moral and religious energy over mere brute strength of body, that it is impossible to contemplate your sufferings, and preservation, without a sensation of reverential awe! I have not yet seen your book, and have only read the Quarterly Review. Your letter was put into my hand at Shetland, and I need not be ashamed to say that I cried over it like a child. The tears I shed, however, were those of pride and pleasure; —pride, at being your fellow-countryman, brother

officer, and friend; pleasure, in seeing the virtues of the Christian adding their first and highest charm to the unconquerable perseverance and splendid talents of the officer and the man. I have a promise of your book this day from my brother-in-law, Mr. Martineau, with whom (surrounded by all my family) I am staying for a week at Stamford Hill. I cannot, at present, enter into any *shop* business, — I mean geographical details; but I long very much to see the connection between our discoveries. Ours are small, for our success has been small on this occasion. Briefly, (for the doctors insist upon it,) the north-eastern portion of America consists of a singular peninsula, extending from Repulse Bay in 66½° lat. to 69¼°, and resembling a bastion at the corner of a fort, the gorge of the bastion being three days of Esquimaux journey, across from Repulse Bay to Akkoolee, one of their settlements or stations on the opposite, or Polar Sea side. This great southern indentation corresponds, I imagine, with your route, which led you into 66½°, I think, in proceeding eastward; but I have really so vague an idea of your proceedings, geographically, that I can, at present, say very little to gratify curiosity concerning the connection of our discoveries. I shall have volumes to say, or write to you hereafter, but do not be alarmed at the supposition of my expecting volumes from you in return.

"I shall only add that I am, my dear Franklin,

"Your ever faithful, and most sincerely admiring friend,

"W. E. Parry."

He had now attained the rank of Post Captain, having been promoted during his absence, as soon as

the twelve months of service as Commander had expired. The result of the late expedition, though unsuccessful as to its ultimate object, had at least shown what route was to be avoided, in the search for a practicable passage to the westward; while to give up the matter, at that stage, would have been, in Parry's opinion, to lose all the benefit of the experience already gained at the cost of so much toil, and of which other nations might possibly take advantage, to snatch from England the glory of the great discovery. It was, therefore, soon generally understood that a third expedition would be sent out, of which Parry would again take the command. Upon his recovery from his illness, Lord Melville offered to him the situation of Hydrographer to the Admiralty. He was, at first, unwilling to accept an office which would shut him out from active service, whether in the arctic seas, or elsewhere, but this difficulty was soon obviated.

"London, Nov. 26, 1823.

"Lord Melville has said and done so handsomely about the Hydrographer's situation, insisting on keeping it open for me, even during an expedition, that I have, literally per force, accepted it, and shall be appointed probably this day. How I shall get through the work, and another equipment, and my book, I know not; but of this I must make the best I can, having, in fact, no choice. It will, in short, be a *fag*, but, of course, highly flattering for the present and beneficial for the future. Another expedition is not quite determined on, but will be soon, I have little doubt."

This was written in November; and, before the end of the year, the "Hecla" and "Fury" were again selected to renew the search for the North-West Passage, and Parry was once more in his old place, and at his old occupation, fitting out his ships in Deptford Dockyard.

CHAP. VII.

THIRD AND LAST VOYAGE FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE. — WINTER AT PORT BOWEN. — MASQUERADE. — LOSS OF THE "FURY." — "HECLA" RETURNS HOME. — DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

1824—1825.

A FEW days before Parry received his commission for the expedition now to be recorded, he was honoured with the freedom of the city of Winchester. In acknowledging the compliments contained in the speech of the Mayor, he spoke as follows:

"The merits which you have kindly attributed to me, are such only as, I trust, would have been found in every British seaman, and every Christian commander, under similar circumstances. It has, indeed, been my fortune, under Providence, to meet with some success in my endeavours. To the zealous co-operation of my brother officers, and the exemplary conduct of the faithful men entrusted to my charge, it has (under the same superintending care) been owing, that even our comparative failures have not, perhaps, been altogether without benefit to our country. By these, any future attempt may, in some measure, be directed, and the attainment

of the desired object, to a certain extent, rendered more easy. Should any call be made on our future exertions, the liberal and friendly, nay, affectionate reception we have experienced at home cannot fail to encourage us in our labours."

As soon as it was settled that another expedition should be sent out, the next point to be determined was, in what particular direction the new attempt should be made. Franklin's recent perilous journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River had established, beyond a doubt, the position of the northern coast of America, and along this coast it was still Parry's opinion that the passage must be sought, in preference to the higher latitude of Melville Island. But the question was now raised by some at home, whether, considering the difficulties experienced in the late voyages, it would not be wiser to reverse the mode of operations, by seeking to enter the Polar Sea from the west through Behring's Straits, rather than from its eastern entrances, as heretofore. Of this proposition, Parry at once signified his unqualified disapproval, and concluded a letter on the subject to Lord Melville with these words: "The information lately obtained makes it less advisable than ever for England to make the attempt from any but the Atlantic side; because it is obvious, that any difficulties of a more than ordinary nature should be encountered at first, while the resources are complete, the ships uninjured, and the energy of the crews wholly unimpaired." This decided opinion,

coupled with his own experience of the hopeless barrier of ice near Melville Island, and in the Straits of the Hecla and Fury, reduced the question to very narrow limits. The only other known opening which remained, was that of Prince Regent's Inlet, visited by himself in his first voyage. It is true that the ice to the southward had then presented an unpromising appearance; but the channel was wide, and the well-known rapidity with which, under ordinary circumstances, changes in the state of the ice occur, even from day to day, during the summer, made it not unlikely that it would be found more favourable on a second visit. These views he strongly urged on the Admiralty, and, as might be supposed, his advice was favourably received, and formed, as before, the basis of his instructions for the coming voyage. "The confidence," such were their words, "which we are justified in placing in your judgment and experience, determine us to authorise and direct you to pursue the course which you consider most promising, namely, through Prince Regent's Inlet."

The success which had attended the entertainment on board the "Fury" in 1821, emboldened Parry to repeat the attempt now, on a larger scale than before. This time both ships were gaily dressed out, and the proceedings varied by a concert on board the "Hecla." Several of the best performers of the day, Madame Pasta among the number, had volunteered

their services, and seemed, to their delighted hearers, as though really inspired for the occasion beyond their usual powers of pleasing. As the twilight closed in, a novel and brilliant effect was produced by coloured lamps hung amongst the rigging, and along the bulwarks of the vessels. "It certainly was," writes Captain Parry's sister, "a beautiful sight, and, under other circumstances, we should have thoroughly enjoyed it."

The ships sailed from the Nore on the 19th of May, 1824, and in ten days were off the Orkneys, whence he thus writes to his mother.

'Hecla,' off the Orkneys, May 30.

"My dearest Mother,

"Being, by a very curious coincidence, off the Orkney Islands, on the same day that we took our departure from them three years ago, an opportunity offers of sending a few lines on shore, and of this I gladly take advantage, though I have only to say that we are all well, comfortable, and happy, and about to begin our voyage across the Atlantic with a fair breeze and most charming weather. We shall not put in here if I can help it, and the present wind is so favourable, that there will probably be no occasion for it. Everything is as complete as possible, and I do not know a thing that we want. My own health is perfectly good, and I am sure, my dearest mother, that even you, with all your anxiety and affectionate solicitude for me, would, if you could see me, acknowledge that I am, in every respect, as comfortable as your heart could wish. I have only time to

add my dearest love to all that are dear to me, from, my beloved mother,

"Your fondly affectionate son,
"W. E. PARRY."

He took the same opportunity of writing a few last words to his friend Franklin, who was already meditating a second journey to the scene of his former sufferings on the north coast of America.

"God bless you," he concludes, "my dear friend, in all your noble undertakings! May He be your guide and support in every difficulty and danger, and bring you back in health, with renewed honours, to the numerous friends, to whom you are justly dear."

On the 18th of June they fell in with the first ice in Davis' Strait, and, about this time, an incident occurred, strongly illustrative of his great natural coolness in the hour of danger. It was Sunday forenoon, and with the exception of a small watch on deck, the ship's company were mustered below for divine service, at which, in the absence of a chaplain, he officiated himself. He had finished the morning service, and had nearly reached the conclusion of the sermon, when the quartermaster came hastily down the hatchway, and whispered a few hurried words in his ear. Parry, without exhibiting any signs of emotion, asked some questions in a low tone, and bade him return to his post. He then re-opened his book, and continued his sermon as though nothing had occurred, concluding with the

blessing. Then, raising his hand, he said, "Now, my lads, all hands on deck,—but mind, no bustle!" On reaching the deck, it was found that a mist, which had been hanging over them all the morning, had lifted, showing the land right ahead, and now only a short distance off. Parry, whose apparent indifference had only resulted from his persuasion that, according to the quartermaster's report, no immediate danger was to be apprehended, now took up his usual post, and promptly issuing the needful orders, the ship's course was altered, and the danger avoided. "We *knew* we could always trust him!" are the emphatic words of one of his own seamen, present on the occasion; and those who know what seamen are, will scarcely wonder that volunteers were never wanting for any service in which he was engaged. His example was no less conspicuous, in the contempt of fatigue and the power of endurance. "I have known him," says the same seaman, who acted as his steward, "pass hour after hour on the 'spike-plank' without going below, in all weathers, often, for hours together, taking no refreshment of any kind, but a glass of lemonade with one tea-spoonful of rum in it. I was often very nearly doubling the allowance, but, thinks I, he is sure to find me out, he's so sharp, and then he'll never trust me again, which I couldn't bear!"

The unusual severity of the season retarded the ships beyond all expectation. The difficulties of the icy barrier, through which they had, on a former

occasion, pushed their way across Baffin's Bay, were now increased ten-fold, and, more than once, they were in fear that the winter would overtake them, before they had even passed the entrance of Lancaster Sound. It would be needless, after the accounts of the former voyages, to enter into a detail of the vexatious trials of patience, to which, for more than two months, they were thus subjected. At length, however, these exertions met with their deserved reward; they entered Lancaster Sound, and, on the 27th September, had fairly rounded the north-east corner of Prince Regent's Inlet. Had they been fortunate enough to reach this point a few weeks earlier, as might reasonably have been hoped, they would, in all probability, have been able to have pushed through the ice to the southward of the inlet, and perhaps have wintered on some part of the American coast; but the season for navigation being now almost at an end, Parry determined to winter at Port Bowen, a convenient harbour on the east coast of the inlet, which he had himself discovered in 1819.

This was the fourth winter which it had been the lot of our voyagers to pass in arctic regions, and was, in some respects, even more dreary than those of former years. At Melville Island all was new, and the spirits of all engaged were buoyed up by the hopes which the success of the voyage so far had inspired; while at Winter Island and Igloolik, the presence of the Esquimaux afforded sufficient interest

and amusement to prevent the time from hanging heavy on their hands. At Port Bowen there was a total absence of all human creatures, save themselves, indeed, almost a total absence of animal life, while at the same time they were still on old ground, not having, as yet, passed even the threshold of discovery.

"The account of a winter passed in these regions" (Parry writes in his journal) "can no longer be expected to afford the interest of novelty it once possessed, more especially in a station already delineated with tolerable geographical precision on our maps, and thus, as it were, brought near to our firesides at home. Independently, indeed, of this circumstance, it is hard to conceive any one thing more like another, than two winters passed in the higher latitudes of the polar regions, except when variety happens to be afforded by intercourse with some other branch of 'the great family of man.' Winter after winter here assumes an aspect so much alike, that cursory observation can scarcely distinguish a single feature of variety. The winter of more temperate climates, and even in some of no slight severity, is occasionally diversified by a thaw, which at once gives variety and comparative cheerfulness to the prospect. But here, when once the earth is covered, all is dreary, monotonous whiteness, not merely for days and weeks, but for more than half a year together. Whichever way the eye is turned, it meets a picture calculated to impress upon the mind an idea of inanimate stillness, of that motionless torpor, with which our feelings have nothing congenial,—of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a deadness, with which a human

witness appears out of keeping. The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have, for a while, forsaken."

The schools were now again set on foot, under the superintendence of Mr. Hooper, purser of the "Hecla," and it was pleasant to find that the benefit was not confined to the score or so of individuals, whose want of scholarship brought them to the school tables on the "Hecla's" lower deck in the long evenings, but extended itself to all the ship's company, "making the whole," writes Parry, "'such a scene of quiet rational occupation as I never before witnessed on board a ship."

"I do not speak lightly," he continues, "when I express my thorough persuasion, that to the moral effects thus produced on the minds of the men, were owing, in a very high degree, the constant, yet sober cheerfulness, the uninterrupted good order, and even, in some measure, the extraordinary state of health, which prevailed among us during the winter."

Of one of the Sunday evening schools Mr. Hooper writes in his journal: —

"I have been, this evening, gratified beyond measure by the conduct of my school. We assembled as usual, and Captain Parry read to us an excellent sermon. We then read over three or four times the second lesson for the day, and I expounded it to the best of my ability. After this, we went to prayers, and having closed, I

wished them good night as usual, when my friend John Darke (one of the 'Hecla's' seamen) said he wished to say a few words. He then returned to his knees, and, in a few simple but affecting words, returned thanks for the blessing enjoyed by himself and shipmates in a Christian captain, and a Christian teacher, imploring the blessing of God in behalf of both Captain Parry and myself. After this, he desired, for himself and shipmates, to thank me for the trouble I had taken, and the countenance of every one spoke the same thing, and showed that they had deputed him to do this."

The officers and men of the present expedition having almost all served on the former voyages, it was thought expedient to devise some novelty in the way of amusements, which all acknowledged were "by this time almost worn threadbare." They set their wits to work, and, at length, Captain Hoppner of the "Fury" proposed a general masquerade. The notion was at once eagerly caught up and acted upon, with the utmost zeal, by all parties. None were more delighted than Parry himself.

"It is impossible," (he writes,) "that any idea could have proved more happy, or more exactly suited to our situation. Admirably dressed characters of various descriptions readily took their part, and many of these were supported with a degree of spirit and genuine humour, which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly, while the latter might not have disdained, and would not have been disgraced, by copying the good order, decorum, and inoffensive cheerfulness, which our humble masquerades presented."

When the proposal was communicated to the ships' companies, they heartily responded to the call, and, in their own phraseology, "passed the word forward to prepare for action." The preparation of the different characters was, in itself, a fund of amusement, occupying several days. "Well, Jack," one would say, "I've put my considering cap on, and I think as how I've rummaged up summut queer!" and nondescript enough was the usual result of these cogitations! Before the first entertainment, which was to be held on board the "Fury," the chief topic among the men was, as to what part "the captain" would take. They knew him well enough to expect something worth seeing, and, at the same time, to be sure that they should feel at ease in his presence. Conjectures grew more rife as the festive day approached. He was well scanned by many curious eyes, as he emerged from his cabin and went down the ship's side, but he was well wrapped up in a large boat cloak, and all that could be seen was his violin, which he held under his arm; so curiosity had to wait till all arrived at the masquerade hall, on the "Fury's" lower deck. And now the fun commenced in good earnest; the captain himself, for some time at least, attracting the attention of all. The cloak had been thrown aside, and there stood the facsimile of an old marine with a wooden leg, well known to all, who used to sit with a fiddle, begging for halfpence, on a road near Chatham. The part was admirably sustained.

"Give a copper to poor Joe, your honour, who's lost his timbers in defence of his king and country!" and then would come a scrape on the fiddle, and a stave dolefully drawled in a cracked voice. The appeal was not in vain, and the coppers fell fast into his hat. In another part of the deck stood a neat public house bar, at which a steady seaman acted as John Barleycorn, and supplied liquor in moderation to those who presented tickets, with which they had been provided for the purpose. Mine host had a ready tongue, and it may be supposed there was no lack of customers at the sign of the "Fury, No. 1, Arctic Street." The affair ended with a dance, in which the whole of the motley assemblage joined with right good will; Turks, sweeps, Quakers, and old clothes men, footing it as merrily as though the scene of the festival were Portsmouth instead of Port Bowen: and presenting a strange contrast to the dreary waste without, where an arctic winter still held undisputed reign over the desolate shore and frozen waste of waters. At length, four bells (ten o'clock) is struck, the boatswain's chirp is heard above the din, "Away there, Heclas!" and, in another hour, not a sound is heard on board either ship to break the stillness of the long polar night. Next day, the votes were taken, and it soon appeared that, from the captain's cabin to the forecastle, there was but one opinion, viz., that "this time, at least, the right nail had been hit on the head, and no mistake!"

During these entertainments, which took place regularly at stated intervals, alternately on board both ships, not a single instance occurred of anything that could interfere with the regular discipline, or at all weaken the respect of the men towards their superiors. "Ours, in fact," Parry observes, "were masquerades without licentiousness, carnivals without excess!"

During the long winter months of imprisonment, the officers of both ships found ample employment in the scientific observations, which their vicinity to the magnetic pole rendered particularly important. The observatory had been erected on shore, as soon as the ships were secured in their winter quarters, and the interest in these occupations was so great that its neighbourhood, before long, presented the appearance of a small village, from the number of houses set up for the reception of magnetic needles. The interesting fact was discovered that, since their last visit in 1819, the variation had increased by as much as nine degrees, *i.e.* from 114° to 123°. Close attention was also paid, as usual, to the various meteorological phenomena, and it was remarked that falling stars were very frequent, especially in the month of December. The Aurora Borealis, though frequently seen, was not often very brilliant; and, as on previous voyages, the needles were never affected in the slightest degree during its continuance.

"Once" (Parry writes), "while Lieutenants Sherer and Ross, and myself, were admiring the extreme beauty

of this phenomenon, we all, simultaneously, uttered an exclamation of surprise, at seeing a bright ray of the Aurora shoot suddenly downward from the general mass of light, between us and the land, which was distant only three hundred yards. Had I witnessed the phenomenon by myself, I should have been disposed to receive with caution the evidence, even of my own senses, as to this last fact; but the appearance conveying precisely the same idea to three persons at once, all intently engaged in looking towards the spot, I have no doubt the ray of light actually passed within that distance of us."

The extreme facility with which sounds are heard at a great distance in cold weather has often been remarked, and a well authenticated instance of this occurred during the winter at Port Bowen. Lieut. Foster, of the "Hecla," had occasion to send a man from the observatory to the opposite shore of the harbour, a distance of 6696 feet, or about one mile and a fifth, in order to fix a meridian mark, and placed a second person half way between to repeat his directions. This he found on trial to be quite unnecessary, as he could easily converse with the man at the distant station. The thermometer at the time was eighteen degrees below zero, and the weather calm and clear.

On the 20th July, the ships were released from their winter quarters, and stood across to the west shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, along which they now coasted to the southward. This land had been named by Parry, in his former voyage, North Somer-

set, in honour of his native county, but the "Hecla" and "Griper" had not on that occasion explored it, having kept to the east shore of the inlet.

"Hence" (he writes) "it was the general feeling at this period, that the voyage had but now commenced. The labours of a bad summer, and the tedium of a long winter, were forgotten in a moment, when we found ourselves on ground not hitherto explored, and with every apparent prospect before us of making as rapid progress as the nature of this navigation will permit."

These bright gleams of hope, however, were soon clouded. The ice to seaward gradually approached the land, until it drove both ships on shore, in which process the "Fury" was swept irresistibly past the "Hecla," only avoiding, by a few feet, a contact which might have been ruinous to both vessels. They were got off again at high water, but the unfortunate "Fury" was so seriously damaged, that four pumps constantly kept going were hardly sufficient to keep her afloat; and Captain Hoppner, with his officers and men, were almost exhausted with their incessant labours. Preparations were made for heaving her down, to repair the injury to her keel; but, in the very act of so doing, a gale of wind destroyed the basin which had, with great labour, been constructed in the ice to receive her, and it was found necessary to tow her out to sea, in which service the "Hecla" herself was exposed to no little danger. For a few hours the "Fury" was kept

afloat, by means of sails passed under her keel to stop the worst leaks; but on the 21st August, she was once more on shore, and this time hopelessly stranded on an open and stony beach, with her hold full of water. The officers and men of both ships were now so harassed and worn out, as to be scarcely capable of any further exertion without rest, and more than one instance occurred of stupor arising from excessive fatigue, amounting to a certain degree of failure in intellect, rendering the individual so affected quite unable, at first, to comprehend an order, though still as willing as ever to obey it. A survey was held on the stranded vessel, and the unanimous opinion of her officers confirmed that to which Parry had reluctantly come, that she must be abandoned. This was rendered more vexatious by the unusual absence of ice to the southward, as well as the navigable sea, indicated in that direction by a dark "water-sky." The condition of the "Fury," however, forbade all hopes of being able to take advantage of these favourable prospects, and Parry saw that one course only was open to him in this extremity.

"Our resources only being sufficient to hold out to the autumn of the following year, it would have been folly to hope for final success, considering the small progress we had already made, the uncertain nature of the navigation, and the advanced period of the season. I was, therefore, reduced to the only remaining conclusion, that it was my duty to return to England, in

compliance with the plain tenor of my instructions. But," he adds, "it was with extreme pain and regret that I made the signal for the 'Fury's' officers and men to go for their clothes, which had been put on shore with the stores."

Every spare corner of the "Hecla" being required for the accommodation of a double complement, the greater part of the "Fury's" stores were left either on board her, or on shore. These preparations at length concluded, the boats were hoisted up, and the "Hecla's" head turned to the north-eastward.

On the 12th of October, Captain Parry landed at Peterhead, from which place he posted to London to present his papers at the Admiralty, whence he announced his arrival to his mother in these words:—

"London, Oct. 16, 1825.

"My beloved Mother,

"I have tried every means of communicating to you that I am safe and well, and so are all belonging to the expedition, though unsuccessful, and having lost the 'Fury.' This is one of the accidents to which all such attempts must be liable, and from which God's providence alone has hitherto preserved us. . . . . We left the poor old 'Fury' full of water. God has been still very merciful to us, especially to me. All the 'Hecla's' people return, by His good providence, better than when we left England, and only two of the 'Fury's' have been lost, one by accident, and one by a disease incurable in any place, and under any circumstances."

In compliance with the customary regulations of the service, a court-martial was held, at Sheerness, on the commander and officers of the "Fury." "By a curious necessity," Parry wrote, "there not being captains enough to form the court, I sat as a member myself, although it was, in fact, on myself that the responsibility rested!" The interest excited by the affair was so great, that the "Gloucester," on board of which the court was held, was crowded with persons desirous of witnessing the proceedings, and of learning the particulars of the disaster. After going through the form of acquitting Captain Hoppner and his officers, a flattering encomium was passed on the exertions of all engaged in the expedition. As to the loss of the vessel under his command, Parry remarks, that the only real cause for wonder was his long exemption from such a catastrophe, in a service involving such constant and unavoidable risk as an arctic voyage.

The voyage of 1824, resulting in the loss of the "Fury," was the last expedition in which Parry was engaged for the discovery of a North-West Passage, his next public service having a different end in view, though it led him once more into similar scenes. Still, while the great problem remained unsolved, his own exertions had not been without brilliant results. To him we owe the passage of Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait,— on the south and north, Prince Regent's Inlet and Wellington Channel,—Melville Island and Banks Land to the

far westward. Even his failures served as landmarks to guide the steps of those who followed in his track, and the extent of his success, on ground hitherto unexplored, had, in a great measure, exhausted the more difficult part of the undertaking, leaving to his successors only the glory of completing the last link in the chain of discovery. He lived just long enough to see this link added, as he felt sure would eventually be the case.

"I feel confident" (he writes, at the close of his narrative of this voyage) "that the undertaking, if it be deemed advisable at any future time to pursue it, will, one day or other, be accomplished; for, setting aside the accidents to which, from their very nature, such attempts must be liable, I cannot but believe it to be an enterprise well within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment, but I believe, nevertheless, that it will ultimately be accomplished. Happy" (he adds) "I should have considered myself in solving this interesting question, instead of leaving it a matter of speculation and conjecture; happy shall I be also, if any labours of mine in the humble, though it would seem necessary, office of pioneer, should ultimately contribute to the success of some more fortunate individual; but most happy should I be, to be again selected as that individual. May it still fall to England's lot to accomplish this undertaking, and may she ever continue to take the lead in enterprises intended to contribute to the advancement of science, and to promote, with her own,

the welfare of mankind at large. Such enterprises, so disinterested as well as useful in their object, do honour to the country which undertakes them, even when they fail; they cannot but excite the admiration and respect of every liberal and cultivated mind; and the page of future history will undoubtedly record them, as in every way worthy of a powerful, virtuous, and enlightened nation."

We cannot conclude this chapter without noticing the increased clearness with which Divine truth presented itself to the mind of Captain Parry during this voyage, and its effect upon his religious character. In the case of many persons, there seems to be some turning point, as it were, in the life, dividing the old from the new. Here, the change appears to have been far more gradual, and yet that there was such a change is very evident. While, hitherto, "virtue" had been his watchword, it was, henceforward, a simple, childlike faith in the merits of his Saviour; while, in former years, he had been content to bow reverently before the footstool of the Creator, he was now led to cling confidently, and yet humbly, to the Cross of his Redeemer. Such a statement may, perhaps, seem inconsistent with the high moral character and unmistakable piety of his early years: but, little as he was accustomed to speak of his own inner feelings, no one who knew him can doubt that he, himself, regarded the religion of his early life as widely differing from his later experience. The former was

but an imperfect, vague, undeveloped service, the latter was as "a light shining more and more unto the perfect day." It might be said of him, as of Cornelius, that he had been a "devout man, one that feared God, and prayed to God always," but that, henceforth, it was given to him to know "the way of God more perfectly." And to the influence of more than one immediate cause may we trace this development. His father's death had had, as we have seen, a strong effect upon him, and would, doubtless, lead him to inquire, with greater anxiety, into the grounds of his own belief. Under these inquiries he was not left alone to the struggles of his own heart, but found in Mr. Hooper, whose name has occurred more than once in these pages, one ever ready to offer sympathy and help; so that, during the winter spent at Port Bowen, a close tie of Christian friendship was formed between them. A pocket edition of the New Testament, which Captain Parry had in his possession during this voyage, contains the following entry on the first page in his own handwriting: "Began to read the New Testament every evening, from June 3rd, 1824." This is followed by a succession of dates, extending through two years, being the days on which the Testament was recommenced in regular order, amounting to seven times in all. To this simple reading through and through of the New Testament did he ascribe, more than to any other means, the progressive change in his religious views, applying

to himself the words of the Psalm, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

The following ext---ts are from Mr. Hooper's private journal.

"*January* 23*rd*, 1825.—My esteemed friend is more earnestly alive than ever to the importance of living for another world, and not for this alone. His views become every day more clear. We have much delight in conversing; and, I hope, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, in increasing each other's knowledge on religious subjects. I frequently spend half an hour with him after our school, and find some of the time thus passed both precious and delightful."

"*February* 13*th*.—Captain Parry is most earnest in his desire to awaken the people to the importance of eternity, on which subject his own views have, in the last few months, materially expanded, and, under the divine blessing, I have confident hopes of benefitting many of them by our mutual endeavours."

That these efforts, on the part of these Christian brother officers, were highly appreciated by those for whose benefit they were intended, may be seen from the two following letters from a seaman on board the "Hecla," the first, written at the time, and the other addressed to Mr. Hooper, some years afterwards.

"H. M. S. 'Hecla.' Port Bowen, Dec. 1824.

"I must be plain and honest in my declarations. The Lord has been pleased to supply us sinful and unworthy creatures with a Christian and faithful captain, and

preacher of the most sacred and Holy Gospel, and, likewise, a good Christian teacher, in this wild and solitary place, and shall we still rebel against such a good God as this, and go on in sin? Shall I not, with my small but most grateful acknowledgments, contribute something towards the support of religion? This, Sir, I should wish to keep secret from the world, for, 'in your alms-giving, let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth.' But I am so circumstanced now, that this I cannot avoid, and if you will have the goodness to write how it should be done, the sum of 10*l.* shall be given, as you think well of. May the Lord be with you, and with my spirit, and I am, Sir,

"Your obedient and very humble servant,

"JOHN DARKE, Seaman."

"I respect you and Captain Parry so far, that I would willingly lay down my life freely to serve you. I cannot bear to lose sight of the persons in whom I have such friends, and who, by the grace of God, have been the means of saving my soul.

"J. D."

Shortly after the arrival of the "Hecla" in England, in 1825, Parry underwent a severe trial in the death of his esteemed friend, Mr. Charles Martyr. The following letter, written towards the close of his fatal illness, is indicative of the expansion of his own religious views.

"Dear Charles Martyr, of whose value, as a friend, you are fully aware, is, I fear, no less than dying, and I, who would die for him, cannot, as yet, go to Chatham to

see him. Yes, he is, I believe, going to reap his reward, and to receive a crown of glory. He is, my dear friend, the happiest man in England, I believe, at this moment. The calm composure with which he contemplates his dissolution is, I am told, most delightful. He says he is sure the God he has endeavoured to serve will never 'leave nor forsake' his wife and children. He speaks of it, not as many do, in general dependence on God's mercy, but in the sure and certain hope that it will be so. His, in short, is faith, the true scriptural faith, and by this he trusts, through the merits of his Saviour, to enter heaven himself, and feels certain that He, without whose permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, will preserve from want those whom he leaves behind, who are of more value than many sparrows. You, my dear friends, will forgive my intruding all this upon you, but the object of my present affliction is not unknown to you, and you can deeply appreciate every feeling of mine upon the occasion."

After Mr. Martyr's decease, Parry had the melancholy satisfaction of testifying to the worth of his departed friend, in an article for the "Christian Observer," and the spirit which pervades every page is a still further illustration of the remarks we have ventured to make upon his own religious views. The memoir concludes with these words:—

"At length his happy spirit was released, and returned to God who gave it. Thus at the early age of thirty-three years, this faithful servant of God 'fell asleep in Jesus.' He is now delivered from the bondage of

corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Now, freed from all darkness, and doubts, and fears, he is drinking, from the pure fountain of life and happiness, draughts of unmixed and uninterrupted felicity. His warfare is ended, and he is wearing a crown of glory, 'the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

CHAP. VIII.

INTEREST IN RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES. — APPOINTMENT TO THE COMMAND OF AN EXPEDITION FOR THE PURPOSE OF ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE NORTH POLE. — MARRIAGE.—SAILING OF THE EXPEDITION.—THE "HECLA" LEFT AT SPITZBERGEN. — BOAT AND SLEDGE JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD. — RETURN TO THE "HECLA."—HOMEWARD VOYAGE.—SHORT TOUR ON THE CONTINENT. —DEATH OF HIS ELDEST CHILD.

1826—1828.

IMMEDIATELY after his return from the expedition recorded in the last chapter, Parry resumed his duties as hydrographer at the Admiralty. On the 15th February, 1826, the freedom of the borough of Lynn was voted to him by the corporation, "in testimony of the high sense they entertained of his meritorious and enterprising conduct."

At this time, his interest in religious societies seems to have been first awakened. The Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Missionary, and the Naval and Military Bible Societies, are frequently mentioned in his

letters, the latter especially, for which he spoke at the annual May meeting of this year, besides taking an active part in the formation of an association at Chatham.

"I have often wished" (he remarked on this occasion), "when paying my usual visits to our little schools, that the friends of the Naval and Military Bible Society, or even its enemies (if any such there can be), could for a moment have been transported to the 'Hecla's' lower deck. They would there have seen a whole ship's company gradually drawing round the school tables, to hear the word of God expounded, they would have seen each individual listening with eager and mute attention, and, literally, those who came to scoff remaining to pray. I cannot expect, ladies and gentlemen, to convey to your mind the interest of such a scene, with all the associations arising out of our peculiar situation, but the recollection will ever be to me one of the strongest, and, I may truly say, the sweetest of my life. The effect was simply this, that the very best men on board the 'Hecla,' —those, I mean, who were always called upon in time of especial difficulty and danger,—were, without exception, those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects; and that, if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made of that number, the choice would, without hesitation, fall on two or three individuals eminently Christian. Such has been the result of my own observation and experience. Should I be employed on a similar service, and were you to ask what men I would select, I would say, 'give me the best Christians,' for then we should be strong indeed, strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

In thus openly espousing the cause of religion, he felt that he was now, as it were, nailing to the mast the colours of his Christian profession.

"My speech at the Bible Society" (he writes) "has been talked of very sneeringly at this great house (the Admiralty); but oh! how insignificant does all within these walls appear, when the imagination turns, but for a moment, to the assembled host of heaven, and men, and angels! In this I had long ago counted the cost, and am, I trust, ready, in dependence on other strength than my own, to bear much more reproach than this. Pray for me, my dear friend, that my strength fail not, and that I may be encouraged and supported by God's Holy Spirit, in every humble endeavour to advance His glory, and the salvation of men's souls!"

After the unsuccessful termination of the recent efforts to discover the North-West Passage, it seemed useless, for the present, to pursue the attempt further; but this did not hinder Parry from turning his attention to another quarter, where success seemed more hopeful. The interesting experiments which had been made, during the late expeditions, in the neighbourhood of the Magnetic Pole, had induced many scientific men to speculate on the possibility of carrying out similar observations at the very pole of the earth itself. Parry employed the few leisure moments he could snatch from the duties of his office in drawing up a statement respecting the practicability of effecting this object by means of

sledge boats, as had been before proposed by his friend and brother officer, Captain Franklin. Of the difficulties involved in the scheme he was fully aware; but, as he remarked in a letter to Franklin, then himself absent from England on arctic discovery, "the true reply to all doubts is, go and see!" The memorial, when completed, was laid before Lord Melville and the Lords of the Admiralty, supported by a recommendation from Sir Humphry Davy, the president of the Royal Society, to whom Parry, as a member of the Society, had communicated his views. As might be anticipated, some opposition was at first made to the scheme, but, after further discussion, the objections were overruled, and Parry was appointed to the command of an expedition "for the purpose of attempting to reach the North Pole." *

* "Admiralty, July 8, 1826.

"I am in the highest possible spirits, being quite rejoiced in the prospect of some new and honourable employment, better suited both to my tastes and early habits than the present sedentary occupation of my office. I was yesterday the whole day at Woolwich Dockyard, and went on board my dear old 'Hecla,' to determine on a few trifling alterations which must be made in her. I feel very great interest in this expedition, more than in any former one, as it is my own plan, and unique in its way."

In the autumn of the year, these preparations were, for a short time, interrupted by an event of a

different nature. Among the families who had sought and valued the acquaintance of the arctic navigator, was that of Sir John Stanley, afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderley. His fourth daughter, Isabella Louisa, had, long before her first introduction to Captain Parry, taken a peculiar interest in the subject of polar enterprise; and it will not be a matter of surprise that the friendship, thus formed, soon ripened into a warm attachment on his part. Under the circumstances of the expedition then impending, the question was naturally one of anxious deliberation: but, at length, the sanction of her parents was obtained, and consent given to the marriage, just five months before the "Hecla" was to leave England.

On the 23rd October the ceremony was performed in the parish church of Alderley, by the Rev. Edward Stanley (afterwards Bishop of Norwich), with whom Captain Parry had long been on terms of cordial friendship. A silk ensign, worked for the expedition by the bride herself, was hoisted on the church tower. When hauled down, this was carefully folded up, not to be again unfurled, as they fondly hoped, except at the North Pole itself.

On the 18th of November, the "Hecla" was formally commissioned for the approaching voyage to Spitzbergen.

"November 20, 1827.

"On Saturday, at 10 o'clock, we set off for Deptford, and found Ross there waiting our arrival. The day was

wet, but Isabella does not mind trifles. As everybody knew that she was coming, a great number of our former people had collected on board the 'Hecla,' and the access to her had been made very convenient by steps, &c. The form of commissioning is merely hoisting the pendant, and when a ship is paid off the same is hauled down. I cannot express to you the pride with which she hoisted, and I saw her hoist it. Everybody who was by was quite delighted. This is just what seamen delight in."

This expedition was as popular as its predecessors, and so many were found desirous of sailing under Parry's command, that, with the greatest care to select none but first-rate hands, the ship was completely manned in three days after the hoisting of her pendant, as many men being refused as would have served to man her a second time.

Though obliged, by his duties at the hydrographer's office, to reside in London while the "Hecla" was fitting for service, Parry found leisure to go down to Deptford from time to time. On one occasion he was accompanied by his wife, who for several days took up her quarters with him on board. She writes:—

"February 22, 1827. H. M. S. 'Hecla.'

"I delight in having returned to the bells and the sentry's 'All's well,' at night; there is something so comfortable in the sound. . . . . I have now also some idea of what it is to be amongst ice. The river is quite full of it. The first evening I heard the sound of the

ice grating along the ship's side, I could hardly believe the noise, like thunder, was caused by the ice. That sound has now ceased, for the ice is firm and quiet, and the boats are employed in cutting their way through, to open a communication with the shore. They are nearly two hours in getting two boats' length, which will give you some idea of the labour. Mr. Ross and the officers seem to delight in it, and perhaps, if I had seen as much of it as they have, I should not think more of *real* ice than they do of this."

On the 25th of March, 1827, the "Hecla" was ready for sea, and Parry, having bid farewell to his wife in London, went down to Deptford, accompanied by some members of her family, one of whom writes:—

"At half-past nine the carriage was at the door. We sent it across the street to pick up the luggage and Fido*, and followed ourselves. We had a silent, but comfortable drive to Deptford. The boat was waiting for us, and we went on board, where we found the deck crowded with the boats, &c. Parry immediately went into his own cabin, and soon came out again in full uniform, in which I had never seen him since I knew and loved him. After breakfast we read his Admiralty instructions, and dwelt with comfort on the page enjoining him not to attempt to persevere, even with the prospect of success, at the risk of life or lives. . . . The door opens, and Mr. Ross's eager face looks in, with an expression of more than

* A favourite spaniel belonging to Mrs. Parry, which accompanied Captain Parry on this voyage to Spitzbergen, and afterwards to Port Stephens, where he died.

usual joy,—'The steamboat is ahead, sir; we are all ready!' In another minute he comes again, with 'Captain Boxer's* compliments, sir, and he is here with his gig, if he can be of any use!' The offer was accepted for us. We went up, and, taking a hasty glance at the busy deck, and all those happy, sanguine faces, we shook hands, and were seated in the slung chair. We then rowed alongside, cheered by all the crew as we passed, till we arrived opposite Greenwich Hospital. The pensioners were arranged along the shore, and the 'Hecla' cheered them first, and they returned the compliment. By this time she was getting ahead of us, so we rested on our oars, and watched her as she gradually left us, Parry still standing in the gangway, leaning with one hand on the side, and looking as if he were, indeed, in his proper place, with that commanding and dignified composure which marks his manner on all great occasions. I felt then as if I did not wish to see him again, and as if that were the proper place to lose sight of him. The way in which he gets through all business, all worries and details, with so few words and such little trouble, so much consideration and decision, is very striking; and he says, that, with all he is now leaving, he is happier in going out than he has ever been before."

Whilst giving this account of the circumstances attendant on his embarkation, it will not be uninteresting to the reader to be made acquainted with some of the more secret feelings of his mind, as expressed in his letters at this time, from which it may be seen how rapidly his religious views were

* Captain Boxer then commanded the "Hussar" frigate.

now maturing. The following were written to his wife, after the "Hecla" had left Deptford.

"Sheerness, April 3, 1827.

"Let God continue to have a place in every thought, and, in exchange, you will be sure to receive His peace 'which passeth all understanding.' Yes, it is indeed His strength, not our own, which has enabled us to bear this trial of separation, and it should, and, I trust, will teach us how utterly unable we are to do anything of ourselves, but that His grace is sufficient for us."

"'Hecla,' at sea, April 4, 1827.

"You will be glad to hear that I leave England without a single letter unanswered. I think I must have written nearly fifty since I saw you; but this, you know, is no new thing. How I shall dwell with delight on the communion between you and L——. Live, both of you, in the constant spirit of prayer. Do everything with prayer flowing from your hearts. In your going out, and in your coming in,—whatever you do, let a little fervent, though silent, prayer ascend to His ear, who never refuses to listen to us. This is not, as some would tell us, gloom and melancholy. Who is—who can be so cheerful as the Christian? None. He has a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Dwell as much as possible, in your reading, on the very wonderful scheme of redemption by Christ, a scheme which none but God could have devised. Continue, as you now do, to weigh every verse of Scripture which you read, and you will find new beauties, and new proofs of the tender mercies of God displayed in the atonement of the Saviour, as you proceed with this delightful study. You

are quite right in supposing you will have difficulties; but take your Bible in your hand, and see if the whole New Testament does not predict the very thing which you may be experiencing. Therefore be of good cheer, God will be with you, you need not fear who is against you. Weigh frequently in your mind the enormous disproportion which exists between time and eternity, and how lighter than nothing will all the little trifles appear to you, with which we are so apt to tease ourselves . . . . . I am afraid you will find me a more unread man than ever, for I do not see a chance of my being able to read any book but one, *our* book, *the* book. It is astonishing how very little I have read on the expeditions. Ignorant people imagine we have such a quantity of leisure time, but I have never found the day long enough for all I wish to do."

"*Good Friday, April* 13. 1827.—On this day last year, I wrote my letter to Lord Melville, proposing this expedition. It was an eventful day; occupied, I well remember, in writing my letter, and making everything about it as complete as I could. To-day, though now employed on the very expedition I was then so anxious for, I have been endeavouring to turn my thoughts to a much more important event, I mean the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour, as on this day."

The voyage to Hammerfest, in Norway, was effected easily, with fair winds. In this harbour they remained some time, for the purpose of obtaining reindeer, which they hoped might be useful in dragging the boats over the ice.* Leaving Hammer-

* These reindeer were not employed, in consequence of the rugged nature of the ice, as described hereafter.

fest, they arrived, on the 12th of May, off the shores of Spitzbergen, where a long and vexatious delay awaited them. To provide for the safety of the ship, as well as that of the boats on their return, it was absolutely necessary to find a safe harbour, in which the "Hecla," with her diminished crew, might be left, and the boat expedition know where to rejoin her. Several convenient bays were passed, but all their efforts to reach them proved ineffectual, from the large fields of thick ice which pressed closely on the shore. So tantalizing was this unlooked-for hindrance to the departure of the boats, that Parry was tempted, more than once, to give up the thoughts of seeing the "Hecla" safe in harbour before leaving; but, perhaps fortunately for all, the rough state of the ice to the northward rendered it impossible for the men to make any progress with the boats. More than a month was thus lost in the attempt to find an accessible anchorage, when, at length, Treurenberg Bay presented itself, in all respects suitable for their purpose. "I cannot," writes Parry, "describe the satisfaction which the information of our success communicated to every individual on board. The main object of our enterprise now appeared almost within our grasp, and everybody seemed anxious to make up, by renewed exertions, for the time we had unavoidably lost." The ship was quickly secured, and every precaution taken to provide against the contingency of her being driven to sea again by the ice. Lieut. Foster was left in

charge at Treurenberg Bay, and, all arrangements being completed, at five P.M. on the 21st of June, the two boats, "Enterprise" and "Endeavour," respectively commanded by Parry, and his lieutenant, James C. Ross, bade farewell to their comrades on board the ship, and, with the usual salute of three hearty cheers, set out for the northward.

The boats employed on this novel service were fitted with strong runners, shod with smooth steel, in the manner of a sledge, to the forepart of which the ropes for dragging the boat were attached. The crew of each consisted of two officers and twelve men, of whom two were marines. For three days they pulled through the open water, but the ice gradually gathered round them, until, at length, they were compelled to haul the boats up on to the floe, and the actual labour of the expedition now commenced. Unless compelled by circumstances to act otherwise, the usual plan was to travel only by night, when the snow was harder than during the day-time. It will, however, be remembered that the daylight was constant, and that the terms "day" and "night" were only relative; indeed, several of the men declared they never knew one from the other, during the whole excursion.

"When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping dresses, and put on those for travelling. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in, whether they dried during the day or

not, and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not still wet, or hard frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after recommencing our journey, while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged' for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and, after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled about five hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, or five or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this, we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was, really, early in the morning. The boats were placed close along-side each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails placed over them as awnings. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, and clothes, and went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings ten or fifteen degrees."

This, it may be remarked, was the only part of their daily occupation in which Parry himself took no share. He used often to relate, that, when the others produced their pipes, he was wont to regale himself with the scent of a bottle of eau de Cologne, to which, in consequence, the men gave the name of "the captain's pipe."

"This part of the twenty-four hours" (the narrative continues) "was often a time, and the only time, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories, and 'fought all their battles o'er again,' and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set, during our resting time, to look out for bears, or for the ice breaking up around us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for an hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort, which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances, our chief inconvenience being that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore were obliged to stow rather closer than was agreeable. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described."

The rough nature of the ice, combined with the softness of its upper surface, rendered each day's work very tedious and laborious. Often their way lay over small loose rugged masses, separated by little pools of water, obliging them constantly to launch and haul up the boats, each of which operations required them to be unloaded, and occupied nearly a quarter of an hour. More than once, they were upwards of two hours in advancing one hundred yards, and the snow was often so soft as to take them above their knees at every step, so that they were sometimes five minutes together in moving a single

empty boat with the united strength of the whole party, and the men, in dragging the sledges, were obliged to crawl on all-fours, to make any progress at all. In parts, the ice was composed, on its upper surface, of irregular needle-like crystals, which, becoming loosened by the thaw, rendered it very fatiguing to walk over, beside cutting the soles of the boots, on which account the men called it "pen-knife ice." In all this troublesome work Parry took an active lead. Whenever the boats landed on a floe, he and Ross used to walk on ahead to select the best road. On arriving at any point of more than usual difficulty, they would mount one of the highest "hummocks" near, to obtain a better prospect.

"Nothing could well exceed the dreariness which such a view presented. The eye wearied itself in vain to find any object but ice and sky to rest upon. From want of variety, the most trifling circumstance engaged a more than ordinary share of our attention—a passing gull, or a mass of ice of unusual form, became objects which our situation and circumstances magnified into ridiculous importance, and we have since often smiled to remember the eager interest with which we regarded the most insignificant occurrences."

In the course of one day's travelling, the only notice of animal life consisted in their having "heard a rotge,"* while, at another time, a couple of small

* A species of Arctic bird otherwise known as the "Uria Alle," or "little auk."

flies upon the ice were an event in the day's journey considered worthy of notice. It may well be imagined, then, how cheering it was to "turn from this scene of inanimate desolation to the two little boats in the distance, to see the moving figures of the men winding with their sledges among the hummocks, and to hear, once more, the sound of human voices breaking the stillness of this icy wilderness."

Urged on by the example of their commander, the men, in spite of all these discouragements, laboured with the greatest cheerfulness and good will. All hoped, and none more confidently than Parry himself, that the rugged ice, over which they were now toiling, would prove but the introduction to the smooth, continuous plain of the main ice, which the accounts of former navigators had led them to expect to the north of Spitzbergen. Day after day, however, went on, and no signs of improvement were visible for some distance to the northward, when it became, by degrees, painfully evident to both the commander and his officers, that another obstacle to the completion of their purpose had unexpectedly arisen. This consisted in the southerly drift of the whole body of ice, over which they were laboriously tracking their way, owing to the wind, which blew steadily from the north or north-west. The observations carefully made, at the close of each day's hard work, showed too clearly that often less than half of the actual distance tra-

velled could be regarded as progress in a northerly direction. This mortifying truth was, for some time, kept from the knowledge of the men, who used, however, good-humouredly to remark that they were "a long time getting to this 83°!" * For a few days more they persevered, in the face of heavy snow-storms, and torrents of rain, which Parry had never seen equalled, but, the drift of the ice continuing as great as ever, he was, at length, compelled to confess that further labour were useless. Between the 22nd and 26th of July, they had dragged the boats only ten or twelve miles, and were, after all, actually three miles southward of the point they had reached on the first of these days. "In fact," says the author of "Voyages within the Arctic Regions," "the commander of the expedition, the officers and men, had, all of them, been laboriously and uselessly employed for thirty-five days of continuous and most fatiguing drudgery, to be compared in its effect to nothing less than the labour of rolling the stone of Sisyphus, the floe on which they were traversing, as they supposed, ten or twelve miles one day, having rolled them back again ten or twelve miles, and often more, the next."

One day's rest was given, for the men to wash and mend their clothes, while the officers occupied themselves in making observations in the highest lati-

* On reaching the parallel of 83° N. lat., the expedition would have been entitled to a reward of 1000*l*., by Order in Council.

tude which had ever been reached, viz. 82° 40′ 23″.* At this extreme point of their journey, their distance from the "Hecla," after five weeks' travel, was only 172 miles, to accomplish which they had traversed upwards of 290 miles with the boats. Including, however, the journeyings backwards and forwards with the stores, they reckoned the whole distance over which they had gone at about 660 statute miles, "being nearly sufficient to have reached the Pole in a direct line."

It was now the 27th of July; the day was warm and pleasant, forming a cheerful contrast to the weather they had lately experienced. "Our ensigns and pendants," Parry writes, "were displayed during the day; and, sincerely as we regretted not having been able to hoist the British flag in the highest latitude to which we had aspired, we shall perhaps be excused having felt some little pride, in being the bearers of it to a parallel considerably beyond that mentioned in any well-authenticated record."

"Between 8 and 9 P.M. on the 27th July, in latitude 82¾° N." (he wrote in a short note addressed to his wife on the spot), "we dined, with our flags flying in both boats, and after dinner, when I had given 'the King, God bless him!' as a toast to be drunk with a small extra allowance of grog, our friend Ross desired to give a toast, —'Mrs. Parry!' Need I say that it was enthu-

* The highest latitude actually reached in this expedition was on the 23rd instant, viz. 82° 45′.

siastically drunk, with three times three? The serjeant of marines, a very fine fellow, then begged to propose the health of Sir John Stanley, also of Mr. Stanley, whose prayers, he was sure, had been fervently offered up for our safety . . . . I am sure you will value this little account, written under such circumstances, even though *not* at the Pole."

The next day, at half-past four in the afternoon, they set out on their return to the southward, and the commander of the expedition spoke the feelings of the whole party, in remarking that, "dreary and cheerless as were the scenes they were about to leave, they never turned homewards with so little satisfaction as on this occasion."

The southerly drift of the ice, which had before retarded their advance, was now, of course, in their favour, but the actual difficulties of each day were the same as ever, and the men suffered much from snowblindness and chilblains, which last became serious from the irritation produced by walking, and made some of them quite lame. Some excitement was caused one day by the sight of a bear, who, however, escaped, to the great disappointment of the hungry travellers, as they "had already, by anticipation, consigned a tolerable portion of his flesh to their cooking kettle, over a fire of his own blubber." To make up for the loss, however, another bear was killed by Lieut. Ross a few days afterwards, when a laughable scene ensued. "The animal had hardly done biting the snow, when one

of the men was alongside of him with an open knife, and, being asked what he was about to do, replied that he was going to have some of him to put into the pot, which happened to be boiling for supper. In short, before the bear had been dead an hour, all hands were employed in discussing the merits of his flesh." This sumptuous feast was followed by the evils of indigestion, as far as the men were concerned; which they, amusingly enough, persisted in attributing to the quality, rather than the quantity of the meat they had been eating. Notwithstanding these excesses at first, Parry was really glad of this additional supply of meat, having observed for some time that the men were not so strong as before, and would be better for more food. Another bear, attracted by the fire, was wounded, but, "luckily for us," he remarks, "escaped."

The southward journey over the ice occupied a fortnight, when, at a quarter before seven in the morning of the 11th of August, they heard, for the first time for seven weeks, the sound of the swell of the open sea, dashing with heavy surges against the outer margin of the ice; and, in another hour, the boats were again fairly afloat. On arriving at Table Island, where provisions had been deposited for their return, they found that the bears had eaten all the bread, which occasioned a remark among the men, in reference to the quantity of the flesh of those animals they had eaten, that "Bruin is only

square with us!" In sailing to Walden Island, the boats were caught in a severe gale and snow-storm; and when, after reaching the island, they were unloaded, the officers and men, who had been fifty-six hours without rest, had barely strength left to haul them on shore. A day was spent upon the island to recruit the strength of the party; when they re-embarked, and, after some few days of bad weather, finally arrived at Treurenberg Bay, at half-past four P. M., on the 21st of August, after an absence of sixty-one days, and were met with that warm welcome from all on board the "Hecla," which, as Parry truly says, "can alone be felt and not described." Considering the constant exposure to wet, cold, and fatigue, the whole party were in good health, though all had, for some time past, become gradually weak and thin, the day's allowance having proved barely sufficient for persons engaged in the constant and severe labour to which they had been exposed.

On the 28th of August, the "Hecla" weighed anchor for England, but was so long delayed on the north coast of Scotland by contrary winds, that Parry left her anchored at the Orkneys, and proceeded, in H. M. revenue cutter, the "Chichester," to Inverness, and thence by land to London where he lost no time in laying before his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, a report of his proceedings. By a remarkable coincidence, Captain Franklin returned from his Polar

Expedition along the north coast of America at the same time, landing at Liverpool on the same day that Parry reached Inverness. They arrived at the Admiralty within ten minutes of each other, and most joyful was this unexpected meeting between the two friends.

"Admiralty, September 29, 1827.

"You will be delighted to know that the Duke and the Admiralty have received me most warmly, and I have already received a letter from the Secretary, expressing his Royal Highness's satisfaction at our exertions. The Duke himself proposed to me a fortnight's leave of absence, which I have got. . . . ."

Letter from Lord Melville to Captain W. E. Parry.

"Melville Castle, 29th September, 1827.

"My dear Sir,

"Though you have not succeeded in the achievement of the main object of your expedition, it has, certainly, been from no want of the most extraordinary exertions on the part of yourself and your boats' crews. You may, probably, have perceived that I was never very sanguine as to the result of the attempt, and I am not surprised, therefore, that the obstacles proved to be of such a nature as even *you* could not overcome. I rejoice greatly at the safe return of the 'Hecla' and her crew, and I have the honour to remain, my dear sir, &c.

"MELVILLE."

Owing to the continuance of southerly winds, the "Hecla" did not arrive in the Thames till the 6th

of October. On the 17th, the Lord High Admiral inspected her, as well as the boats which had been employed on the late expedition over the ice. On the 1st of November the ship was paid off, and, for the last time, Parry hauled down his pendant. The attempt to reach the Pole had, it is true, been unsuccessful, but it was still an enterprise, of which all engaged in it might well feel proud. "No successor on the path of Arctic adventure has yet snatched the chaplet from the brow of this great navigator. Parry is still the champion of the north." * At this day, through the graceful compliment of recent navigators †, the land nearest either pole, on which the eye of civilised man has ever rested, bears the name of him who unfurled his country's flag at a higher latitude than any, before or since, have been able to reach.

Immediately after his first interview with the Duke of Clarence, and while the "Hecla" was still detained in the north, Parry, having obtained leave of absence, left London and repaired to Alderley. His arrival was expected, and at Monk's Heath, a short distance from the Park, where the coach stopped, he was met by a large concourse of persons, headed by the Rev. E. Stanley, and other members of his wife's family, who, with a large body of Sir John Stanley's

* Times, January 20, 1856.

† The Parry Mountains were discovered by Sir J. C. Ross, in the Antarctic Regions, in 1841, and the same name was given by Dr. Kane, in 1853, to a mountain visible to the north of Smith Sound.

tenantry, had come thus far to salute him on his return. "By this time," he writes, "the people in the mail had found me out, and really this meeting, under such circumstances, was quite overcoming." Thus, amidst merry peals from the tower of Alderley Church, he reached the Park. It was not for some hours that Mrs. Parry was able to take her share in the general rejoicings. The first tidings of her husband's safe return to the shores of England met her on her journey homewards from Penrhôs, Sir John Stanley's seat in Wales, and she arrived at Alderley, little anticipating the joyful meeting which actually awaited her.

The fortnight's leave over, he was obliged to return to town, and soon afterwards paid a visit to Prince Leopold, at Claremont, to which the following letter refers:—

"Claremont is a charming place, and I enjoyed myself extremely. . . . . I must not forget the little princess Victoria. She is what you would call a very dear and loveable child, with manners so ladylike and superior, that you would know her, at once, to be something more than an ordinary girl, and yet possessing all the innocent playfulness and simplicity of a child. She and her mother sat down quietly to the piano yesterday, after breakfast, and sang, with remarkable sweetness and taste, some beautiful German duets, and some Tyrolese airs, which I had not heard before."

In the autumn of the year after his return from Spitzbergen, he spent a brief holiday, snatched from

the duties of the hydrographer's office, in a short trip to the Continent. His nephew, the Rev. Thomas Garnier, who was his companion, remembers well "the interest which his presence everywhere excited, and the eager rush, at points where it was known he was to appear, to catch even a passing glimpse of the English arctic navigator. At Paris, he was anxiously sought out by all the distinguished men who happened to be there, and he regretted much, that the shortness of his stay rendered it impossible to avail himself of more of the flattering invitations he received. One evening was spent with the venerable Cuvier, at whose table he found himself surrounded by a brilliant circle, chiefly composed of members of the Royal Institute of France." At the particular request of the late king of the French, then Duke of Orleans, he paid a visit to the Château of Neuilly, where he was treated with the utmost honour, the Duke alluding particularly, and with evident feeling, to the kindness his brother, the Comte de Beaujôlais, had formerly received from Dr. Parry at Bath. In the course of a walk through the grounds, "Mademoiselle," the Duke's sister, proposed a boat expedition on the lake, and playfully suggested that the party should consider themselves embarked, under the command of Captain Parry, in an attempt to reach the North Pole! On returning to the house, the Duchess presented her children to him, and, for upwards of half an hour, he was occupied in answering their eager questions about his voyages.

"It was," he writes, "a delightful group, as they stood round their mother; and I can never forget the sight, associated as it is with all the reverses their parents have suffered, and with the events of the revolution." Doubtless his memory would recur to this scene, when, just twenty years afterwards, during his command at Haslar, the wife of one of these youthful princes landed at the Clarence Yard, a fugitive from the shores of France, and an innocent victim of the revolution, which had again driven her royal father-in-law into exile.

Attentions of the same gratifying kind awaited him everywhere, during his progress through Belgium and Holland. "The mention of his name alone," says Mr. Garnier, "was sufficient to secure for us ready admission to every building of interest, whether fortress, palace, or museum. Public officials seemed to vie with one another in showing him respect, and in no instance was his travelling luggage examined, or even opened, on the various frontiers. During the homeward passage from Rotterdam his vigilance and skill were called into requisition, and proved, without doubt, the means of saving the steamer and all on board. The night was so dark and tempestuous, that many of the passengers refused to go below, until it was known that Captain Parry had resolved to remain on deck; and well was it for us that he did so. His practised eye soon discovered, that the captain had mistaken the light on the Goodwin sands for that of the North Foreland light-

house, so that the ship was rapidly hurrying towards those terrible shoals, and it required no little firmness on his own part to induce him to alter her course."

Shortly after his return from the Continent, he underwent a severe trial in the very sudden death of his infant son, born soon after his return from the North; and then just a year old. He thus writes at this time, in acknowledgment of a letter of sympathy from a Christian friend: —

"November 12, 1828.

"The blow has been a sudden and severe one. Our beloved child died in his mother's arms, in *two minutes* from the first seizure! We were at first stunned by this dispensation. We had been wrapped up in this darling child, — in short, it was an idol, and God saw that, in the creature, we had not sufficiently kept in view the Creator. We have been brought to feel that it is indeed God's hand, and that it is good for us to be afflicted. God grant that we may be so exercised by this chastening that it may indeed 'yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness!' For my own part, I can already bless God that He has spared him all the sin and suffering his father had gone through, and secured his portion among the angels in heaven."

And again, a few weeks later, after the additional affliction of his wife's critical illness at the birth of a second child, which survived only a week, he writes: —

"Need I say what have been our feelings during all this trial? Need I assure you that it has brought us

much, very much, nearer to God, through Christ,—that it has taught us to feel more assuredly our lost state without a Saviour, and the infinite loving kindness of God, in providing such an one for us?"

Many years afterwards, on the sudden death of his stepdaughter's first child, he thus referred to his own early loss, in a letter to her husband:—

"Northbrook, January, 1853.

. . . . . . "I need not say that our thoughts have been drawn out towards you, and to our gracious God for you, in this your hour of most bitter trial. I know few things so hard for flesh and blood to bear, as the loss of a first dear child. The experience has been my own, a first lovely babe taken in an instant! I can sympathise with you very keenly in the remembrance of that event, which has perhaps been more deeply impressed on my mind than any other in my life, though it happened four and twenty years ago. But if I remember the sorrow, I remember also the consolation,—the mother still spared, the babe with Christ, another lamb gathered into the Saviour's fold, safe for ever, happy and glorious in the presence of the Lord. May the comforts of God's Holy Spirit be abundantly vouchsafed to you, in this, the first great trial of your married life! It will, I am persuaded, draw you closer to Him, who hath given, and taken away, and, then, you will together bless God for it to all eternity."

CHAP. IX.

APPOINTMENT AS COMMISSIONER OF THE AUSTRALIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY. — HONORARY DEGREE AT OXFORD. — VOYAGE TO SYDNEY. — LIFE AT PORT STEPHENS. — IMPROVEMENTS EFFECTED IN THE COLONY. — EXCURSIONS INTO THE INTERIOR. — MOTHER'S DEATH. — BUILDING OF A CHURCH AT STROUD. — FAREWELL SERMON AT CARRINGTON. — RETURN TO ENGLAND.

1829—1834.

It was a remark of Sir Edward Parry, in his later years, that the course of his former life reminded him of a series of dissolving views, or the unconnected images of a dream, so varied were the changes, and so strange the contrasts which it presented. Of this nature was the new scene on which he was called to enter at this stage of his history. The desolate ice-fields of the North, and the dreary polar winter, were now to give place to the luxuriant vegetation and burning suns of an almost tropical climate, and, instead of the companionship of a few wandering tribes of Esquimaux, he was about to fix his abode, for upwards of four years, on the outskirts of an Australian forest, amongst the convicts and aborigines of New South Wales.

In consequence of the mismanagement and neglect of the agents resident on the property of the

Australian Agricultural Company*, the directors had, for some time, been anxious to secure the services of some one of sufficient ability to restore matters to a proper footing, and whose known character and name would, at the same time, be a guarantee against the evils from which they had before suffered. With these views they offered the post to Captain, now Sir Edward Parry, for he and Franklin had, on the 29th of April, 1829, received the honour of knighthood at the hands of His Majesty George IV. For some time past, Sir Edward's health had suffered considerably from close attention to the duties of the hydrographical office, and this, combined with other reasons, had induced him to desire some other occupation. All professional difficulties were overruled by the kind assurance of Lord Melville, that his acceptance of the Company's offer should in no way interfere with his future prospects. Accordingly, in the spring of 1829, he received his appointment as Commissioner of the Australian Agricultural Company in New South Wales.

A fortnight before the time of his embarkation, the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred on him and his friend Franklin by the University of

* The Australian Agricultural Company was established in the year 1824, under an Act of Parliament, and Incorporated by Royal Charter, with a grant from Government of a million acres of land, for the purpose of promoting the growth of fine merino wool, and other agricultural produce suited to the climate of Australia.

Oxford. Those who have witnessed the saturnalia of an Oxford "Commemoration" will easily imagine the shout of honest congratulation with which the roof of the Theatre would ring, to greet the manly bearing and stout English hearts of these two brave seamen, and how cordially the recitation of the concluding lines of the appropriate prize poem for the year would be received: —

"But fairer England greets the wanderer now,
Unfading laurels shade her PARRY's brow;
And on the proud memorials of her fame
Lives, linked with deathless glory, FRANKLIN's name!"*

He often alluded with gratification to the honour bestowed upon him by this University. "You must not forget," he would laughingly remark, if his scholarship were called into question, "that I, too, am an Oxford Doctor!" and would relate, at the same time, that the gown he wore was the same as that used by Marshal Blucher on a similar occasion.

A few days before leaving England, he received the following letter from Franklin: —

"Gedling Hall, Notts, July 9, 1829.

"My dear Parry,

"I cannot allow you and Lady Parry to leave the shores of England, though it is to embark in a very

* "Voyages of Discovery to the Polar Regions." A Prize Poem recited in the Theatre, Oxford, July 1, 1829, by T. Legh Claughton, Trinity College." The motto selected for the poem was from Aristoph. Acharn.,

"χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα" ("Wintry doings these!")

interesting pursuit, without once more expressing that you will bear with you the hearty good wishes and best desires of Lady Franklin and myself, and that our prayers will often be offered up to the throne of mercy and grace, for every blessing to attend you. We shall be especially mindful of you, when we repeat that beautiful portion of the Litany, which implores the Almighty's protection on 'all that travel by land or by water.' Let us, too, request an interest in your petitions to the same fountain of love; for I feel that there is scarcely any portion of Scripture more cheering and delightful than that which assures us 'that the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' I am sure that you will not consider these sentiments misplaced, in a letter addressed to yourself, for they are the dictates of my heart.

"You will have a wide field for the exercise of Christian virtues, and I am sure you will have full experience of the delight arising from contributing to the moral improvement, and consequent happiness, of those under your command. When I reflect on the change which was effected, by my little party, on the habits and manners of the people among whom we found ourselves, by having their various improper acts pointed out, and the example of better conduct shown them, and this, too, during a hasty progress through the wilds of America, I feel convinced that your efforts and attention to the moral instruction of those who will be settled around you will be abundantly rewarded; and that, in the evening of your life, you will look back upon the portion of your time you may spend in Australia with the warmest feelings of gratitude and joy."

On the 20th of July, the ship "William," in which Sir Edward and Lady Parry were passengers, left the Thames, and he thus wrote to his mother from the Downs: —

"My dearest Mother,

"You may be assured that we are as comfortable as possible, and go forth in confident assurance of being under the protection of the Almighty, whose tender mercy is over all His works, in all parts of His creation alike. . . . We met, at the inn at Gravesend, several missionaries, English, French, and German, one of whom, Dr. Philip, I knew before, and all of whom are going out to Africa, or the East Indies. They had a dinner for themselves and friends, amounting to about fifty persons, and, after dinner, Dr. P. came to me, and, in the name of all, invited me to come into the room, and see those who were just embarking. I did so. They all stood up, the moment I entered the room, and greeted me cordially. Afterwards they drank my health, and I had to make a little speech, but was too much affected to say much; in fact, it was altogether quite overpowering, when I considered what sacrifices these pious and devoted men were about to make, for the sake of Christ and His Gospel."

"Ship 'William,' at sea, Sept. 3.

. . . "On Sundays we always have our little church service on deck. I stand chaplain, and always use your dear Bible and Prayer-book in one, which I have used in all my voyages for the same purpose. All the passengers and crew attend, and I trust it may be the means of good to some. Our captain is an

amiable, kind, and religious man, which is a very great comfort, and everybody on board is as obliging as possible."

On the 20th of October they reached the Cape of Good Hope, where they remained a few days; and, on the 13th of December, the "William" entered Sydney Harbour, "of which," says Sir Edward, "words can never describe the beauty." He and Lady Parry took up their temporary abode at Government House, in consequence of an invitation from General (now Sir Ralph) Darling, to whom they had carried introductions from England; and, after a few days, he proceeded alone to Port Stephens, to arrange matters for their future residence there. At the end of nine days, he was summoned back by an express, bringing the tidings of Lady Parry's confinement with a twin son and daughter. On his return to Sydney, he found that both mother and children had been in a very critical condition, but were now doing favourably under the affectionate and devoted attention of their kind hostess Mrs. Darling, to whose fostering care he always ascribed, under God, the preservation of his little boy's life.

On the 28th of March, they embarked once more in the "Lambton," a small cutter belonging to the Company, and arrived safely at Carrington, after a voyage of fifteen hours. As soon as the vessel hove in sight, signal guns were fired on shore, and shortly afterwards a boat put off, manned by the officers of

the Company, who were desirous of testifying their respect for the new Commissioner by rowing him and his family to land. At the moment of landing, a salute was fired in honour of their arrival, and the Union Jack hoisted on the flag-staff. Such was the welcome to their Australian home.

The harbour of Port Stephens, situated about ninety miles to the north of Sydney, is guarded at its entrance by two conical hills, called by the natives Yacaba and Tomare. The estuary itself is about fifteen miles in length, and, near the centre, is contracted to the width of an English mile. Within these narrows lies Carrington or Carribeen*, the settlement of the Australian Agricultural Company. Half a mile farther to the west stood Tahlee, the residence of the Commissioner. The house, a long low building, with a verandah in front, was on the side of a steep, grassy slope, with lemon and orange trees interspersed, reaching down to the water's edge. The front windows commanded a beautiful view of the harbour, and of several thickly wooded islets with which its surface was studded. The ground immediately around the settlement was irregular and undulating, and more or less covered with trees, which formed the outskirts of one of those forests known, throughout Australia, as the "Bush." Through this there were no regular roads, or even paths, but the native horses were able to make

* Narrative of the voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle," in 1839, by Captain Stokes, R.N.

their way over the trunks of fallen trees, and inequalities of the ground, such as an English horse would shrink from attempting.

Beautiful as was the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Tahlee, these natural advantages were more than counterbalanced by the moral aspect of the community, over which Sir Edward was now called to preside. It was, in truth, to use his own words, "a moral wilderness;" and to the cultivation of this unpromising soil he and his wife resolved to apply all their energies. The people around them consisted of three distinct classes: first, the officers and servants of the Company; secondly, the convicts, working also in the employ of the Company, or acting as domestic servants in the officers' families, that of the Commissioner himself included; and, lastly, the natives, whose home was in the "Bush," and whose encampments were often found within a few yards of the settlement.

"There are," wrote Lady Parry, "a great number of natives about the place, and they have an encampment between us and the village, their huts being formed of two pieces of bark placed upright against each other. They appear to be very harmless, quiet people, quite different from those near Sydney, who are so very bad and horrible-looking. I cannot, indeed, say much as to the appearance of *our* natives, for they are all hideous, and none of them wear any clothing, except some of the women, who throw a blanket over their shoulders, when they can get one. I am now becoming rather more

used to this, and I think I may even learn to admire a little native black child. I often long for ——— to see the small black things, running about like little imps."

Owing to the neglected state of this part of the colony during the administration of Sir Edward's predecessors, the condition of the free population, in a moral and religious point of view, was hardly superior to that of the ignorant savages by whom they were surrounded. Immorality and drunkenness prevailed to a fearful extent, schools were a thing unknown, and, at the first establishment of divine service, scarcely a score of persons were found willing to attend, and none of the women.

"It is so new a thing to them," Sir Edward writes, "to have any one to take an interest in them, that they hardly know what to make of it. They have been wholly without instruction, and, I fear I may almost say, without example, either religious or moral, for more than four years, since the first settlement at Port Stephens; literally sheep having no shepherd. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of wonder that they are all running wild. This applies more particularly to the poor children, many of whom have not even been baptized! It is a great pleasure to us to think that we may, with God's blessing, prove instruments of much good to these poor people."

The first step taken towards the introduction of a better state of things was the establishment of a regular service on Sundays. There was no church

nearer than Sydney, ninety miles distant, nor any chaplain belonging to the settlement. Under these circumstances, Sir Edward fitted up a carpenter's shop in the village as a place of worship, and decided on conducting the service himself. "His manner," says Mr. Ebsworth, his friend and assistant in the colony, "in conducting the services of the Church, was remarkable, and those who never heard him lost a rich treat. I scarcely ever heard the liturgy read with so much reverence, feeling, and apparent delight. He seemed at home the moment he entered the reading desk; and when reading some more than usually solemn parts of a sermon, it was quite overpowering. The fruit of his labours will be fully known only in the eternal world." He also managed, by degrees, to form a respectable choir, the members of which used to meet frequently, in his own house, to practise. Under the superintendence of Lady Parry a school was opened, which was soon well attended, and a lending library established. The following were written during the first few months of their residence at Port Stephens: —

Lady Parry to Sir Edward's Mother.

"Tahlee House, July 7, 1830.

"I wish you could see your dear Edward in his ministerial capacity on Sunday. It is not necessary for me to say he does it well, for you can easily imagine how he would fill such a situation. God grant that his preaching may be blessed to some of these poor ignorant crea-

tures! For four years they have never heard the word of God preached to them, and they really appear to live 'without God in the world.' There is always now a full congregation, and, I must say, a most attentive one. Our school is also going on as well as we could wish, and we have forty-two scholars. No little heathen could have been more ignorant; but I hope that, in future, God's name and word will be more known and loved than hitherto. Earnestly do we pray that this may be the case. We must expect to meet with disappointments and trials; but when we consider whose work we are doing, no difficulties ought to discourage us. May God give us strength to persevere! You might, perhaps, suppose that our greatest difficulties arise from the convicts, but I must say that we have not found this to be the case. The free people are far the worst, and most difficult to manage, because they think they may do as they like; and, while they set such a bad example, we cannot wonder that the prisoners do not improve. For the latter we have set up an adult school. Some of them wished to learn to read, and we are anxious to encourage them, as a means of keeping them out of mischief, and amusing them in the evening."

Sir Edward Parry to W. H. Hooper, Esq.

"Port Stephens, May 13, 1830.

'I trust we are, by God's assistance, making some religious impression. The Bible was sadly neglected, I may say almost unknown, before we came. By the liberality of our excellent Naval and Military Bible Society, we have distributed upwards of a hundred Bibles, and as many prayer-books from 'The Society for Promoting

Christian Knowledge;' and the more we distribute, especially among the convicts, the greater seems to be the demand. It has been a great happiness to be able to say hitherto to all around us, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life *freely!*' . . . . I can only add at present, *send out more Bibles!* I never before so fully felt the truth of its being indeed the 'sword of the Spirit.' Indeed, in this country, almost more than in any other, whatever fruit is brought forth, God shows that the praise and glory are, as they ought to be, His alone; for, to all human appearance, and by all merely human means, reformation is impossible."

The task of reformation proved, indeed, no easy one. The almost total want of proper discipline, which had previously existed in the settlement, rendered it a matter of no small difficulty to introduce a new system of order and regularity. This, however, Parry was determined to effect; and though there was, at the outset much to dishearten, his judgment and firmness by degrees triumphed over all obstacles, while the genial kindness of his disposition, and his evident desire for the general welfare, gained the respect and affection of all. He regarded nothing as too trivial to occupy his attention, which could in any way tend to promote innocent enjoyment, but sought, on the contrary, to draw closer, in little things, the bond which united him to his people. He took great interest in the formation of a cricket club, and a game was played every Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday, and as often

in the week as a sufficient number of hands could be mustered. Some of the men were natives of Kent and Hampshire, and were delighted to be thus reminded of home and old times. Occasionally, when business permitted, Sir Edward would take part in the game himself.

Lady Parry's birthday was always a gala day in the settlement, and Sir Edward writes of the first festival of the kind: —

"We had a large dinner and ball of all the Company's servants resident here, being the first time anything of the kind had been given. Isabella and I danced away with them first, to set them going, and then, I believe, they would have danced the whole night, if we had allowed them. Our great object is to make them all sociable and happy among themselves, which has not hitherto been the case."

The following refer to the Christmas festivities in the first year of their residence at Tahlee.

"December 23, 1833.

"Yesterday was the breaking up of our school. To celebrate the day, and reward the little people for their good behaviour, we gave them a dinner, after distributing the prizes. We had a kind of tent rigged up for the occasion, on the middle of the flat at Carribeen, which is a place something like an English common, in the middle of the settlement. The people were all delighted with the idea, having had no fêtes of any kind since they came to the country; and the head carpenter entered

into it with great spirit, decorating the place with boughs and bunches of wild flowers, which, to an English eye, were greenhouse plants, and some of the rarest kind. There were flags flying at each end, and an ensign upon a flagstaff a little way off. It had a beautiful effect altogether, with the woody scenery around. Fifty-two children sat down to dinner, and no Cheshire children could have done greater justice to the beef and plum pudding. The parents were all invited to be present, and looked as pleased as the children. After dinner, we set them to play at different games. They have never, as yet, had any among themselves, therefore we had to teach them; but they are lively children, and soon entered into everything with great spirit. Races for sixpences afforded much amusement, and football, at which games blacks and whites joined, both old and young. Mr. Ebsworth is an excellent assistant, and was quite delighted, himself, to see anything like an English fête. This was, I think, the general feeling. They all said it reminded them of England, and was the first thing of the kind Port Stephens had ever witnessed. We intend to have a day for the prisoners, with wheelbarrow races, &c., that they may partake of the pleasures and gaieties of Christmas; for though they are prisoners, and many of them very bad, encouragement is by no means thrown away upon them, and they feel kindness and improve by it as much as other people."

"December 27.

"Christmas Day is passed, and so far, all has gone on happily. We have commemorated it with pleasure and interest, though in this distant land, and have endeavoured to make it as much like English Christmas as

possible. We did not wish for your frost and snow, though we did wish that the sun had not been quite so hot,—the thermometer being 87° in the shade of our verandah! Our singers had prepared hymns for the season, and on Christmas Eve we had the carols, which they sang very well indeed, going round to all the houses, seventeen in number, where every one seemed quite happy to be once again reminded of England. We also had our church decorated with evergreens; we could not get holly or yew, but there is a shrub which is very common here, like the laurel, only, I think, handsomer, and which quite answered our purpose. It was a beautiful evening, and when we were all sitting out on our lawn, we could not help thinking of the difference of your climate to ours just then."

Towards the close of this first year of his residence at Port Stephens, Sir Edward, in a letter to Sir John Stanley, thus describes the nature of the difficulties he had encountered in the colony, and the result of his exertions:—

"I may truly say that my official duties have been most arduous, demanding all the thought, and temper, and decision, I can muster, and, now and then, a great deal more. I found the Company's affairs, on my arrival, in a loose and disjointed state, as circumstances had led me to expect, and it is only by keeping a tight rein that I can succeed in effecting anything. The consequence of the absence of strict and systematic government for so long a time naturally was, that any attempt to bring things into order, and to put down the innumerable abuses which existed, caused no small *kicking*. I have

however, a tolerable share of obstinacy in my composition, and have gone steadily on, inquiring into everything myself, and endeavouring to apply a remedy wherever I have found a grievance or an abuse of any kind. I have, of course, had many battles to fight, and many disagreeable things to encounter; but I hope that I begin to see improvement, to encourage and repay my exertions. They begin, at least, to know that they cannot easily 'get to windward' of me!

"You must not, however, imagine, from what I have just said, that all I have been doing is of the character above mentioned. I trust we can both truly say that nothing which kindness could effect has been left undone, or at least untried. In our character of the parson of the parish and his wife, we have visited, admonished, and assisted every body within our reach. In the truest Christian and missionary spirit, my beloved Isabella has gone into every cottage, promoting, by every means in her power, the comfort of every family, peace among quarrelling neighbours, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of every human being around us. She has been a mother to the numerous poor children, who, when we arrived, were running about wild, idling, swearing, and going to ruin as fast as possible; and it is now a delightful and cheering sight to see forty-eight of these daily receiving education, under her directions and superintendence, and becoming well-behaved, and well-instructed children. At a distant station, about twenty-five more children are receiving education, for whom a regular school-house is now building. My duties as parson have also been somewhat arduous. I have written one, and preached two sermons every Sunday,—

christened a great many children (some of them four years old),—churched numbers of women,—visited the sick,—buried the dead. In all these things, as indeed in everything else, we trust that a new tone, and a beneficial one, has been given."

The success which attended their efforts for the well-being, spiritual and temporal, of those around them, together with the domestic happiness of their Australian home, combined to render the years spent at Tahlee amongst the brightest of their married life. In the regular employment of each day, weeks and months flew so rapidly, that, when the time of Sir Edward's engagement with the Company approached its close, they could scarcely believe that more than four years had passed since they landed at Sydney. One day varied little from another. Sir Edward rose, each morning, between five and six. "It was quite enlivening in the morning," says Mr. Ebsworth, "when all were well, to hear his footstep, as he came from the nursery, singing and whistling in the highest degree of delight." With the punctuality which he always enjoined on his household, at eight o'clock all who could attend met in the parlour for family prayers,—"no formal ceremony, and few sights more cheering to see." Breakfast followed, and the forenoon was occupied in writing letters, despatches, and general orders, or in giving audience to the officers of the establishment. On the latter he enjoined the same punctuality which marked his own movements. If a gentleman came after the

time which had been agreed upon, he would good humouredly remark, on his entrance, "Here comes the late Mr. ——!" and the gentle reproof was seldom taken amiss. An early dinner separated the business of the morning from that of the afternoon, for his official duties usually occupied him until tea-time, to which meal Mr. Ebsworth, or some of the officers, with whom Sir Edward was anxious to be on intimate terms, were often invited. The evening, if fine, would perhaps be spent on the lawn, in front of the verandah, where the spreading branches of a large castor-oil tree afforded a pleasant shade. "It is scarcely possible," are Mr. Ebsworth's words, "to depict a more delightful family scene than the lawn before Tahlee, on a fine summer evening. Chairs for the elder portion of the family were placed around a table, on which were grapes, melons, and other fruits, which Sir Edward would dispense, not forgetting the children, who were usually playing about in the smooth grass. I never saw such happiness, nor do I ever expect to see it again in this world." At other times, Sir Edward would read aloud in the drawing-room. "No one," says Mr. Ebsworth again, "could excel him in reading, and I have heard people remark, on these occasions, that 'he ought to have been a bishop instead of a sailor!' Sometimes Lady Parry would play on the piano, Sir Edward accompanying her on the violin, or with his fine manly voice, which harmonised very sweetly with hers." At nine o'clock, all assembled

once more for prayers, and shortly afterwards retired to rest.

Sometimes Sir Edward was obliged to leave home for days, or even weeks together, to conduct exploring or surveying expeditions into the interior. At these times, the want of his presence was greatly felt in the settlement, and other eyes than those of his wife would joyfully hail the Union Jack, hoisted on the flagstaff close to Tahlee house as the signal of his return. "It is not only at the Church services," writes Lady Parry, during his absence, "that my husband's presence is wanted. I think it is a general feeling, throughout the settlement, amongst all parties, that nothing seems to go on with spirit when he is away, and no one looks so contented and comfortable as when he is at home, watching over their concerns and interests." Of one of these expeditions she writes again :—

"We heard tidings from our absent party three days after they left us, and they were going on prosperously, having reached the Myall River. They are obliged to make short journeys each day, as they are accompanied by eight pack bullocks, which carry all their goods, and proceed slowly, as they are travelling through an untracked country, and have frequently to cut their way through the bush. Their party consists of twelve, including blacks, of whom they have taken three, as they are of great service in the bush, when they fall in with other natives. They have two tents to pitch at night, and everything was arranged most comfortably. It was like a large caravan moving, when they set out,—all the

bullocks in a string, each laden, and a man to every beast, the attendants with guns slung over their shoulders, and the others riding. The blacks were dressed for the occasion, and looked so proud of themselves! They soon get tired of their clothes, but always want to have them at first, and it is one of the inducements to make them go.

"We are now in the middle of winter, but we have had no cold at all as yet, the thermometer having never been below 50°, but it feels colder here than it would do at that temperature in England, from our being accustomed to such hot weather."

On one occasion, on a trip to the colliery of Newcastle, when the party, who were, as usual, on horseback, had to wade through a swamp, the guide remarked that, "there was, after all, a good bottom." "No doubt," replied Sir Edward, whose horse, already up to the girths in mud, gave a fresh plunge at the moment,—"no doubt, but I have not found it yet!"

Another time the party were caught in a flood, produced by the heavy rain. They had encamped, for the night, by the side of a creek, and Sir Edward was standing at the door of the tent, watching the rising of the stream below them, when, all at once, he saw the water coming down "like an immense wave," and, in a few minutes, they were up to their knees in water. The dray which accompanied them was made fast to a tree, to prevent its being washed away, and the bullocks were turned loose to

shift for themselves. Such of the party as were able swam over the creek, and the rest were hauled across by means of a rope secured to a tree on either side. These events were only regarded as interesting incidents in bush travelling, but, in the course of the summer of 1831, a circumstance occurred, sufficiently alarming in its nature, though very characteristic of Australian life.

Lady Parry to Lady M. Stanley.

"December 19, 1831.

"We have lately experienced another disadvantage of a newly cultivated country, and have witnessed what I have only heard of before, and read in Cooper's novels.—I mean the burning of the woods, and it is, indeed, a fearful and extraordinary sight. For the last fortnight, the whole country around has been in a blaze, and between this place and the Gloucester, a distance of more than seventy miles, there is scarcely a blade of grass left: it is one continued black plain, and the stems of the trees are all scorched and blackened. We were in hopes we should have escaped, near the house, but, after two or three days, we saw there was but little prospect of our avoiding the general destruction. Just as we were coming home from church, last Sunday, a man came running to say that the fire had reached his house and was rapidly approaching our garden. Immediately all hands were sent off to save the poor garden, and, I am happy to say, succeeded, though it was only by a few minutes. Edward made them set fire to a broad space all round, and this was only just completed when the fire reached the place we had burnt, and, finding no

food to supply its flames, turned off in another direction. It was fearful to hear the crackling sound, as it came on through the bushes, and the volumes of smoke nearly blinded us all. While the fires were raging on the hills around, it was a most curious sight at night. The shores of the harbour were brightly illuminated, while the large masses of fire upon the horizon lighted up the sky all round. We shall have plenty of occupation, for some time to come, in cutting down the trunks of the burnt trees, and the beauty of our domain is quite spoilt for the present."

Carrington was not the only part of the settlement which profited from the residence of the Commissioner and his family. At Stroud, a village about twenty-five miles distant, situated on the banks of the river Karuah, a school was also established, under the direction of a master brought from Sydney. Lady Parry thus describes a visit they paid to this place, the beauty of which exceeded even that of Tahlee.

"Tahlee House, March 17, 1831.

"On Tuesday last we set off in a boat for Booral, one of the Company's farms, about twenty miles distant, where the river navigation ends. The scenery is beautiful the whole way, and I quite longed to get out of the boat, every moment, to examine the beautiful vines and plants which were glowing along the shores, all quite new to me. Our boat, the six-oared gig, had an awning, a very necessary comfort with an Australian sun shining full upon us. At Booral we remained two hours, and I met there an old Alderley acquaintance,

Daniel B——, who had been transported for poaching; and when I asked whose pheasants he had been taking, he said, 'Sir John Stanley's!' Even though a convict, I felt quite kindly disposed towards him, and glad to see one whose face reminded me so strongly of old Alderley! The distance from Booral to Stroud is about eight miles, along a most beautiful bush road, and in many parts you might almost fancy yourself in an English park, the trees being not too close, and interspersed with green slopes. I heard, for the first time, many of the birds of which I have read,—the 'bell bird,' and the 'coachman's whip.' The former is always found near fresh water, so that his note is a cheerful sound for travellers. We also saw quantities of cockatoos and parrots. The situation of Stroud is very charming, but I had no wish to live there instead of Tahlee, for the sea is everything. We paid a visit to every cottage, and made the most of our day. I enjoyed my expedition very much, though I was not sorry to return home, for this is not a country where one likes to leave home for long. It is impossible to feel sure that all will continue quiet and without alarm, when surrounded by such characters, though we have never yet experienced any danger."

Reference has frequently been made to the peculiar tie of devoted affection that existed between Sir Edward and his mother. So acutely had she felt the trial of their present separation, that, at first, there seemed danger of her health giving way: but, for two years, he was permitted to maintain the most intimate communications with her, although obliged, by the pressure of official duties, to forego

almost all other private correspondence. His fondest hope was that, on his return home, he might once more embrace this beloved parent, and present to her his children born in a distant land. This expectation was, however, not to be realised. In the month of May, 1832, he experienced the severe shock of seeing, in the columns of a Sydney paper, the announcement of her death. By some accident the private letters had been delayed, and greatly was the blow aggravated by its coming in so unexpected a manner. Some extracts from his last letter to his mother may not inappropriately be here given.

"Port Stephens, February 1, 1832.

"Be assured, my dearest mother, that you are very much in our thoughts. We may truly say, that some of our happiest moments are those in which our thoughts and conversation turn upon those we love so dearly in England. It is impossible to express how thankful we are to receive such continued good accounts of your restored health; and we pray, as you do, that, if it so please our Heavenly Father, we may all be permitted to meet again in England. But we also feel, as you do, that He will so dispose every event, that it may be most conducive to our good, and to His own glory, and are content to leave all that concerns us, entirely and unreservedly, in His hands. . . . . Every day of my pilgrimage here convinces me, more and more, that we should, from the beginning of life to its end, feel and act as pilgrims seeking a 'better country, that is, an heavenly.' To make this our home and rest, is to act in direct opposition to the plain precepts of the Lord and Master

whose name we bear. The first and principal business of life ought, unquestionably, to be a preparation for death, in the manner, and by the means, which God has graciously revealed to us in the Bible: and oh! what unspeakable comfort is to be found in that blessed volume! How wonderful is the scheme of redemption through Christ, and how astonishingly suited to our necessities! What indescribable consolation to the contrite sinner in that one assurance, that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and not imputing their trespasses unto them!' . . . . . May we all be counted worthy to be written in the Lamb's book of life, and it matters little how few, or how many, the days of our pilgrimage may be here on earth."

The following letters, addressed to his brother and sisters, were in answer to those containing the particulars of his mother's death.

"Port Stephens, July 16, 1832.

"My dear C——,

"I need not say with what deep and solemn interest we have perused, and reperused, every line of your description of our sainted mother's death. Dear, tender, affectionate, pious Parent! as long as we have hearts to feel, thy beloved memory will be fondly cherished by all thy children! Deeply as we have felt this separation (for such it is even to us at this great distance,) we cannot but feel, my dear C——, how selfish is our sorrow, and how indescribable the gain to her for whom we grieve! Could we behold and have communion with her glorified spirit now, what cause should we see for thankfulness and joy on her account! Her long pilgrim-

age is ended, she has fought the good fight, she has finished her course, henceforth there is 'laid up for her a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that day.' . . . . God, of his infinite mercy, grant that we may thus be allowed to close our lives, whether long or short, and thus 'fall asleep in Jesus,' even as she has done."

"September 12, 1832.

"Hard as the lesson is, my dear sisters, for flesh and blood to learn, it is most certain that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' Every day's experience shows me, more and more, that affliction constitutes the principal means which the Almighty is pleased to employ to bring us to Himself, through His son Jesus Christ, who is, emphatically, the way, the truth, and the life. Oh, my beloved sisters, if we are deemed worthy, at the last, through His merits and righteousness, to be received into the blessed flock of Christ, with what joy and gratitude shall we look back on these 'light afflictions,' which are, comparatively, 'but for a moment,' and which, if rightly used, as the infliction of a gracious Parent, will work for us 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

The want of a regular church and minister becoming more and more felt each day, especially as the time drew near when Sir Edward's connexion with Port Stephens would cease, he determined to take active measures to supply the need. He felt that he could not leave a better legacy to those over whose interests he had so long watched, and whom he was now about to quit for ever, than a building

consecrated to the service of Him whose glory had been his constant aim. A site was accordingly determined upon, not at Carrington, but at Stroud, as being more central, and the principal settlement in the Company's grant. Monday, April 29th, 1833, was a day long remembered in the colony. At the appointed hour of eleven, a large concourse of people from the different villages assembled together, when the first stone was laid by Sir Edward, and a suitable service, selected for the occasion, read by the Rev. C. P. Wilton, chaplain of Newcastle. "You may imagine," said Lady Parry, "what an impressive occasion it was altogether, and what our feelings were. In dedicating this little chapel to God, earnestly indeed did we pray that He would send down His blessing upon it, and permit His Holy Spirit to dwell in that place, and bring forth the fruits of true holiness, so that peace, and 'the Gospel of peace' may reign throughout this settlement, when we are far away."

"Our little church," wrote Sir Edward, after an interval of two months, "is making rapid progress, and we expect the frame of the roof will be up in another month or six weeks. God grant that some faithful minister of Jesus Christ may be found to preach the word of God within its walls! I think it will cost me nearly —*l*., but we are not afraid of our ever wanting the money, or our children after us. I wish we were more willing to spend and be spent in God's service. The time is short, even at the best, and we must 'work

while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work!'"

A letter from Lady Parry, just a month later, shows the pleasing way in which these hopes were realised.

"August 1, 1833.

"We have lately had a visit from a person, towards whom we feel no small degree of interest. You may imagine the interest we have experienced, in becoming acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Price, when I tell you that we are hoping to receive him amongst us as our minister, and are going to deliver up the spiritual care of our little flock to his charge. We have introduced him to all our people, and were very much pleased with his manner to them all."

In the spring of the next year, Sir Edward's engagement with the Company came to a close, and Col. Dumaresq.*, a man in all respects such as he would himself have selected, was appointed his successor. The feelings of regret with which he prepared to leave a country, which had been a sphere

* On the death of Colonel Dumaresq, which occurred a few years later, Captain Philip Parker King succeeded to the management of the Company's affairs. Captain King, himself a native of Australia, and well known as the surveyor of the Australian and South American coasts, had reached his Rear Admiral's flag just before his death, which took place February 28th. 1856. This event, which was very sudden, caused unfeigned and universal regret in Australia, for, both in public and private life, Admiral King had secured the cordial regard and respect of all.

of such enlarged benevolence, and the scene of so much domestic happiness, were not, as the following letters show, by any means unmixed :—

Sir Edward Parry to Sir J. Franklin.

"You will, I am sure, be desirous of knowing whether my coming to this country has answered my expectations. In point of emolument, I answer that it has. But the country is so dreadful an one in a moral point of view, and the duties I have had to perform have been often so painful, that I certainly should not have undertaken the office, had I known what it was. Still, we have, I trust, been the means of doing much good, not only to the worldly concerns in which we have been engaged, but, we hope, to the religious and moral well-being of our little community."

To F. Cresswell, Esq.

"Now that we are about to quit this country for England, it almost looks like a dream that we have been here at all. We can hardly believe that we have been, already, nearly four years and a half absent, and you may imagine with what pleasure, and yet with what fear and trembling, we now venture to look forward to seeing our dear friends at home once more. We cannot contemplate our voyage of 16,000 miles, with four little children, without considering it a great undertaking, but we endeavour to commit them and ourselves unto God, 'as unto a faithful Creator' and Almighty Friend. You will be gratified to hear that the affairs of the Company, whose concerns I came out to control, are assuming the most cheering and satisfactory aspect. I have the satis-

faction of feeling that my exertions have been the means of cleansing an Augean stable, which, even to myself, seemed hopeless, for the first two years of my residence in this colony. But it has cost me more than the four years I have spent here, having told on me like ten."

On Sunday, the 9th of March, 1834, Sir Edward preached his farewell sermon at Carrington. The text was from St. Paul's address to the Ephesian elders at Miletus (Acts xx. 32.); and deeply solemn and affecting must have been the words, which then, for the last time, fell from the lips of one, who, like Paul, "through evil report and good report," had faithfully discharged the trust committed to him, and whose face his hearers were now about to "see no more" in this world. Earnestly and affectionately he urged all to ponder deeply on the words of eternal life, which, by the grace of God, he had sought to impress upon their minds in that "carpenter's shop;" while, at the same time, he humbled himself for what might have been left undone on his part. "How different," he said, "must my language be from Paul's! How many occasions have I neglected of pressing on your attention the concerns of eternity! But, though I desire to be humbled in self-abasement before you, and in the sight of God, for this, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that, during more than four years, I have entertained a sincere desire to promote your spiritual welfare!" "At the conclusion of the sermon," says Mr. Ebs-

worth, "I was walking from Carrington towards Tahlee with Col. Dumaresq, when the latter remarked to me, 'I have travelled a great deal during my life, and mixed much with men, but (pointing to Sir Edward, who was walking a short distance in front) in all my travels I never met with his equal!'"

In June, 1834, Sir Edward and Lady Parry, with their four children, embarked at Sydney in the "Persian," and arrived at Gravesend in the following November, after a voyage of five months. "I feel it a surprise, every time I see Parry," are the words of one who met him shortly after his return. "There seems to be a power of simplifying whatever comes near him,—an atmosphere in which trifles die a natural death,—a single hearted steadfastness that does one good to look at. He is like a rock in his firmness and fixedness of purpose, and yet so ready to take into consideration the other side. He spoke with candour and moderation of all the people who differed with him in Australia, like a man who had too much to do with the practical and real parts of things to dwell upon technicalities. I was not surprised to find him in such delight with 'Abbot's Corner Stone,' which he was reading aloud to himself, it is so exactly like his own earnest, simple sincerity. But I was grieved to see the languor of his manner and look, and to hear him talk of not being up to a night journey in the coach, or to business of any kind, for that he had never felt well

since he landed. He looks, indeed, as he says he feels, ten years older."

Towards the close of the same year, the directors of the Australian Agricultural Company invited him to a public dinner, and presented him with a handsome service of plate, in testimony of the high sense they entertained of the benefits conferred by him upon the colony, during his residence there.

"At Port Stephens" (we quote from one* who visited that place some years later), "Sir Edward Parry found a wilderness, but left it a land of hope and promise. Long will his name be remembered with love and reverence, for services which can never be requited by earthly reward. His reward must be from on high, in that recognition of a good and faithful servant, who, while fulfilling the charge of an earthly stewardship, remembered the yet higher trust of a heavenly commission, and, planting his Master's vineyard with scions of the 'tree of life,' reared a church in the barren deserts of a heathen land. Sir Edward Parry laboured as a missionary among the convict servants of his extensive establishment, contending with a thousand difficulties ever incident to a spiritual reform. He erected a small but beautiful church on the rich borders of the calm Karuah, where a flock soon gladly assembled, to join in the sweet incense of prayer and praise, where never prayer was heard before; and his example animated others to do the

* The author of "The Prisoners of Australia."

like. . . . . It was at the close of a beautiful Sabbath day, that I once sallied forth for an evening's stroll, and almost unconsciously wandered to a convict's hut, which stood on the borders of the coast. Attracted by the sound of voices, as of children reading, I paused to listen, and, although too far from the dwelling to hear distinctly, I saw, through the open doorway, what was passing within. The father of the family, a convict, sat near the entrance with a young child on his knee, while three older ones were grouped around him, reading from the Scriptures, which from time to time he explained to them. Unwilling to intrude upon a family thus engaged, I returned home, unperceived by those who had thus attracted and interested me; but on the following day I heard, from the lips of his wife, the circumstances of the convict's transportation. Providentially, he had been assigned to the service of the Agricultural Company, and, under the Christian teaching of Sir Edward Parry and his wife, had been led to see the folly of worldly wickedness, and the deep importance of those better things, which now formed his highest privilege and consolation. These blessings were among the many fruits of the missionary exertions of Sir Edward Parry and his now sainted wife, who both lived in the grateful affections of many a chastened heart, long after they had ceased to take a personal share in the interests of that far distant colony."

CHAP. X.

APPOINTMENT AS ASSISTANT POOR-LAW COMMISSIONER.—CONGHAM.—DEATH OF ELDEST DAUGHTER.—RESIGNATION OF OFFICE OF POOR-LAW COMMISSIONER. — APPOINTMENT AS COMPTROLLER OF STEAM MACHINERY.—DEATH OF YOUNGEST CHILD. — ASSAAD Y. KAYAT. — DEATH OF LADY PARRY.—"PARENTAL CHARACTER OF GOD."

1835—1840.

TOWARDS the end of the year in which Sir Edward returned from New South Wales, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of Bath, he received a formal invitation, from some of the most influential members of his native city, to allow himself to be nominated as a candidate for the vacant seat. He had, however, nothing of a party spirit in him, and he felt that his previous life had so little qualified him for the efficient discharge of Parliamentary duties, that he had no hesitation in declining so flattering an offer. The state of his health, which for some time had been much impaired, induced him, at first, to desire a period of relaxation from work of any kind; but the prospect of a comparatively idle life, even for a limited time, proved so irksome, that,

after some consideration, he applied for the vacant post of Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner in the County of Norfolk.

"Winchester, Jan. 31, 1835.

. . . "From my late masters (the Directors of the Australian Company) I have received the most useful testimony, because their recommendation affects my character and abilities in the management of civil affairs; whereas a very good Polar navigator, in which capacity alone I am publicly known, might make a very bad Poor-Paw Commissioner. As for the work in that position, which is said to be most laborious, I have worked pretty hard all my life, and do not expect to be exempted from hard work, so long as the Almighty is pleased to give me bodily and mental power for doing it."

In March, 1835, he received the appointment as Assistant Commissioner, for which post there were upwards of a thousand candidates. The act, passed in 1834, to remedy the abuses which existed under the old Poor-Law Administration, rendered the duties of the situation arduous, and often very unpleasant, by bringing him into contact with those who were unwilling to acquiesce in the new order of things. These duties, moreover, involved a kind of migratory life from one part of the country to another, which precluded the possibility of any fixed residence with his family. He was continually obliged to be absent from home on business, and, even when there, was usually employed from morning till night in official correspondence.

"April 3, 1835.

"I am hard at work 'insensing' myself, from six in the morning till eleven or twelve at night. I have dined out nowhere, and am, every hour, picking up some useful information relating to my new vocation. I feel it to be an arduous task, but I also feel that in a short time I shall be *au fait* at it; and each day I see more of its importance, and take a greater personal interest in the subject, in proportion as I see with my own eyes more of the wretched system which has been tolerated so many years."

At the end of the first two months, Lady Parry writes:—

"Mattishall, June 10, 1835.

. . . "It is wearisome work for Sir Edward, and I wish he could have a little more repose, but he gets on very tolerably with his duties and, though difficulties and troubles occur occasionally, he says he sees his way very clearly, and seems to be going on satisfactorily; but it requires much more time and caution, as may be expected, when so many different characters are concerned. Every day's work, and every new place he goes to, makes him see more clearly how great the necessity was for some change. He finds this country full of the most violent party spirit, but he contrives to steer quite clear, and lets them all see he belongs to no party, but is desirous of doing his duty according to what appears to him right, uninfluenced by any political or party spirit. He has had one or two very satisfactory meetings lately, and we have been told that he has overcome the prejudices of several enemies of the new system, in some of the parishes he has lately visited."

The following, from Sir Edward himself, is to the same effect:—

"Mattishall, Aug. 8, 1835.

"It is astonishing how little opposition we have met with, considering how mighty a change it is which we are employed in bringing about, and how opposed the new measures are to every person's notion, on the subject, both among poor and rich. In this county, I have the satisfaction of finding that the prejudice is fast wearing away; and, though it will, for some time, continue to be up-hill work, I see no real difficulty in bringing the measures into complete operation, if the government will only support and strengthen us."

In the early part of the year 1836, they removed from Mattishall to Congham Lodge, near Castle Rising. This was, on many accounts, a pleasant change; and they found much refreshment and comfort in the friendship of the Hon. and Rev. W. J. Brodrick, Rector of Castle Rising, and his wife. It soon, however, became evident that Sir Edward's health was entirely giving way under the pressure of work; and his medical advisers declared, positively, that total rest of body and mind was absolutely necessary. Under these circumstances, he was at length induced, with much reluctance, to tender his resignation to the Central Board of Commissioners in London. In accepting his resignation, the Commissioners expressed their regret, "on their own account, personally, but still more on account of the loss of his public services, the value

of which they had learnt fully to appreciate, from the many proofs they had received of the discreet, judicious, and efficient manner in which he had conducted his operations in Norfolk."

"The commissioners" (he writes to his brother) "have behaved in a most kind and handsome way, and evinced a very gratifying reluctance to part with me as one of their assistants. But the case has become so clear that I have sent in my official resignation, and expect to be relieved from my labours, which I require more and more. It is comfortable in one sense, but uncomfortable in another, to know that my success in this county has been considerable. It would, certainly, have been more agreeable to have reaped the full benefit of my exertions. but this cannot be helped, as I am so unstrung that I must have rest. . . . You will not wonder that I should be sick of the very sight of pen and ink, when I tell you that, for months past, I have been writing about sixty letters a week, by way of filling up the intervals which can be spared from other duties; the latter involving the travelling of 1600 miles per quarter, chiefly in a gig."

The second year spent in Norfolk was marked by a severe family trial. The scarlet fever, which had for some time raged like an epidemic in the neighbourhood, visited Congham Lodge, and proved fatal to their eldest daughter, Isabella, one of the twins born on their arrival at Sydney. Almost immediately before her death, he wrote to his friend Mr. Cresswell:—

"Congham Lodge, March 4, 1836.

"My dear Cresswell,

"When the event is to take place is only known to Him who orders it, but we have no longer any hope of our beloved child's life. Lady Parry has had a bitter night, but not the worse—certainly, I should say, the better—for having been permitted to see her dying child. For my own part, I long to feel that my child is safe for ever in the Saviour's arms. You and I, my dear friend, well know there is nothing in this world for which we should desire to detain her."

Her death occurred on the 6th of March, and she was buried in the chancel of Castle Rising Church, "one of the lambs of Christ's blessed flock." "Them which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him" is the motto on the little marble tablet, which marks the place of her interment.

"In the course of about seven weeks, we had thirteen cases of the complaint which carried off our beloved child, though it was variously modified in different instances. We had, at one time, seven in bed at once, until no more beds could be found; and we had to hire almost a duplicate set of servants to supply the place of those who were ill, including two nurses. You may imagine, therefore, what an hospital our house has been."

They left Congham in December of the same year.

"We dined" (Lady Parry writes in her journal) "at Castle Rising Rectory, on our farewell visit. Before we left it, we four met in the study, and had a parting

prayer. We know not when we shall meet again at this dear place; but no distance can separate us from such dear friends, and in spirit we shall often meet. This last day was a very painful one altogether, for this place is now endeared to us by a tie which can never be broken."

The day before they left Norfolk, Sir Edward wrote the following to a friend, who had been in great anxiety about one of her children, under scarlet fever:—

"Congham, Dec. 6, 1836.

"My very dear friend.

"You were indeed right in supposing that I could not leave Congham without a parting line. How well do I know (I flatter myself few people know better) the conflict which your dear child's illness has raised in your mind! The waters have been deep and troubled, but I trust that the encouraging words, 'It is I, be not afraid,' have sounded in your ears, and strengthened your heart, throughout the whole of it. Oh! the weakness of our faith! We are not satisfied with the dispensations of a Saviour, whom we know to be all-merciful, as well as almighty. How exactly our conduct resembles that of our children towards ourselves! And, then, to think that our Father cannot err in His correction. It is, indeed a thought full of comfort,—all His correction working for His own glory, and our salvation. I trust that this trial has, as I have no doubt it has, brought the reality of eternal things more clearly before you; for, just in proportion as this is the case, are we led to see the love of God in such events. May

that love be more and more clearly manifested to you, and may you be led to trust Him more unreservedly, who is worthy of all our trust, for He is faithful who hath promised."

The first month after they had left Congham was spent at Alderley. In February, 1837, Sir Edward was employed, for a short time, by the Admiralty, in the organisation of the Packet service between the Liverpool, Holyhead, and Dublin stations. For this purpose, he went down with Lady Parry and one of his children to Holyhead; and, while he was engaged in going to and fro between that port and Dublin, they remained at Penrhos, Sir John Stanley's seat in North Wales. This engagement, however, did not last long; and his health soon became so far improved that he was anxious to be once more actively employed. While on a visit at Basing Park, in Hampshire, the seat of his brother-in-law, Joseph Martineau, Esq., an opportunity presented itself. The introduction of steam power into the navy had wrought a great change in the service, during the quarter of a century which had elapsed since he, for the first time, saw an engine at work in Portsmouth dockyard. A new department was, about this time, formed at the Admiralty, and the superintendence offered to, and accepted by Sir Edward, under the title of Comptroller of Steam Machinery. As his duties required him to be in close communication with the Admiralty, he now, for the first time, made a permanent home in London,

and purchased a house in Devonshire Place. While this was preparing for their reception, Lady Parry and her children spent a few weeks in the autumn at Worthing. The youngest child, born shortly after the fatal illness of her sister at Congham,—"lent to them," to use their own words, "to comfort them for the loss of their beloved child,"—had, for some time past, been drooping, and much had been hoped from the beneficial effects of sea air. It was, however, ordained otherwise; and her parents were, once more, called upon to resign themselves, in humble submission, to the decree of a higher will. Sir Edward thus acknowledges a letter of sympathy from Mrs. Fry, with whom he had, for many years, been on terms of the most affectionate friendship: —

"Admiralty, Sept. 16, 1837.

"My dear friend,

"It was very kind of you to call upon me yesterday, and I truly regret having been over at the Admiralty when you came to my office in New Street. I need not say how welcome a cordial your sympathy is to my dear wife and myself, on such an occasion as that of our late loss,—a loss for us, for the present,—to our dear babe incalculable gain. We have now four little ones safe, quite safe within the fold, and I assure you that we bless and praise God for it. When we see all the sin and sorrow around us, we ought to esteem it a happiness when our little ones are removed from it all, at an age when there can be no reasonable doubt of their safety. I am thankful to say that my wife has

kissed the rod on this, as on former occasions, with the sweetest Christian submission. She has been enabled to see, once more, with peculiar clearness, the love, the tender and undoubted love of God, in this trial. She receives it as an assurance that she is still His child, and that He will not leave her to herself. Hers is the simplest, and most childlike faith, and she reaps its promised reward, on such occasions as this, 'peace and joy in believing.'

"On Monday I brought to town the remains of our dear babe, and laid them, until the morning of the resurrection, beside those of the two others who died in London at an early period, three in one grave, of whom this lived longest! 'Them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him.'"

The same to F. Cresswell, Esq.

"What bitter, bitter lessons we need, to bring us to God at all! That we do need such chastisement is most certain; for we know that all smaller trials pass away as a morning cloud, leaving no substantial trace behind them . . . . . No matter how rough the way, if heaven be the end of it: only let us make sure work of it, for we have no time to lose; and may every event be blessed to us, whether prosperous or adverse!"

About this time, Sir Edward took great interest in the cause of Christian education in Syria. Assaad Yacoob Kayat*, a native of that country, had accompanied the Persian princes to England, in the capacity of interpreter. He was then, as he confessed, much struck with the position held by women

* Now English Consul at Jaffa.

in English society, and, when he returned to Syria, felt a great desire to raise his countrywomen from their ignorant and degraded position. From that time, his Christian principles, before merely nominal, ripened into a zealous desire to promote the cause of Christianity in his own country. In these views he was further encouraged and strengthened by a pious American missionary, with whom he became acquainted, and the result was that he returned to England to gain assistance in his labour of love, which he desired to promote especially by the formation of schools. At Sir Thomas Troubridge's house in London, he was introduced to Sir Edward, and, ever afterwards, received from him a cordial support in his plans. Assaad was, himself, a man of considerable intelligence, and in many respects well fitted to carry out the benevolent scheme in which he had embarked. A society was formed, and in its proceedings and results Sir Edward always took a warm and active interest. More than once, he invited a large company of friends to his house in London, in order to give Assaad an opportunity of interesting others in the cause of Syria.

"These reunions," says the Rev. W. Niven, honorary secretary of the Society, "were admirably conducted, and were marked by a delightful spirit of Christian kindness and good feeling. On one occasion I well remember the presence of the late Mrs. Fry, Mr. Hoare of Hampstead, and others, who had long been honoured labourers in the great field of Christian philanthropy,

and whose feelings seemed warmly called forth in the cause of Syria and her fallen churches."

Another feature in Assaad's plan was to select a few promising Syrian youths, and to send them to this country for education. These young men, on their arrival in England, were hospitably received by Mr. Niven, until a suitable home could be provided for them. He relates,—

"I took several of them, in succession, to the Admiralty, for the purpose of introducing them to Sir Edward Parry, and I cannot forget the truly paternal kindness and cordiality with which he welcomed these young strangers. His manner showed me that, as he looked on them in their Eastern costume, the remembrance of all that we owe to their native country, and the hope that they might be instrumental in promoting its regeneration, were evidently present to his mind."

The time was now at hand, when Sir Edward was to be called upon to undergo a yet more severe trial than any which had hitherto befallen him, in the loss of her, who, for nearly thirteen years, had been the partner of all his joys and sorrows. In the spring of 1839, Lady Parry, with her children, who were all suffering from severe whooping cough, went down to Tunbridge Wells for change of air, Sir Edward's duties at the Admiralty allowing him to be with his family only for a few days at a time. In May, she was confined with twin sons, who lived only a few hours, and, soon afterwards, it

became but too evident that the mother's strength was failing, and that she could not long survive. In the midst of this severe anxiety, Sir Edward wrote as follows:—

"Tunbridge Wells, May 13, 1839.

"Your note, my dearest friend, has reached me here to-day. Indeed, you would not reproach me for not writing, if you knew the deep waters I have been in since I saw you, and the deeper still I am now passing through. Of my dear wife's state now, I can scarcely venture to think, much less to write. I believe that her precious life hangs on the most fragile thread; but I know that the dear Redeemer's everlasting arms must be around His own child, and that 'it is well!' I feel now that I can do little more than pray, and my faith in the efficacy of prayer continues to increase with the urgency of my necessity. I earnestly entreat your prayers, my dear friend. While I write, those of the congregation in the church are ascending, I trust, to the throne of grace for her. May the Lord hear and accept them, in the multitude of His tender mercies, for Christ's sake! Will you kindly write to ——, and ——, and earnestly desire their prayers? I need not say how I shall value them."

Shortly before her confinement, which took place on Saturday morning, the 11th of May, her children were brought to her. The eldest of these was only nine years old, and little could they realise that this was the last time they would ever behold her on earth. She did not see them again, and, in her weakened state, could scarcely bear to speak of them.

When Sir Edward, who was praying by her bedside, alluded to "his dear children on earth," she, with great difficulty, exclaimed, "Oh no! I cannot bear that!" He replied, gently, "Yes, my love, we will commit them to our Heavenly Father," and she became at once composed. "Jesus," he continued, "is with you, I am sure He is." She replied earnestly, but faintly, "He is." From time to time, he repeated her favourite texts, and, among others, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." "Yes," she repeated, "—and the Finisher!" At three on Monday morning, the lingering spirit was released. Sir Edward desired that none but himself should inform his children of her death, and gave orders that they should be sent to him, when they came down at the usual time to breakfast. The elder ones were, in a measure, prepared for the announcement by the evasive answers of the servants to their questions, but they can never forget the deep solemnity of his manner, as he rose up from the sofa, on which he had been lying, and, evidently with a strong effort of self-command, said, "My dear children, it has pleased God to take your dear mamma to Himself!" He then laid his head once more on the sofa, and gave way to his sorrow, as they had never seen him do before. He soon, however, recovered himself, and, rising once more, led the way into the chamber of death. There, while all knelt around the bed, he poured forth his full heart to God, praying that this chastening might bring forth

"the peaceable fruits of righteousness" in his now desolate home. She was buried at Tunbridge Wells, and a tablet was erected, in Trinity Church, bearing the same text which she had herself selected for the resting-place of her little girl in Castle Rising Church, 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. That he himself was not one of those who "sorrowed without hope," and that to him, at least, the consolations of religion were a living reality, the following letter, written at this time, plainly shows:—

"Admiralty, May 24, 1839.

"My dear ——,

"Your kind and Christian sympathy is indeed most soothing and welcome under this heavy bereavement, and I sincerely thank you for it. You have pointed to the only source of consolation,—to Him who is emphatically, 'the God of all consolation.' Blessed be His name, I have found Him on this occasion faithful to His promises, 'a very present help' in my time of trouble. No words can express the comfort derived, at such a time, from the confident assurance that my beloved wife was a true child of God, and that, therefore, she is now in the bosom of the Saviour whom she loved, safe, with six of our little ones, in the Redeemer's fold, and for ever!"

After the death of his wife, Sir Edward continued to reside in London, his sister living with him, and undertaking the charge of his four children. The following is addressed to the eldest, during his first half year at school, and is a sample of the way in

which he ever strove to keep alive in their minds the memory of her whom they had lost, and to impress upon them the necessity of walking with God:—

"Tunbridge Wells, May 13.

"My dear E——,

"I do not know whether I told you that I hoped to spend this solemn day here; if not, you will be surprised at the date of this letter. I felt that I should be happier here than anywhere else, on the return of the day when it pleased God to take your precious mother from us, and to receive her to Himself for ever. I am now writing very near her tomb, at which, as well as in the church, I have spent some quiet and pleasing hours to-day. I have also been putting to rights the little shrubs at the two ends of the tomb. It is a very great gratification to me to be here on this day, and I wish, my dear boy, to remind you, on this occasion, of all your dear mother's anxious desires and earnest prayers for your welfare,—most especially, your spiritual and eternal welfare,—the good, not merely of your body, but of your never-dying soul. I earnestly hope that those prayers will be abundantly answered, and that you will not fail to add your prayers to hers. You are now of an age, dearest E——, to think seriously of your soul, and to read your Bible with a sincere desire to become 'wise unto salvation.' God bless you!

"Your most affectionate Father."

Some years before this time, Sir Edward had employed his few leisure moments in noting down, as they occurred to him, thoughts on the character

of God as our Father. This occupation he had latterly laid aside, under the pressure of official business. In the course of the year after Lady Parry's death he again took it up, and his evenings at home were generally employed in completing the treatise, and preparing it for the press. He used to sit at the table in the drawing-room, with his children round him, and employed them occasionally in searching out the chapter and verse of any text to which he had occasion to refer. In this occupation he took great pleasure, the subject being one of which his heart was full, and, moreover, connected in his mind with the memory of her whose loss had led him to see more of the love of God in His dealings with his children.

"Three years ago," (he says in the preface to the "Parental Character of God,"*) "I was encouraged and assisted to begin writing down, as they occurred, my thoughts on the parental character of God, by one who was not only the chief comforter of my earthly pilgrimage, the sharer of every joy, and the alleviator of every sorrow, but a faithful counsellor, companion, and friend, through many a rough and stormy path in our journey (as I trust) towards a better and more enduring inheritance. She has since been called to possess that inherit-

* This little volume was, at first, printed for private circulation only, but afterwards published by Hatchard and Sons, Piccadilly. The proceeds of the first edition (130*l.*) were given for the benefit of the Royal Naval Female School at Richmond. The work has since been translated into French and German.

ance, to behold face to face the Saviour, whom not having seen she loved, and to realise the glorious promises made to the children of God. I now, in accordance with her expressed wish, print these thoughts, which have infused no small comfort into my own cup, in the humble hope that they may not be without use to others, and, above all, that they may, in some degree, show forth the praise, and promote the glory of Him who is emphatically 'the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort.'"

CHAP. XI.

SECOND MARRIAGE. — CALEDONIAN CANAL. — REMOVAL TO HAMPSTEAD.—RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.—VIEWS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER.—RUGBY.—PUBLIC MEETINGS. —RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE. — LOWESTOFT.—HOMBURG.— RESIGNATION UNDER ANXIETY AND SUFFERING.—DUTIES AT THE ADMIRALTY. — "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."— LETTER FROM FRANKLIN.

1841—1845.

On the 29th of June, 1841, Sir Edward Parry was married to Catherine Edwards, daughter of the Rev. R. Hankinson, Rector of Walpole, Lynn, and widow of Samuel Hoare, Jun., Esq., of Hampstead. In this second period of his married life, he felt, each day, increasing cause of thankfulness to Him who had thus permitted him to fill the void which had been left in his heart and home, and to supply, to an extent not often witnessed, the loss which his children had experienced in their mother's death.

In the course of the autumn of the same year, he was employed, by Sir Robert Peel's government, in drawing up a report on the state of the Caledonian Canal, and the advantage which might result from opening its waters to larger vessels.

This involved a visit, not merely to the canal itself, but also to the chief seaports of Scotland and the north of England, where he was occupied in gathering evidence from those persons who might be expected to profit most by the proposed measure. The duties of each day were sufficiently arduous to occupy his whole time, and he confessed that the responsibility and work, which devolved on him singly, might with advantage have been entrusted to "three commissioners, with all their paraphernalia of secretaries and clerks, rather than to one person."

"I have," he writes on his return, "been marvellously preserved, prospered, and helped in the business of my late excursion, having travelled 1600 miles without one accident or delay, examined and recorded the evidence of more than a hundred persons, and been at work every week-day, from seven in the morning till nine at night."

The report drawn up by him, after this survey, resulted in the completion of the Caledonian Canal, which was reopened in April, 1847, and has been in operation since that time, with all the advantages of increased depth of water, and other accommodations for the transit of larger vessels.

In April, 1842, Sir Edward let his house in London, and went to reside at Heath End, Hampstead, for the benefit of his health, which for some months had been seriously impaired. The addi-

tional distance from his office at the Admiralty was compensated by the gain of fresh air, and greater retirement. "I cannot express," he wrote, "how I continue to enjoy, and, I am sure, to profit by, the lovely views from Hampstead, and its charming air." Among the advantages of this change of residence, he always reckoned the friendship and ministry of Lady Parry's brother, the Rev. R. E. Hankinson, Incumbent of Well Walk Chapel, and his letters contain frequent mention of his visits to "the dear people at Elm Row," as a source of peculiar pleasure.

The five years of Sir Edward's residence at Hampstead present few events worthy of notice. We have not now to record his conduct amid the stirring scenes of a polar voyage, or while holding a responsible and honourable position in a distant colony. It remains for us, here, to exhibit other features of his character, which can scarcely fail to be equally interesting to many; to portray the private life of an English gentleman,—of one, in whom consistent piety was the predominant principle, and whose influence was ever ready to extend itself beyond the inner circle of his own more immediate interests and occupations.

The first point to be noticed is the prayerful spirit in which he entered upon all the duties of life, and which pervaded his whole conduct.

When, after some hesitation in the choice of a public school, he had determined upon sending his eldest son to Rugby, he was not content with pro-

viding merely for his temporal welfare. Soon afterwards, he took the lead in drawing up an address to the parents and guardians of Rugby boys, proposing that a special time in each week should be set apart for the purpose of offering up, in private, their joint petitions for the welfare of the school in general, and their own children in particular. This address formed the model for a similar proposal of "Union for prayer in behalf of the Navy," which he drew up some years later, and in which he was joined by several distinguished naval officers.*

Another no less striking example of the importance he attached to the efficacy of prayer will be found in his conduct with regard to the public meetings of the various societies which at this time he attended, when his official duties would permit. He was not content, as too many frequently are, to take his place unprepared on the platform, or, relying on habitual fluency of speech, to leave even the words of his address to the happy inspiration of the moment. The spirit in which he entered upon such duties is manifest in the following, addressed to Lady Parry:—

"You must not think yourself cheated, if I send you but a shabby scrap to-day, when I tell you that, never liking to enter lightly upon saying even a few words at a religious meeting, I have been occupying an hour or so, this morning, in thinking and praying over the little

* See Appendix, A.

I propose to say to-morrow evening. I always think this due to the holy cause which such a society as the Missionary has in view, and I know you will understand and appreciate this feeling."

And, on another occasion,—

"Will you be sure to be with me, very specially, in prayer, at six precisely to-morrow evening, that I may have words, and power, and grace to plead our Master's cause, in the spirit of our Master Himself?"

It would have been strange, indeed, had such a spirit been content to confine itself to his own family, or to an occasional speech at a religious meeting. We find it, accordingly, seeking a yet wider range, and extending its influence in an earnest desire to employ all his energies, wherever he might be, whether in business or recreation, in the service of his Master, and in aiding the efforts of others in the cause of true religion. "His residence with us," writes the Rev. F. Cunningham of a summer visit to Lowestoft, in 1844, "was so marked by his graciousness and benevolent pursuits, that the whole population became interested in him. His departure by the steamer I have not forgotten, for it was one of much feeling on both sides. His stay with us was, I may truly say, a time of instruction to us all."

The following was written by Sir Edward, after his return from Lowestoft:—

"Admiralty, August 21, 1844.

"My dear ——,

"You will have gathered from C——'s communication that our visit to Lowestoft answered more than well. It was a prosperous, privileged, and delightful one. Those most dear people at the Vicarage are so entirely after our own hearts, that we seemed to live in an atmosphere of constant enjoyment. Enjoyment, however, often involves responsibility, and I am sure we ought to feel this deeply, considering the remarkable spiritual advantages we were receiving at that delightful place. I never saw anything like the unbroken chain of laborious pastoral work which is there going on every day, from morning to night. It is a constant succession of faithful effort for the salvation of souls, and this not only by themselves, but by the many instruments which, as you know, it is their peculiar *forte* to raise up and cultivate. It is, indeed, almost impossible not to desire to help such people in their work and labour of love!"

We have, here, the key to his conduct on all such occasions, viz., a firm conviction that seasons of leisure have their duties, no less than the hours spent in the office. Another instance of the kind is afforded in the following, written from Homburg, in Germany, to which place he had gone, in the next year, for his annual holiday:—

"Homburg, July 17, 1845.

"We have had a most charming walk to a little village called Dornholzhausen, about a mile and a half from Homburg, to visit the delightful pastor of a French congregation, resulting originally from the revocation

of the Edict of Nantes. His name is Privat, a pious, laborious, simple-minded minister of Christ. He is a Swiss, from Geneva I believe, and has been here three years, on a salary of only 33*l*. Mr. B——, who was with us, and who belongs to the Committee of the Foreign Aid Society, was very desirous of ascertaining whether anything could be done for religion in this place. M. Privat named two things, which may possibly be effected if attempted cautiously: first, a colporteur to dispose of the Scriptures; secondly, to place Bibles in the rooms of the several hotels. To these two objects we propose now to direct our attention, with M. Privat's help, and, if we find that money is wanted, I think we can easily raise a few pounds for this good work.

"When we rose to take leave of our good minister, he said, 'Can you spare one or two minutes longer, that we may pray together?' To this we, of course, joyfully assented, and nothing could exceed the sweetness and spirituality of the prayer, which he offered up in English. We took leave of him, as you may suppose, with no ordinary feelings of Christian love, leaving with him some French and German tracts, and a German copy of my little book.* Truly, that village is a pleasant little oasis in this spiritual wilderness, and very fervently did dear T—— G—— remember the pastor and his flock in our family prayer this morning."

On his return to England, he succeeded in raising a sum of money for the increase of M. Privat's salary, "as an expression of Christian sympathy, and to enable him more efficiently to discharge the

* The "Parental Character of God."

duties of his sacred office." A grant of copies of the New Testament, in French and German, was also obtained from the British and Foreign Bible Society, which the landlords of the different hotels in Homburg undertook to place in their rooms, as Sir Edward had desired.

In the midst of these labours of love and usefulness, the crowning grace of his Christian character, calm trust and submission in the midst of anxiety and suffering, was made to shine forth most brightly under the pressure of a two-fold trial, of the severity and extent of which only his most intimate friends were fully aware.

During his residence at Port Stephens, he had invested a sum of money in the Bank of Australia, and intelligence now reached England of the failure of that concern, owing to the negligence or fraud of the directors. The bankruptcy of the proprietors resident in the colony made it evident that the whole pressure would fall heavily on the English shareholders. For some months he was kept in a state of the most painful suspense, while, to use his own words, "bankruptcy stared him in the face, and that without fault or imprudence on his own part." It must be remembered that, at that time, the liability attaching to shares in a joint-stock bank was not understood as it is now.

The prospect of serious pecuniary embarrassment was not, however, the only trial which he had to bear at this period. For some time, he had been

threatened with symptoms of a malady of the most painful and alarming nature; and, in the early part of the year 1845, he underwent an operation, which was attended with complete success. The following letters, written at this time, exhibit a striking picture of Christian submission under this severe personal discipline.

"Admiralty, January 1, 1845.

"Many thanks, my dear H——, for your kind remembrance of me and mine at this blessed season. I truly rejoice that you and yours are enabled to say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life!' From my heart, I can respond to this declaration. Our path has been strewn with thorns, and clouds still rest upon our horizon; but, in the midst of these, we have been, and still are, sustained by seeing a Father's tender hand in every trial, and by the certain assurance that He will make all things work together for our best good. A painful complaint, and a fearful apprehension of bankruptcy, are no small trials of 'mind, body, and estate,' and yet I can, with sincerity, aver that I have never known more of the 'peace of God which passeth all' natural 'understanding,' than since these visitations have come upon me. I trust this is because our minds are stayed upon God."

"Dearest Lady ——,

"You will grieve at my account of the Bank of Australia, but it is the Lord's will! We English shareholders are equally innocent of the catastrophe, and helpless under it. It is not pleasant to flesh and blood to have the prospect of 'beginning the world again,' as

it is called, at the age of fifty-three, and after a life of toil; but I do not believe my children will ever be suffered to want, and, as for myself, 'the time is short!'"

"London, February 16, 1845.

"My dearest Children,

"It is rarely that I write a letter on a Sunday, but I think I may be permitted to pen a few lines to you this evening, for I long to tell you how thankful I am to the Giver of all good, our gracious and heavenly Physician, for the success which He has been pleased to give to the means used last week for the restoration of my health. I desire to ascribe it all to His unmerited goodness, and to devote myself more entirely to His service, who has dealt thus tenderly with me: and may you also, my dearest children, feel, both now and ever, that 'every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning!' I have not been allowed to go out yet, but this is only a matter of precaution, as I feel perfectly well. There is, however, a good deal more to be done for me, and I do not expect to be released till the end of this week. I am, myself, getting very home-sick, and long to see you all again, but God's time is the best time for this and everything."

"My dearest Mrs. H——,

"You will be sorry to hear that an adverse judgment has been pronounced by the Privy Council in our long-pending case of the Australian Bank, and we propose to call a meeting of our proprietors to consult as to what can be done by us. The affair has now, as you will perceive, reached a very serious point, involving to

ourselves individually — we know not what; but oh! could you see what peace has been vouchsafed to us in this trial, you would rather envy than pity us under it! Indeed, it has been a season of refreshing, strengthening, I trust I may say of holy confidence in our gracious God, and an abiding assurance that this trial comes not from man's hands, but from Him who 'makes all things work together for good to them that love Him.' We both desire not to be permitted to say one word, to do one act, or to think one thought, in this grave matter, but what is agreeable to God's own mind and will, and that He will bless and sanctify it to us, and our dear children.

"What a mercy that this trial is not the consequence of sin, and that God has been pleased to chasten us in this manner rather than by bereavement! In short, my dear friend, we are not only submissive, but joyful under this blow; and though we are aware that the worst is really yet to come, we trust and pray to be preserved in the same faithful spirit, and to be enabled to glorify God even in the fire, and to adorn His doctrine in all things. We earnestly ask the prayers of our friends that this may be given us, and all the rest we cheerfully and thankfully leave in His hands, who is willing and able to undertake for us in every time of need."

Strikingly did he experience that the faith, now so strongly exercised, was not in vain. After an interval of some months, matters were so arranged with respect to the Bank of Australia, that his personal loss, though heavy, was considerably less than he had feared; and, singularly enough, some

years later, he recovered from Australia itself nearly the whole amount of his loss, by the sudden and unexpected rise in the value of property which he held in the Peel River Settlement.

These letters afford, in themselves, sufficient proof that the religion, which could produce the fruits of such unshaken and unquestioning resignation to the will of God, must have been grounded on something more than merely general principles of piety. The next, addressed to a friend in whose spiritual welfare he took especial interest, shows, yet more strongly, the nature of the foundation on which his hopes rested, and may be regarded as a confession of faith on the part of the writer himself.

"My very dear friend,

"The description of your present state of religious feeling is most interesting to our hearts, and we truly and warmly sympathise in all you say about it. We have, in fact, watched your mind and views, in this most important particular, with greater attention and interest, for years past, than you are yourself aware. We were solicitous about you on this score, because we had observed that, with a devout and pious mind, the ministry at —— had exercised a decidedly bad influence upon you. Your regard for the minister had plainly led you to accept, too readily, the doctrines of his ministry, which we believe to be essentially erroneous.

. . . . . . It is much easier to accept the Sacraments as the way to heaven, than to receive into the heart, by humble faith, the Lord Jesus Christ, who ordained the Sacraments. The 'Tractarians' utterly

lose sight of Christ Himself, out of an erroneous reverence for His ordinances. In short, the whole doctrine which they uphold, and which has sent Manning, and many other earnest men and women, to Rome, degrades Christ, and sets up the ministry, and the ordinances, and man's own poor miserable works, in His place. You have found that this doctrine can never give peace to the conscience, and comfort to the soul convinced of sin. No, my dear friend, there is nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ that can cleanse from sin; there is nothing but simple, humble, childlike faith in His all-sufficient merits, and all-prevailing intercession, that can afford consolation, hope, peace! 'Joy in believing' is the only real joy to be obtained by man in this life, because faith is the only source of joy which God has been pleased to promise, and open to man. Jesus is 'THE WAY, THE TRUTH, and THE LIFE'! Let us seek no other way, my dear friend, nor mix up any other ingredient, so to speak, in the hope of our salvation—Jesus, 'the Author and Finisher of our Faith.' And let us constantly seek, by prayer, the aid of His Holy Spirit, that best 'gift,' which he has 'received for men,' and which He has promised to give to them that ask Him. May that gift be ours, my dear ——, inclining us to keep close to the Saviour, and to be ever looking unto Him as our Refuge, our Hope, our All in all! Ever believe me

"Your truly attached friend in Christ,

"W. E. PARRY."

Our object, thus far, has been to give the reader an insight into the private life and character of Sir Edward Parry. It must not, on that account, be supposed that the years of his life at Hampstead

were, in any way, a season of leisure or retirement. On the contrary, the duties of his office, at first sufficiently arduous, became each day more laborious. Since the time of his appointment as Comptroller of Steam Machinery, the application of steam power in the Navy had become almost universal. Among the most important improvements effected was the introduction of the screw-propeller, now justly regarded as indispensable in every man-of-war. Those who took an interest in this invention, and were, consequently, able to form a judgment on the subject, acknowledge that its success in the Royal Navy (which led to its general adoption in the merchant service) was, in no small degree, owing to Sir Edward's constant and earnest advocacy. Certainly, few were more sanguine in their expectations of its ultimate success, and none more energetic in the support of its claims at the Admiralty.

The year of the visit to Homburg, of which mention has been made, was one ever memorable in the history of Polar enterprise, being marked by the sailing of the ill-fated "Erebus" and "Terror" from the Thames, on the 26th May. In all the preparations for this expedition Sir Edward took an active part, being consulted by the Admiralty on all points of importance connected with the fitting-out of the vessels. It may be imagined with what eager interest he regarded the departure of his friend Franklin on a service, "to which," as he once expressed himself, "he had devoted the best years of his own life." On

his return from Homburg, in the autumn of 1845, he found awaiting him the following letter, written by Franklin just a fortnight before the "Erebus" and "Terror" were seen for the last time, by a whaler, waiting for an opening in the ice to enable them to reach Lancaster Sound.

"Whale Fish Island, July 10, 1845.

"My dear Parry,

"Having had the pleasure of seeing the last cask of provisions hoisted from the transport into the 'Erebus,' I have come down to write to you. We are now, in every way, full and complete for three years, but, of course, very deep, and should draw seventeen feet, when the boats and anchors are up. The magnetic men were landed with their instruments, as were also the other observers, on the Boat Island, at the spot you occupied, and you can fancy them all in full play. I am happy also to tell you that their results give the latitude and longitude of their position within a few seconds of those you assign to it.

"I find that the principal people are absent from Disco, so that I have had to obtain whatever information about the ice to the north, that is to be picked up here, from a Danish captain, who is in charge of the Esquimaux at this station.

"Nothing can be finer than the weather we have had here for all our operations. I think it must be favourable for the opening of the ice, and we all feel happy in the idea that we shall be quite in time to avail ourselves of any openings westward of Barrow's Strait. During my passage from England, I have carefully read over parts of your voyages, as well as some notes of Richard-

son's and my own, which were made on the occasion of Back's expedition, deduced from our previous observations at, and about, Point Turnagain; and I am inclined to think from these, and from the observations of Dease and Simpson, that there exists much land between Wollaston and Banks' Lands, which I hope may be found to be separated into islands; and, if so, I trust we may be able to penetrate through a channel between them.

"It would do your heart good to see how zealously the officers and men, in both ships, are working, and how amicably we all pull together. Knowing what an excellent instructor and fellow-worker Crozier was, and will prove, to Fitz-James, I have left the magnetic observations of the 'Erebus' to the latter, who is most assiduous respecting them. I have also endeavoured to encourage each of the officers to take some one branch or other under his more immediate care, from which, I trust, he will ultimately reap real, substantial benefit, so that my share of the work, at present, seems to be more the training and overlooking of these gentlemen than doing the work itself. I have now, for instance, at the table in my cabin, a lieutenant constructing the plan of the survey he has made of the islands of which this group is composed, and Mr. Goodsir, the assistant-surgeon and naturalist, with his microscope minutely examining and sketching the Crustacea Molluscæ, and which he describes at once, whilst the colours are fresh. He is very expert at dredging, and has found many rare, and some unknown creatures, with too long names for me to write. Beyond this table lie lots of skinned birds, the handiwork of the surgeon, who is skilled in such subjects. Around the deck of the cabin are arranged the ship's stores of preserved potatoes, packed

in neat tin cases. With the above description you will be able to bring me before your mind at this moment, and, in turning my head, I recognise *you*, like as life, in your picture.

"Again, my dear Parry, I will recommend my dearest wife and daughter to your kind regards. I know that they will heartily join with many dear friends in fervent prayer, that the Almighty Power may guide and support us, and that the blessing of His Holy Spirit may rest upon us. Our prayers, I trust, will be offered up, with equal fervour, for these inestimable blessings to be vouchsafed to them, and to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. I humbly pray that God's best blessing may attend yourself, Lady Parry, and your family. Believe me, ever,

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN FRANKLIN."

CHAP. XII.

HASLAR.

1846—1852.

It was now more than eight years since Sir Edward had been appointed to the post of Comptroller of Steam Machinery at the Admiralty. His health had, latterly, derived much and lasting benefit from the skilful and generous care of his friend and early schoolfellow, F. Salmon, Esq.; but it soon became evident that he could not much longer stand the severe and increasing pressure of work to which he was daily subjected. Accordingly, on the 1st of November, 1846, he wrote a letter to Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty, accepting, conditionally, a proposal for retirement, which had been recently offered to post-captains. It would have been a matter of surprise, had his long and important services been recompensed with retirement, at a time of life when his powers of body and mind were, under ordinary circumstances, as vigorous as ever. Almost by return of post, he received an answer from his lordship, in which he expressed "the high esteem he felt for Sir Edward's personal and private

character," and, "lamenting the cause which had induced him to make an application for retirement," offered to his acceptance the post of Captain-Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Yard, and of the Naval Hospital at Haslar. It is almost needless to say that the offer, made in so handsome a manner, was gratefully accepted. He felt that the position was one in every way congenial to his tastes, as bringing him, once more, into immediate connection with members of his own profession; and, on the 2nd of December, he received his official appointment to Haslar.

On the same day, all the officers of the establishment were, according to the usual custom, separately introduced to him by his predecessor, Captain Carter. Among the number of these was Sir John Richardson, the friend and companion of Franklin, in his perilous expeditions along the northern shores of the continent of America, with whom Sir Edward was well pleased to renew his acquaintance under circumstances which necessarily brought them into daily intercourse. Of this first interview one of the officers speaks as follows: —

"I had never seen Sir Edward Parry before, and was singularly struck with his handsome and commanding appearance, tempered by an expression of benevolence, of which none of his portraits give a correct idea. His manner to us all was most cordial, and the few kind, hopeful words addressed to each had a very winning effect. Upon the occasion of my first visit to his house,

when I was introduced to Lady Parry, I recollect that my companion and I were so much pleased with our reception, that I was ungracious enough to remark after leaving, 'This is much too pleasant to last, and by and by we shall see an alteration!' I had the happiness of meeting them often afterwards, at their own home and elsewhere, and never without feeling the injustice of what I had said. If their manners were charming to us at first, succeeding experience found them unchanged."

The house of the Captain-Superintendent at Haslar was a large building with two wings, in the centre of a terrace occupied by some of the other officers of the Hospital. From the front door a straight carriage-road led along an avenue of small trees to the chapel, a somewhat unsightly white-washed building, immediately behind which was the noble quadrangle of the Hospital itself. At the back of the house were a lawn and garden, opening into a paddock of some acres in extent. From the lawn a light staircase led up the side of the house to a balcony outside the drawing-room windows, commanding a beautiful view of Spithead, and the opposite coast of the Isle of Wight from Bembridge to Cowes.

While the house at Haslar was being prepared for the accommodation of his family, Sir Edward resided, for three months, at Anglesey-ville, about a mile distant, and it was not until the month of May that he actually took possession of his new home.

"Haslar, February 11, 1847.

"My dear H——.

"Your friendly letter is most gratifying to us, and I hasten to reply to your kind queries respecting us, and our movements. I am permitted, by the mercy of our gracious God, to give a very prosperous account. Indeed, all our movements seem to have been most graciously ordered and controlled, so that we can say 'mercy and truth have followed us' at every step. Whether from the change of air and place, or the relief from heavy work, or both together, I am thankful to say that I am wonderfully well for me, and I only desire to employ my improved powers to the glory of God, and the benefit of my fellow-creatures. Our position at Haslar is highly interesting, and we pray to be made God's honoured, though unworthy, instruments of good to the inmates. The lunatic department is particularly so, and very valuable, and I am much in it.

"When your letter came yesterday, Lady Parry was organising a ladies' association for making clothes for those poor famishing Irish; and we are systematically bent on saving 1*l.* a-week from our housekeeping, to send, in money, as our own contribution. I have just proposed to the Admiralty to send a great quantity of old, useless sailors' clothes from Clarence Yard to Ireland for the same purpose. It is charming to hear what you and yours are doing towards the same object, and I rejoice to see that it is almost universal. May the Lord bless the endeavours, and 'stay the plague!'"

It will be readily supposed that one of Sir Edward's first objects at Haslar, as before at Port Stephens, would be to take an active interest in the

spiritual, no less than the temporal, welfare of the patients in the Hospital. "We are," he wrote to a friend, "thank God, flourishing, and entrusted with many talents, for which we shall have to render an account when the Master comes to reckon with His servants. Our position is, indeed, full of near and touching interest, and we are tempted not unfrequently to say, or, at least to think, 'who is sufficient for these things?'" With the exception of the lunatics, to whom one wing of the establishment was devoted, the same individuals seldom remained under his control for many weeks together, but the number of patients actually within the walls at one time usually amounted to several hundreds. Desirous of providing these with an opportunity of religious instruction, independently of the regular services conducted by the chaplain, Sir Edward, on the second or third Sunday after his arrival at Haslar, commenced, with the chaplain's consent, a series of Sunday evening lectures, which were continued during the whole time of his command. These were always well attended, upwards of a hundred patients being sometimes present, besides others connected with the establishment, and a large company from the neighbourhood. A few minutes before five, the party used to assemble in one of the large wards of the Hospital, and punctually, almost while the clock was striking the hour, Sir Edward entered the room with his large Bible under his arm, and took his seat at a table prepared for him. His

lectures, which, during five years, included the Parables of our Lord, the Lord's Prayer, the Gospel of St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles, were always carefully prepared during the previous week. At first he spoke from notes, but these were by degrees enlarged, until the whole was written out word for word. The lecture, which lasted about three-quarters of an hour, was commenced and closed with prayer. "I have listened to many eminent clergymen," are the words of one of the medical officers of the Hospital, "but to none who surpassed Sir Edward Parry in the power of commanding attention. His delivery was pleasing and earnest, his voice clear, sonorous, and such as went to the heart. I remember one remark of his that especially caught my attention, viz., 'that, while death occasionally visits all houses, to an hospital men come to die!' In such repute were these lectures held, that numerous visitors found their way to the officers' houses in order to have the satisfaction of attending them."

Those who were privileged to spend a Sunday at Haslar will not soon forget that evening hour spent in the ward, and the interesting group of pale and eager listeners to the truths of the Gospel which fell from his lips. It was a sailor speaking to sailors of the things of eternity.

"Oh how exquisite," writes a frequent visitor, "and unlike other things, were those Haslar readings! I love to dwell upon every incident connected with them,—his taking his station at the table on the little raised plat-

form, and reverently kneeling before them all, to ask silently a blessing, then seating himself with his Bible and exposition, and looking round upon his sailor audience, to see that all were comfortable, and as near to him as could be, that they might hear the better,—the attentive looks of the men, his plain but beautiful teaching, with familiar illustrations such as all could understand,—his deep earnestness, as one who had their souls' interest at heart,—his kind words to the sick,—and, when the little service was ended, the clustering round of those who had come to listen, and to witness this interesting scene; then, the walk home of the large party, increased by some privileged ones, young officers and others, who had been invited to spend the evening with him. And lastly, that happy Sunday evening, who could describe it? How sweet it is to call it all into vivid remembrance,—the large party sitting down to tea, the conversation suited to the day, refreshing, easy, flowing, the adjournment to the drawing-room, reading aloud of some choice book,—then the singing of hymns,—his singing, with heart, and soul, and voice,—his extreme happiness and enjoyment of the whole,—the wonderful charm there was over it, so that we could not bear to break the spell when night came and time of retirement,—the prolonged good-nights, and reluctance to separate, feeling how intensely happy we had been!"

Many a token did Sir Edward receive that his labours had not been "in vain in the Lord." The following was addressed to him in the third year of his command at Haslar:—

'H.M.S. ——, March 3, 1849.

"Sir,

"I beg you will pardon me the liberty I take in writing to you, but I know you will appreciate my present feelings, and sympathise with me. Oh! may God bless you, and further you with His continual help, and give you grace to continue that good work, the lectures on Sunday evenings, to the enlightening and edifying of more souls!

"I was in the Hospital three months ago, and attended your lectures every Sunday evening, and, I bless the Lord, it was the means of bringing one poor soul to see his unworthiness, and his need of a Saviour. During the time I attended your lectures, you made a very serious impression on me. May God bless you for it. and may the words be sown on good ground, and bring forth fruit abundantly! I pray God will enlighten me with His Holy Spirit, and guide my wandering feet; and He will do it, for God is a God of prayer, and always more willing to give than we to ask. I know that it will be gratifying to you to learn that there is one who has profited by your kind endeavours, and may there be many more is the prayer of your obedient humble servant,

"J. H., Master's Assistant."

In his almost daily visits to the sick wards, Sir Edward never allowed an opportunity to pass of dropping a word of spiritual comfort to the sufferers. When any patient asked to see him, he continued his visits daily, until the man died or was discharged from the Hospital, and many an hour, during his five

years at Haslar, did he thus spend reading by the bedside of a sick or dying seaman. On one occasion, a man, who had been prevented by the weather from attending the Sunday-evening lecture, had heard such a report of it from a friend that he ventured to forward a request, through the matron, that he might be permitted to have it to read by himself. The favour was at once granted, Sir Edward himself bringing it to the man as he lay in bed. The subject which had thus attracted the attention of his friend was the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck at Melita.*

The organisation of the Dockyard battalions was first commenced during the time of Sir Edward's command at Haslar, and the labourers and artisans employed in the Clarence Yard were formed into a separate corps, of which he received his commission as colonel commandant. Under the zealous superintendence of Major T. T. Grant, Storekeeper of the Yard, the "Royal Clarence Yard Battalion" was, in an unusually short time, rendered as effective as its small numbers would allow; and the men were more than once complimented on their appearance by military officers of high rank, under whose inspection they passed. Sir Edward was not a little proud of his soldiers, and was frequently present at the regular drill which took place three times a week, as well as at the occasional field days on Anglesey Common. In the intervals of his work at his office, he might

* The lecture to which allusion is here made will be found in the Appendix (B).

often be seen diligently studying his text-book of military evolutions, "getting up his lesson," as he termed it, "for the afternoon's performance." Once, they were honoured by being allowed to attend the Queen, on her landing at the Clarence Yard, instead of the usual guard of honour, on which occasion Sir Edward received her Majesty, not in his usual capacity of Captain-Superintendent, but in his colonel's uniform at the head of his gallant battalion. A few days previously to the well-known 10th of April, 1848, all the regular troops stationed in or near Gosport were summoned to London, in anticipation of the expected Chartist demonstration, and, during their absence, the Clarence Yard Battalion performed all the usual military duties at the different stations on the west side of the harbour. Considerable apprehensions were entertained there, as elsewhere, as to the result of the day's proceedings in the metropolis, especially as information had been received that the expected insurgents had resolved, in the event of success, to attack the dockyards and burn the naval stores. Constant telegraphic communications were kept up with the Horse Guards during the whole day, and Sir Edward was not a little relieved when apprised of the success of the precautions taken by Government. "We were all of us ready," he wrote to his son afterwards, "and, depend upon it, we should have done our duty; but it was an anxious time for some of us!"

Upon the return of Sir James C. Ross from the

arctic regions in 1849, and the report of his failure to discover any traces of Franklin, Sir Edward was continually summoned to London, to consult with the Admiralty as to the best mode of continuing the search for the missing vessels. This was a subject in which, from his own polar experience and his anxiety respecting the fate of his friend Franklin, his own feelings were deeply involved. "I have to make my report to-day," he writes to one of his children, "and I trust that I may be led, by a better wisdom than my own, to give sound and judicious advice."

The arrival of Captain Austin in England, with the relics discovered by Captain Ommaney at Cape Riley, was to him an object of peculiar interest, and it was his own and Sir John Richardson's careful reports on the subject which ultimately settled the question of their connection with the long-lost "Erebus" and "Terror." It may well be conceived with what eagerness he followed the steps of the searching expeditions, and the gradual advance of geographical knowledge in those regions to which he himself had opened the way. He eagerly perused the graphic account, in Lieut. M'Clintock's journal, of the visit paid by that officer to the scenes of his own early discoveries at Melville Island. He read the journal aloud to his family in the course of one evening, that they might share with him in the absorbing interest of the subject. They saw that he could scarcely restrain his emotion, as the narrative detailed the

first sight of the well-known rocks of Winter Harbour, and the finding of his own records beneath the cairns, and when it proceeded further to describe the place of his encampment during the spring journey across that island, where the bones of the ptarmigan, on which he and his companions had feasted, still lay scattered on the ground, bleached with the frosts of thirty winters. He was not a little gratified with the compliment paid to the accuracy of his own account, "which," to use the words of one of the officers, "they carried with them like a Murray's Handbook," and by the aid of which the exploring party were led to the very spot where the wheels of his own broken-down cart had been left, and on which they had for some days confidently reckoned, as a welcome addition to their almost exhausted stock of fuel.

While at Haslar, Sir Edward gave his full support to the different religious societies of which he was a member. At Gosport and Portsea he was continually called upon to take the chair at their provincial meetings. "The very sight of him," says a friend, "as he entered a public meeting, what animation and life it seemed to give! A sort of electric pleasure was instantly produced, and a glowing smile lighted up every face as it looked up to his. I have felt this often in going with him." In none did he feel a more lively interest than the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the meetings of which in the neighbourhood he usually presided.

"I love the Bible Society," he said on one occasion, "as one of the most valuable, and, under God's blessing, the most successful instruments for promoting His glory, and the highest welfare of men! I love it, because I see that, in these times, men are peculiarly apt to depart from the simple truth as it is in Jesus, and to aim at being wise above that which is written. I love it, because it unites in one common object the different denominations of Christians among us. With whatever regret we may contemplate the fact of such difference, yet a fact it is, and, I suppose, always must be, while the world lasts. For my own part, though I entertain an ardent and increasing love for the Church of which I am a member, — though I have a sincere, and, I trust, a conscientious love for her articles, her liturgy, and her discipline — yet I do not see why all this is to prevent my joining, where I can, heart and soul, with those who differ from me in this respect!"

At the time of the well-known "Papal Aggression" in 1850, a meeting was held at Gosport for the purpose of presenting an address to Her Majesty. The chair was taken by one of the magistrates, and the resolution, embodying the proposed address, moved by Sir Edward Parry in an energetic speech expressive of his own willingness to take a foremost place in resisting a movement, which he felt to be opposed to "the Protestant throne, the Protestant liberties, and, above all, the Protestant faith of his country."

"On these grounds," he concluded, "I cordially approve of the address proposed to be presented to our most gracious Queen — and I heartily hope, and I fer-

vently believe, that these arrogant pretensions will turn to our good,—that they will serve to rouse that noble Protestant spirit which has been so long dormant among us, but which the events of the few last weeks have proved not to be extinct. I confidently anticipate that a universal burst of honest English Protestant indignation will be unanimously sent forth, through the whole length and breadth of our land, such as will produce among ourselves a reaction in favour of good, old-fashioned scriptural truth, while it thunders in the ears of that presumptuous Pontiff, to teach him that, however cunning he may think the game he is playing, he has for once made a false move,—to teach him that 'the wise are' sometimes 'taken in their own craftiness,'—to teach him, in short, by a practical lesson, that England, Protestant England, is not prepared (though some of her recreant sons may have led him to expect that she *is* prepared) to be trampled under foot, to be held in bondage, either of soul or body, by any foreign potentate!"

In the foundation, at this time, of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, Sir Edward took an active part. Of the great importance and value of these institutions he was fully convinced, and always condemned in the strongest terms, the idea, entertained by not a few naval officers, that the character of British seamen would be lowered in the eyes of the world, by any attempts to improve their moral and social condition on shore. He, on the contrary, made it his constant aim to impress upon them the fact, that a Christian sailor was not only a better and a happier man, but a better seaman also.

"In advocating the cause of the Portsmouth Sailors' Home," he said, at a meeting at Bath in support of that institution, the year before his death, "we do, in fact, desire to advocate a most important principle; I mean that of the necessity of establishing Sailors' Homes not only at Portsmouth, but at all our seaports,—not to be limited to this or that class of seamen, to sailors of the Royal Navy, or those of our vast mercantile marine, but applicable to all who bear the name (may I not say, the honourable name?) of British seamen!"

The chief feature in Sir Edward Parry's religious life, which could scarcely fail to impress itself on all who were brought into contact with him, was its eminently natural and consistent character. It was not with him as a garment put on at particular seasons, or for stated purposes, but was, as it were, engrained into the very constitution of the man,—the mainspring of every thought, word, and deed, in private as well as in public. At the same time, few have ever exhibited a more striking refutation of the charge, often brought against religion, of a tendency to cast a shade of gloom over the pleasures of life; for his piety was as cheerful and genial as it was active and practical. Its simplicity, also, was no less conspicuous. Holding the love of Christ to sinners as the foundation of his faith, and looking to the glory of God as his constant aim, the subtle reasonings of theologians and the discussion of theoretical difficulties had no charm for him; nor could he be induced to enter on any subjects of controversy, which

he did not consider to be of practical importance to the Christian character. To him Christ was "all in all," the Atonement the central and ruling principle of his creed: while the living fruits of his own Christian example formed an evidence of the earnestness and depth of his religious character, which even those who differed from him in points of doctrine were constrained to acknowledge. Allied, as he undoubtedly was, by conviction and feeling, to the views held by the Evangelical party, — ever ready to proclaim his distaste to the sentiments of the so-called "Tractarian" school, and willing to hold out the right hand of fellowship to his Dissenting brethren where he felt he could meet them on common ground,—it was, at the same time, impossible to accuse him of undervaluing the dignity of the Church of England, either in its services, on whose beauty and spirituality he loved to dwell, or in the position held by its authorised ministers. If a clergyman were staying in his house, no arguments would induce him to occupy his usual post at family prayers; and, on one occasion, being anxious to complete a course of scriptural exposition which he had commenced, he was not ashamed, humbly and touchingly, to request permission of his own son, then just ordained, to allow him to continue for a few days longer in the place which, for the future, he considered as the right of the latter.

To his own family the five years of their life at Haslar present one unvarying picture of domestic

enjoyment. For the first time since his residence at Port Stephens, he was enabled to combine official duties with the daily interests of the home circle, and he reckoned this as not the least of the advantages consequent on his new position. When he left Hampstead, his second son was just entering the Navy, and the eldest still at Rugby. At the end of his sojourn at Haslar, the latter was shortly about to take his degree at Oxford, his step-daughter already married, and his own eldest daughter engaged; and it was to him a matter of unceasing thankfulness thus to have been able to watch over the spiritual, no less than the temporal welfare of those so dear to him, as they grew up around him, and emerged from childhood into the responsibilities of riper age. The following letters, written at this period, form an interesting sample of his affectionate intercourse with them, and of the earnest manner in which he always strove to impress upon them the necessity of acting up to their Christian profession.

To his eldest Son, at Rugby.

"Haslar, June 5, 1847.

"My dearest E——,

"I had not time last night to assure you, half as strongly as I wished to do, of the happiness I experienced in receiving Mr. C——'s most welcome announcement, and your own, on the subject of your prize. This was an honour which I had not ventured to anticipate for you, believing that we had no right to think of it, at

your present standing in the Sixth. Let us be thankful, my dear boy, for this success, and let it be our purpose and endeavour to dedicate every success and every talent to God's glory! I trust that nothing will come in the way to prevent my accepting Mr. C——'s invitation to be present at the Speeches: I should very greatly enjoy it. In this case, we should, of course, come home together.

"Ever your affectionate father,
"W. E. Parry."

To his Daughter, at school.

"August 9, 1847.

"Most thankful am I, my dearest child, that it has pleased God to place you in a situation so likely to be advantageous to you! Nothing but this conviction would have induced us to part with you from under our own roof, and from under our own eye; but we do feel so much confidence in those in whose charge you are placed, that we cannot entertain a doubt that, under God's blessing (without which all human plans and means are unavailing), you will derive much benefit from your present position. Above all, let us be in constant prayer to God that this step may be blessed to your eternal, as well as temporal good. There is nothing to be done, and nothing to be expected without this. 'We can do nothing of ourselves,' says the Apostle, 'but we can do *all* things through Christ strengthening us.' 'Prayer moves the hand that moves the world.'

"We had a beautiful review of our battalion at Clarence Yard, by Prince Albert on Saturday. The men performed capitally. The Prince was with us an

hour or more, and expressed high gratification. God bless and keep you, my beloved child! and ever believe me,

"Your fondly affectionate father,
"W. E. Parry."

To the same, on her birthday.

"Haslar, September 15, 1848.

"My precious L——,

"This is not only my regular day for writing to you, but it is a day of so much interest to us both,—interest for eternity, as well as for time,—that I am desirous of making my letter to you to-day the first act of the day, next to that which I have already performed of imploring God's best blessing on my child, and the child of so precious and beloved a mother. My prayer to God has been, my dearest L——, that you may be His child as well as ours,—'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.' This was ever her most fervent and incessant prayer for you, that you might be born again,—born of the Spirit, as well as of water,—that Christ may be made unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that you may be justified, pardoned, and accepted through faith in Him, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, whom to know is life eternal!

"There was no feature in your dear mother's character more remarkable, and more lovely, than the simplicity, the child-like simplicity, of her faith in Jesus,—her abhorrence of, and shrinking from, anything like mystification in the doctrines of the everlasting Gospel. 'Looking unto Jesus' was her motto, the word of God her standard and guide. 'Thus saith the Lord' was to

her a sufficient and never-failing rule of life. She would have recoiled with disgust from that grievous heresy, that most baneful and dangerous semi-Popery, now so common in our own Church, called 'Tractarianism,' which is a system of setting up the priesthood, and what is called 'the Church,' and keeping out of sight the great Head of the Church, — of putting human imaginations (in the shape of what is called tradition) side by side, and on a level with the infallible word of the eternal God, — of putting the observance of the sacraments in the place of the righteousness and death of Christ, as a meritorious ground of hope in the great concern of salvation, and thus making religion a business of outward forms and ceremonies, instead of a business of the heart. All this is a sad, sad perversion of the truth as it is in Jesus, and we know from experience now that it leads to all the errors, and superstitions, and idolatries of the church of Rome.

'Search the Scriptures,' for they are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. I send you a valuable little tract, which I wish you would read attentively, comparing it with what you know of the Gospel, for that is the standard by which alone we must measure truth. 'To the Law and to the Testimony,' &c. (Isaiah, viii. 20.)

"Ever your most loving father,
"W. E. Parry."

To his Son, at sea.

"October 21, 1849.

"My precious C——,

"Though you will receive another note from me by this same post, yet I cannot refrain from writing

you a few lines more on this your sixteenth birthday, to assure you how fervently I have poured out my heart this morning in prayer to God, that you may be preserved from all evil and danger of soul and body, and may be brought into the fold of the good and great Shepherd, Jesus Christ, and that we may all, at length meet in His eternal and glorious kingdom, through His merits and mediation!

"I have been reading over your letters from St. Helen's just before you left England, one of which was written this day two years, October 21, 1847, and I humbly desire to bless and praise my God for the prosperity which has attended you from that time. To Him I shall commit you, my boy, in confidence that He will ever be with you, and make all things work together for your best good. Only be careful to honour Him, and He will honour you; for that is His promise, and not one promise of His will ever fail. Be especially careful of your language, not to slip, as people often do, into any habits of profane expressions; nothing can be more ungentlemanly, as well as unchristian. Constantly remember that you are actually in the presence and in the sight of God, and that 'He spieth out all our ways.' Honour Him by reading His word and by daily prayer. Seek Him as 'your Father who is in Heaven.' Go to Him in every difficulty or trial. Speak to Him freely, though reverently. Tell Him all your wants; and the promise is, 'Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall have;' and may His blessing attend you evermore! Ever, my dearest C——,

"Your loving father,

"W. E. PARRY."

To Lady Parry, after parting with his sailor Son.

"Haslar, Jan. 31, 1851.

. . . . . . "Now I must give you some little account of our day thus far, which, in the midst of much that is sorrowful in our partings, demands our warmest gratitude to Him who ordereth all things well!

"The day, as you were aware, cleared up just as we were starting to go on board the 'Sprightly' steamer, to meet the Admiral. If we had been superstitiously inclined, we should have called it a good omen, but it was cheering, and I hope we were thankful to Him who sent it. Our precious C——'s leaving home was a really trying thing. He was greatly overcome in taking leave of all—sisters, servants, everybody. I really did not know how to stand it myself, and felt it more than a comfort, a real mercy, to have to take him on board with dear E——, and to have to rough it a little in boats, vessels, &c. The Admiral came before half-past ten, and off we went, taking not more than twenty minutes to reach the 'Amphitrite' at Spithead. The captain was most kind, and, indeed, all seemed as favourable for our beloved boy as we could desire. He at once mixed with the other mids, &c., and, though we knew his heart was half breaking (as I am sure mine was) at our parting, he behaved like a man, and, after two or three leave-takings, we came away with the Admiral, getting back to my office at half-past twelve. I feel it to be an eventful day, and when faith is weak,—as, alas! it often is,—I could give way to many forebodings of never seeing my boy on earth again; but I earnestly desire and pray to commit it all to Him who careth for us!"

To the same.

"February, 1851.

"My dearest ——,

"I have just returned from the sea wall, where I have been straining my eyes, through the fog, to catch a last sight of the 'Amphitrite!' After watching her for about an hour and a quarter, knowing that she must go soon, having a fine E.N.E. wind, at length, at a quarter to five, I saw the sails loosed, and, at five minutes after five, she was fairly under way. I spent that hour and half in prayer for my precious boy; and, when the ship was moving, I knelt down on that black stone seat, and poured out my whole heart, with strong crying and tears, in his behalf. I felt as if I never knew what prayer was before! We sent him letters to Plymouth this morning, and I shall now write another line. And now I must say good-bye, and join our little party at home. May the Lord be with you!"

To his Son, at sea.

"Haslar, December 12, 1851.

. . . . . "Oh! how we shall think of our beloved sailor this Christmas, and of the happy, happy time we were permitted to enjoy last year! May it please God to give us such another Christmas, in His own good time and place! I am sure you will like the proposals contained in the printed papers which I send you.* It is impossible to say what may not be the effect of united prayer, and the world, and the men of the world, little think what they owe to the prayers of God's servants!

* "Proposal of Union for Prayer in behalf of the Navy."

"I have been very busy in our Arctic Committee to inquire into the results of the late expeditions, and, in our report, we recommend another expedition by way of Wellington Strait."

To the same.

"Haslar, June 13. 1852.

"I need not say how we sympathise with you in the discouragements and difficulties you meet with, on board a ship, in your religious course. This is what might be expected. Our Lord always gave His disciples reason to expect this. Look at Matt. x. 24 to 28. Look also at Matt. v. 10, 11, 12. These passages show that He who knew all things, and what men's hearts are made of, knew that His followers would meet with such discouragements. The particular kind of opposition varies with all the various circumstances in which men are placed, but the principle is the same; — it is the same evil heart of unbelief, which sets itself up against God, and will not receive Christ into the heart. Your great security, as well as comfort, will always be in prayer. This is our chief defence against the wickedness of men, and the devices of Satan, and the reason of this is, that we can do nothing in our own strength, and need continual supplies of strength from above, and this Divine strength is only to be had by continual asking for it."

To his eldest Son, on first going to Oxford.

"Haslar, September 4, 1849.

"My dearest E——,

"We received your letter with great pleasure and interest, for we cannot but feel this to be a great crisis in your life,—indeed, except in ordination, there can scarcely be any greater. It is, in fact, emerging, as it

were, from boyhood to manhood, with all the increase of duties, responsibilities, and dangers, which that change involves. It will be very desirable for you to endeavour to see your way, by God's help, upon all important points, before you go up to Oxford; so that you may have your mind ready made up as to the line you are to take, and the conduct you are to pursue, in all essential matters. I am persuaded that much depends, in such cases, on the first start; for what is easy, comparatively, at the outset, is very difficult afterwards, and may subject you to the charge of inconsistency. Be cautious, then, at first. Make no acquaintance, much less companions, incur no expense, commence no habit, which you will afterwards disapprove, and which it will require a great and irksome effort to get rid of. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte!* The principle to keep in view is preparation for the sacred profession, the high and holy calling, upon which, if it please God, you hope, ere long, to enter. Let everything tend to that as to a centre, and then you cannot go very wrong. The question, 'Is this or that worthy of one who aspires to the sacred office of a Minister of Christ?' will settle many difficulties, and resolve many doubts, and make many 'crooked things strait' in your mind. Accustom yourself to aim high, not merely in learning, but in the objects and ends you propose to yourself in life, and all with immediate reference to the life that will never end! God bless and keep you, my dearest E——, is the fervent prayer of

"Your affectionate and loving father,

"W. E. PARRY."

It would have been difficult for any to have found

religion a restraint, when it was presented in the attractive garb which it wore at Haslar. A happier home could nowhere have been found, and never were lighter hearts, or brighter faces, than those which gathered on the lawn in the evening of the Midsummer holidays, or round the drawing-room table on a Christmas night.

Of public balls and theatrical exhibitions Sir Edward always disapproved, "not that I mind the plays or the dancing," he would say, "but because of the moral evils attendant on the one, and the habits of dissipation, and craving for excitement, produced by the other." Of amusement, however, there was never any lack at Haslar. At the annual festivities, marking the birthdays which clustered round the Christmas season, "he was," to use the words of a spectator, "the very life and moving spring." These entertainments were always eagerly anticipated by young and old, for the company were of all ages, "grown-up children's parties," as he used to call them. In the *tableaux vivants*, his inventive genius was taxed as severely as it had been thirty years before on board the "Hecla." Of the charades none were ever so successful as those in which he himself appeared, and his entrance was always greeted with shouts of delight. "I cannot even now recall," says a friend, "his inimitable performance of an old gipsy woman, without laughter; or his Irishman, and his conversation improvised for the occasion!" In the intervals between the scenes, he

did not object to propose a quadrille, or country dance, himself selecting a partner, not unusually the smallest child in the room, and taking the first turn "down the middle and up again." On an ordinary evening during the holidays, when the house was usually full of guests, he was always the first to propose amusements, in which all who wished might join. In summer, he would swing the children in the paddock, or join in "trap-ball" or "rounders" on the lawn. In winter, these more active games were exchanged for social amusements in the drawing-room. Of these the most popular was one well-known at Haslar as the "American game," or an exercise in impromptu verses. The best of these compositions were immortalised in a book kept for the purpose, and, as the subjects usually referred to the prominent events of the day, the collection soon formed a species of family chronicle, and many of the lines long survived as household words on the lips of the different members of the domestic circle. These compositions, usually of a humorous nature, occasionally partook of a graver character; one in particular, composed by Sir Edward himself, when his sailor son was at home—the only occasion at Haslar, on which he had the happiness of seeing all his children gathered round him at Christmas—was written with much feeling, and not without some poetical taste.*

* We subjoin the verses to which allusion is here made. It must be remembered that the subject was prescribed by the rules of the

On all his household Sir Edward enjoined the same regard to punctuality which marked his own movements. Whatever fell to his share in the way of correspondence, or the execution of commissions, however trifling, was always committed to writing, nor would he undertake anything without a memorandum of this kind. His mornings were spent at his office in the Hospital, but even the hours devoted to business did not entirely separate him from intercourse with the different members of his family. He had always an affectionate word of greeting for any who chose to look in upon him at his work. If particularly occupied at the moment, he would bid them take a seat, until he had completed what he was about; then, pushing back his chair from the table, and raising his spectacles upon his forehead, with a cheerful "now then!" he would devote a few minutes to conversation. In a particular drawer of his table he kept a paper of sugar-plums for the

game, which in this instance required, in addition, the introduction of the word "birthday."

"Lives there the man, who can presume to say
Where we shall be another Christmas day?
What mortal eye can penetrate the veil,
That hides in mystery our next year's tale,—
Where our next birthday may, perchance, be past,
Or whether we've already seen our last?
But, though our birthdays come no more on earth,
Oh, let us strive to attain that *better* birth!
Be it our aim to meet on that blest shore,
Where birthdays, meetings, partings, are no more!"

December 25, 1850.

younger children, and his bright "good-bye," to old as well as young, was usually preceded by a display of his secret store of good things. "Here," he would say, "this is all the hospitality I have to offer!"

His present position was peculiarly congenial to himself. A sailor amongst sailors, he was in his element. It was a pleasure to see him standing on the drawing-room balcony, for a few minutes before the dinner-bell rang, or on his favourite walk along the sea wall, watching through his spy-glass a vessel coming in to Spithead, or following the graceful movements of the yachts, which, in the summer, enlivened the sparkling waters of the Solent. At the time of the annual Ryde and Cowes regattas, he delighted to organize a party of his children and guests for a voyage in his "yacht," as he playfully called one of the sailing-vessels belonging to the Clarence Yard, to share in the excitement of the gala day. To all who were present at such excursions these were golden hours. These nautical expeditions were sometimes exchanged for a pic-nic to the Isle of Wight. The spot usually selected was the "landslip" near Bonchurch, and he took especial pleasure in introducing a stranger to the beautiful scenery of that locality.

It was not, however, merely to the partial eyes of his own home-circle that the private life of the beloved head of the family was invested with such a peculiar charm. The officers of the Hospital, and the guests who, from time to time, mingled in the

happy domestic party, were all able to bear witness to the atmosphere of unaffected Christian love and cheerfulness which he ever seemed to diffuse around him. The following letters will be read with interest, as expressing the impression left on the minds of some of those who knew him at Haslar: —

From a friend.

. . . "I know not how, adequately, to express the loss we all sustained in the termination of dear Sir Edward's service at Haslar. I have often wished it might be among the possible things that he should have been permitted to remain, he seemed so eminently fitted to the place, and the place to him. Though we know that no one man is essential to any one work, still, most assuredly, certain men are permitted to be greater instruments of good in some situations than others, and it seemed to me that the loving, large sympathy with all, whether high or low, who came within the influence of my valued friend, rendered him more than ordinarily adapted for the superintendence of a sick hospital. Personally, I can never revert to that period without very deep emotion, for I always look upon his residence there as a most wonderful ordering of events, as far as I was concerned.

"I have the whole family constantly before me, and never was there a more warm-hearted, or united household. The spirit of the head pervaded all the members, as I remember some visitor once remarked, 'how happy all were at Haslar,' and he 'wondered whether it were religion, or the sea, which made it so pleasant!' There was all the good ordering of 'the service,' but without

one atom of the 'Quarter-deck,' as we may say. I have frequently remarked to others, that, in analysing the how and the why of so much, and so many things being effected, and that no one duty was ever sacrificed to another, I mainly accounted for it in the fact, that there was no delay in the performance of that which had been determined upon as right or fitting to do. Whether it were but the fulfilment of a promise in sending up a packet of sugar-plums to a child in the nursery, or the most important piece of business, it was done or provided for on the instant.

"I believe it will never be known how many were comforted, in the extremity of pain and weakness, by his intercourse and his prayers. In fact, I have heard him say that it was almost more than he could bear, to be so constantly applied to, in the most trying hours of suffering, for his was a tender spirit, though strong in the faith which is alone strength; but still more was he tried, at times, by appeals of mental agony, never failing to testify of the fulness of that salvation offered for all men. He did not cry 'peace,' where there was no peace, yet love, in its most extended sense, pervaded his every thought and act.. Few in their generation can better say, 'Lord, thy pound has gained ten pounds!' I think his five and a half years at Haslar were not among the least happy or satisfactory periods of his pilgrimage. Indeed, I have heard him say, 'what *can* a man wish for more!'"

From a medical officer of Haslar Hospital.

"A great advantage in Sir Edward Parry's official character was his easiness of access. One was sure of a

kind reception, an attentive hearing, and, if the request were reasonable, a satisfactory reply; but, with all his gentleness and urbanity of manner, he commanded such respect, that no man was ever treated by inferiors with greater deference. Often have officers gone to him with a crotchet of doubtful advantage, and they would yield their opinions to his judgment. One whom I knew well, and not much given to yielding, used to say to me, 'I would not have given and so up for any man but Sir Edward Parry!' I feel sure, too, that a culprit brought to receive his censure, would sooner have faced any noted Tartar in the service.

"Such a system of precept and example did not fail in yielding fruit, and the improvement in the tone of morals among certain classes employed in the hospital was most manifest. Sir Edward was not content with mere precept. Only show him how good was to be done, and he was sure to be earnest in support of it both by his purse and personal exertions. His charity seemed unbounded. He gave so liberally, and so frequently, in a place where the calls were many, that his example stimulated others, and shamed into giving some who would have said 'no' to an application for aid. One, like himself, a liberal giver, the late Dr. Anderson, often and often has said to me, 'I am ashamed to go near Sir Edward Parry with a tale of distress, he meets my wishes so readily, and bestows so largely.'"*

From Sir Harry Verney, Bart.

"Claydon House, Bucks.
"March 12, 1856.

"It was during the latter period of Sir Edward Parry's life that I knew him the most intimately. In the spring

of 1852 my boy was appointed to the 'Victory,' while waiting for orders to join his ship in the Mediterranean, and I used to indulge myself by running down to Portsmouth, as frequently as my Parliamentary occupations would permit. He had a keen sense of the dangers and temptations to which a young midshipman at Portsmouth is exposed, and his house afforded a most kindly, cheerful, sheltering home to any who had the happiness of being known to him. It was his delight to see officers of the sister professions sitting round his ample table, which so easily stretched longer and longer as his young naval and military friends dropped in. He seemed to think that he could never have too many, and that they could never come too often, and his conversation, so lively and animated, so full of point and anecdote, was very attractive to all: to the young it possessed a peculiar charm, while over all his intercourse, and in his deportment, there was the unmistakeable impress of the man of God.

"But it is with those who were admitted to his Sunday evening Bible readings with his invalid sailors, that there will remain a recollection which will not quickly fade. Those who saw will not easily forget that manly form, and earnest, expressive, handsome countenance, as he read the word of God, and then his own well-considered, interesting comment, many a seaman sitting round in calm attention, his eyes fixed on his superior officer, who was urging on his attention words that perhaps he had rarely heard, and never attended to, since he quitted his mother's cottage. I can hardly conceive any occasion more likely to be useful to the spiritual interests of old and young than those services. The fine countenances of the men, many of them recovering

from severe sickness, their earnest, engrossed attention, the admirable prayer and exposition of my honoured friend, formed altogether a scene of deepest interest, which I was thankful to have the opportunity of frequently witnessing, and which I hoped would be indelibly fixed in the memory of my son."

From the Rev. G. E. L. Cotton, Master of Marlborough College.

"The College, Marlborough,
"Oct. 8, 1856.

"My dear Parry,

* * * * * *

"From my visits to Hampstead and Haslar I have carried away a very distinct recollection of your father's character and mode of life. The most definite impression which I retain from this intercourse with him is, that he was not only a true and devoted Christian, but a most rare and striking example of a Christian layman, who had been trained by an active and laborious professional career. For he was one who, having mixed much in society, travelled much, worked hard, known men of various ranks and stations, holding, too, a secular office of considerable importance, constantly employed in the details of practical business, the father of a large family, discharging all his duties admirably well, was, at the same time, penetrated through and through by a loving faith in God, and a constant realisation of the teaching of the New Testament.

"I will go a little into detail to illustrate my meaning. No one can have stayed with him at Hampstead, without remembering the exact punctuality with which he left his house every morning, precisely at the same minute, to

go down to his business at the Admiralty, nor at Haslar, without admiring the perfect order which prevailed in the Hospital, and his familiarity with its inmates and all its arrangements, and with every detail of the work done in the various departments over which he presided. His neat and bold hand-writing, — the regularity with which every letter was answered, — the care with which every important document was preserved and copied, and the packets of paper tied together, ticketed, and arranged, in the drawers of his study table, were sufficient proofs of his orderly habits. I remember being sometimes even amused at the almost premature zeal, with which packing and other needful preliminaries were enforced, when any of the family were going to leave home—when you and I, for instance, took our short tour in the Isle of Wight; and in all matters, small and great, his arrangements were such that everything was in its right place, and done at its right time. On the other hand, there was nothing of the spirit of a martinet about him, no undue importance attached to trifles, but a simple clear-headed method made the regularity of the household natural without being troublesome or oppressive. Indeed, no one could imagine that this order degenerated into a vexatious discipline, who had seen your father's cheerful joyousness, when making some excursion in a boat, or on foot, with all his children and visitors about him; or, still more, when he presided over the pleasures of a Haslar evening. Sometimes he would employ his musical talents to increase these, by playing on the violin, or singing some grand song of Handel's, with the purest taste and deepest feeling, pouring forth, for instance, in his fine, clear voice, the exquisite melody of 'Lord, remember David!' Or again, when

some lighter or more general amusement was required, he would get up a game of 'bouts rimés,' or some other exercise of his guests' abilities, or perhaps superintend the children's performance of a charade.

"But, no doubt, the most impressive, and the most characteristic scene at Haslar was when, on a Sunday evening, he sat surrounded by sailors, inmates of the Hospital, and read to them a chapter, generally, I think, of the Gospels, with a few words of simple explanation and earnest application. And this recalls me to the crowning grace and glory of his character, his devoted Christian faith: yet I am unwilling to notice this as a separate head in the catalogue of his great and good qualities; for, indeed, it was not separate, but rather pervaded his whole life, tempering by gentleness his firmness and decision, supporting all that he did by earnest principle, and so controlling and leavening his cheerful gaiety, that it became devoted Christian kindness, showing itself in the effort to make all around him happy, and, at the same time, to preserve their enjoyment from the slightest taint of evil. The same striking qualities, which enabled him to encourage and sustain his men amidst the rigours of an arctic winter, were conspicuous in the gentler form natural to old age, when he appeared among the sailors at Haslar, with his tall commanding figure, and wide forehead, and white hair, as their comrade, their chief, their helper, their Christian friend. No doubt, he was strongly attached to one particular party in the Church, but from his wide experience, his practical sense, his large and generous heart, and, not least, firm and vigorous habits, and various knowledge, and active dealings with men, which form the education of a sailor, he was truly catholic in

his love for Christian goodness, and always ready to appreciate and reverence sincere and practical work, heartily done for God's glory. There were few for whom he had a deeper respect than for Arnold, and I do not remember ever to have heard from him any of those depreciating remarks and questionings, which some men are apt to express, when discussing the character and work of any one whose religious convictions are not formed on precisely the same model as their own.

"Let me add one word, in conclusion, on his love and care for his children, as shown during your education at Rugby. Happily your career there was, in all respects, so prosperous, that I remember no occasion on which any doubt or difficulty arose. But I shall not soon forget his warm anxiety for your highest welfare, and the good practical sense which he showed in every conversation, and every letter about you. While he keenly sympathised in all your school trials, and rejoiced greatly in your school successes, there was nothing so near to his heart as the desire that you should grow up to be an earnest Christian man, and, especially, a faithful and devoted minister of the Church of England. After I had left Rugby, and become master of this College, he wrote to me on the occasion of your ordination, begging that I would not forget to pray for God's blessing on my old pupil, at so solemn a crisis of his life. This was the last letter which I ever received from him.

"We can form no better wish for England than that God should raise up, amongst her people, a devoted band of men like him,—of laymen who bring to the service of Christ's Church not only the precious offering of zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice, but the practical wisdom

which has been formed by intercourse with men, and by a wide experience of life. We then shall have no reason to fear those tendencies of this age which many good men regard with suspicion; for our civilisation will be no less refined than Christianised, our commercial spirit will not degenerate into selfishness, and, in the midst of all our improvements, material and social, we shall desire above all things that the fear of God may penetrate our government, our family life, and our education. Believe me, my dear Parry,

"Ever affectionately yours,
"G. E. L. COTTON."

At one time, it had seemed likely that the rapidly occurring vacancies in the list of admirals would, by bringing Sir Edward to his flag, oblige him to vacate his post of Captain-Superintendent before the five years of his appointment were out: but, towards the close of the time, these vacancies occurred so seldom, that, when the December of 1851 came, he was still a captain. Under these circumstances, he was permitted by the Admiralty to prolong his present command, until he reached the rank of admiral. At length, in May, 1852, his name stood at the head of the list of post-captains, so that he was now, to use his own expression, "at single anchor," and, a few weeks later, the announcement of another death among the admirals struck the final summons for him to leave his happy Haslar home. Within the six weeks allowed for removal, the last waggon load of furniture left the house; and

on the 29th of July, Sir Edward and Lady Parry, who alone of the family had remained to the last, drove away amidst the tears and unfeigned regrets of those to whom, during their sojourn at Haslar, they had become deservedly endeared.

Sir E. Parry to his Son.

"Hasl——. No! — Basing Park.
"30th July, 1852.

"My very dear E——,

"The girls have given you an account of our proceedings at Haslar up to their departure thence on Tuesday. As soon as I had seen them off at the station, we went the whole round of T. T. L. visits in the Hospital, and I need not say it was a bitter pill to swallow. On Wednesday, we had a most laborious day, in winding up our packing, paying bills, &c.; besides which, mamma read at the wash-house, and took leave of her twenty-three poor washerwomen, amidst their tears and blessings. She also made all her farewell calls on the various families of inferior rank in the Hospital; so that we went to bed almost knocked up, but, a good night being mercifully given us, we rose at half-past five yesterday, — completed more 'last arrangements,' paid many farewell visits, and quietly dined together at half-past one. All the Richardsons came and spent the last hour with us. At length, we got into the pony-chair, all the Terrace coming to the door to say the last 'good-bye,' and off we drove to the station. Never, I believe, did people part with more sincere regret, and you will not wonder that we felt it a relief, when, at length, the train was in motion for Fareham! To God be all the

praise for innumerable mercies, received in that dear place! To Him be all the glory for any good He has permitted and enabled us to accomplish there! From Him may we receive, for His dear Son's sake, pardon for all our omissions, and short-comings, sins, negligences, and ignorances."

CHAP. XIII.

SUMMER AT KESWICK. — BISHOP'S WALTHAM. — SPEECH AT LYNN. — BELLOT TESTIMONIAL. — GREENWICH. — LECTURE AT SOUTHAMPTON. — ILLNESS. — VOYAGE TO ROTTERDAM, AND UP THE RHINE. — EMS. — DEATH. — CONCLUSION.

1852—1855.

During the autumn of the year in which Sir Edward left Haslar, he spent a few weeks with his family at Keswick, in Cumberland, where he derived much enjoyment from this his first acquaintance with the beautiful scenery of the English lakes. At the annual feast of the children of St. John's schools, he suggested a boat excursion on the lake, as an addition to the usual amusements of the day; and, himself embarking with the rest, led the procession from Keswick to Barrow; "thus," to use his own words, "hoisting his admiral's flag for the first time on Derwentwater!" "The anniversary of our school-feast," writes the Rev. T. D. H. Battersby, "always carries back my thoughts to the time when dear Sir Edward hoisted his flag in my little boat, on the first of these happy occasions. It was he who gave us the first impulse,

and we have kept them up ever since. I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, his address to the children on the terrace in front of Barrow House, and many of them, I doubt not, recollect it too."

Towards the close of the same year, he went to reside at Northbrook House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants. To one, whose whole life had been spent in active employment, the entire leisure he now enjoyed was something totally new. He felt, indeed, to use his own frequent expression, "that there was plenty of work in him yet;" but he was, at the same time, well content to leave his future prospects in better hands. It was not in his nature to be idle, even in retirement, and now in his own resources he found ample occupation. He took an active interest in ministering to the necessities of the poor around him; and the Rector, the Rev. W. Brock, found in him, as the following testimony will show, a ready supporter in all his plans for promoting the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the parish.

"I shall ever look back on the year that Sir Edward Parry spent amongst us as the happiest of my ministry. He always seemed to me to leave the impression, whilst he was here, of one who had been communing with God, so that 'his face shone while he talked with us,' and his very countenance was oftentimes a sermon. He looked, as he was, a thoroughly happy Christian, and he certainly made others happy around him. What also struck me in his Christianity was the remarkable combination it exhibited of manliness and simplicity. It came up exactly to

the requirements of the apostolic admonition: 'Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men!' There was all the wisdom and the courage of the man, whilst there was also the docility, the gentleness, and the humility of the little child. I cannot but consider it to have been a great privilege and responsibility, for which we in this parish will have to give an account, that such an example of genuine and practical Christianity should have been brought before us, as that which his life and character presented. Many will yet rise up to call this faithful servant of God blessed, because they reaped the fruit of his 'work of faith, and labour of love.'

"The first occasion of his appearing amongst us in public was when he took the lead at our annual meeting for the Irish Church Missions. I shall never forget that evening. What a thrill of thankful emotion gladdened our hearts, as we listened to what I remember he called his 'Confession of faith' to the people whom he addressed so eloquently, and so affectionately! It was no 'uncertain sound' which that inaugural speech, if I may so call it, conveyed to us. There could be no mistaking it. The gallant speaker was not ashamed of Christ and of His words, and he manfully unfurled his colours before us, as a faithful soldier and servant of his Lord. He then struck, so to speak, the key-note which was to regulate the tone of his future residence in this parish. Nobly did he take his stand, in the midst of his fellow-parishioners, on the side of that Heavenly Captain, whose name and word he delighted to honour; while he set a fine example to laymen, in his position, of what he considered to be their duty and their privilege, viz., to be labourers together with God, and to be helpers of

their pastor's joy, by serving with him in the Gospel. This, indeed, was his constant practice, during the whole time he sojourned amongst us. His visits of mercy and words of love are not forgotten. It was only the other day, that, in two or three of the abodes of sickness and infirmity which he so constantly visited, I heard the hearty exclamations, when his name was mentioned,— 'blessed man,'—'beautiful words he used to say to us,' and the like. He lives in the memory of the poor, and well he may, for he was, indeed, the friend of the poor. How well he knew them! How naturally he entered into their little world! How deep, how affectionate, how minute, were his fellowship and sympathy with the trials of the poor man's life, and with the joys and sorrows of his heart!

"Our school festival for the year 1853 was, perhaps, the happiest and liveliest we ever had, and his presence and activity, on that occasion, gave an impulse and a buoyancy to our juvenile amusements, which will not be speedily forgotten. He was, indeed, our leader on that parochial 'field-day,' and by the animated interest which he took in the sports and enjoyments of the children, and in the dispersion of the prizes which his liberality had provided, he endeared himself as much to the little ones of the parish as he had already done to so many of their parents. 'How judiciously,' says Mr. S——, our valued schoolmaster at the time, 'he arranged the amusements, so that not a moment was unoccupied! Sometimes, he was to be seen tying five or six sturdy boys in sacks for a race, and then, engaging in a game of trap-ball with some of the smaller ones. Here he might be, one minute, superintending the girls at the swing, and there a minute after, throwing sweetmeats amongst the little

ones, his benevolent features sparkling with pleasure, as he watched them scrambling for a share.' Mr. S—— also mentioned to me an incident, connected with his energy of character, which, he says, taught him a valuable lesson on the necessity of being diligent as to doing our Master's work, without being captious as to the exact way of its performance, or waiting till every apparent difficulty was removed. 'It was one evening, soon after the establishment of our school for adults, and before its organisation was quite complete, when the teachers were gathered into a little knot, discussing this or that plan as the best to be pursued, that Sir Edward, after listening for some time, said in his own energetic, yet kind manner, 'Well, it's no use standing here all night, doing nothing! Let us begin, at any rate, and do something!' Then, speaking to two or three men with Bibles in their hands, 'Come here, my men, and let me hear you read a chapter!' and he took a seat on the nearest stool, while the men stood around him, and commenced reading. The other teachers at once followed his example, and the school was formed into classes. I have always thought this little circumstance a sort of epitome of his life. He was not only willing to do his Heavenly Father's will, but to do it 'while it is called to-day.'

"Gladly would I linger on scenes, the memories of which are so 'good and pleasant' to dwell upon. Though the retrospect has not been without its painfulness, as having brought so vividly before me the sad blank left in the parish by his removal from us, yet the brightness of his path was such, that it is quite impossible to look back upon it without profit, and without praise. As the minister of the parish in which he spent one year of his

useful life, I feel how deep have been my obligations to him, and how sacred has been the privilege to have had among us one who was so dear to Christ, who walked closely with God, and whose talents, high station, and example, were all so evidently consecrated to His service!"

In the spring of 1853, Sir Edward was called to attend the death-bed of his valued friend Dr. Anderson, of Haslar Hospital.

"I wish," he wrote to his sailor son in the Pacific, "you could have witnessed, as it was my privilege to do, his calm confidence in the prospect of departure, founded on his habitual trust in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. He said to me, only a few hours before he died, 'I have nothing to do, — it is all done for me, — Christ's work is a finished work, and in Him is my trust!' Precious assurance of faith, when based upon such a foundation, even upon the Rock of ages!"

The year of his residence at Bishop's Waltham was marked by an event, to him of no ordinary interest. In the summer of 1853, the intelligence reached England of the discovery of the North-West Passage by Captain, now Sir R. M'Clure. Lieut. Cresswell, the bearer of these important despatches, was the son of one of his oldest friends, and he felt it a source of no small pleasure and thankfulness, to be able to hear the particulars of the voyage of the "Investigator" from the lips of one, for whose personal safety he had been not a little anxious.

Shortly after his return, Lieut. Cresswell came down to Northbrook, and it may be imagined with what intense eagerness every word of his account was received by Sir Edward, and the interest with which he pointed out to his family, on the chart, the position of Mercy Bay, where the "Investigator" still remained hopelessly entangled in the ice, almost within sight of Cape Providence, the furthest western limit of his own discoveries. "My old quarters at Melville Island," he remarked, "have now become quite classic ground!" In October he had the gratification of attending a meeting in the Town-hall of Lynn, in honour of the safe and successful return of his young friend. It had been intended that no one except Lieut. Cresswell should have spoken on this occasion, but, at the conclusion of his speech, Sir Edward was universally called upon to address the meeting.

"It is now twenty-eight years," he said, as he rose to comply with the call, "since I had the honour of receiving within these walls the freedom of the ancient borough of Lynn. I can truly say that, from that moment to this, I have never witnessed any occasion which has given me higher delight and gratification. You see before you to-day about the oldest, and about the youngest of arctic navigators, and I do assure you, from my heart, that the feelings of the old arctic navigator are those of the most intense gratification he ever experienced in the course of his life. I rejoice to be here to meet and support my dear young friend, as my

fellow townsman, for so I may call him, being myself a freeman of your borough. I came 200 miles, and would willingly have come 2000 to be present this day! How little I thought, when I stood on the western shore of Melville Island, and discovered Banks' Land in the distance, that, in the course of time, there would come another ship the other way to meet me, and to be anchored in the Bay of Mercy!

"But, while we are rejoicing over the return of our friend, and anticipating the triumph that is awaiting his companions, we cannot but turn to that which is not a matter of rejoicing, but rather of deep sorrow and regret, that there has not been found a single token of our dear long-lost Franklin, and his companions. My dear friend Franklin was sixty years old when he left this country, and I shall never forget the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm, with which he entered on that expedition. Lord Haddington, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said, 'I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old. Do you think that we ought to let him go?' I said, 'He is a fitter man to go than any I know; and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment!' He did go, and has now been gone eight years. In the whole course of my life, I have never known a man like Franklin. I do not say it because we believe him to be dead, on the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but because I never knew a man in whom different qualities were so remarkably combined. With all the tenderness of heart of a simple child, there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero. It is told of him, that he would not even kill a mosquito that was stinging him, and, whether that be true or not, it is a true type of the

tenderness of that man's heart. But I will not detain you longer. I hope you will pardon the loquacity of an old, old arctic voyager. I must say that, when I hear those stories I have heard this morning, and read of the way in which the last link of the North-West Passage has been discovered,—that to which I devoted the best years of my life,—it rekindles in my bosom all the ardour of enterprise, aye, and much of the vigour of youth!"

A few weeks later, he was called up to attend a meeting in London, in order to second a resolution moved by Sir James Graham, then First Lord of the Admiralty, for the purpose of erecting a testimonial to the memory of the gallant young Frenchman, Lieut. Bellot, who lost his life, on the shores of Wellington Channel, in the preceding summer. The memorial, a simple obelisk of granite bearing the name of Bellot, was afterwards placed close to the water's side, in front of Greenwich Hospital, a fitting site for this record of one, who, though a foreigner, had nobly volunteered to aid in the search for England's lost heroes, and whose zeal and gentleness of disposition had endeared him to the hearts of British seamen.

Sir Edward remained at Bishop's Waltham only twelve months, for, towards the close of this year, he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen to the Lieutenant Governorship of Greenwich Hospital, to which place he came to reside on the 18th January, 1854. A few weeks before this, he went down to Southampton,

for the purpose of delivering a lecture to the seamen of that port. This had been undertaken at the request of Archdeacon Wigram, of Southampton, to whom we are indebted for the following account:—

. . . . . "I am certain he never thought of obliging me. I and my interests were as little in his mind as himself. His heart was in the cause. It was a work for God. He felt it a privilege to be so engaged, and, though his earnestness and attention to everything was most gratifying, and though it immensely increased my obligation to him, the *animus* of the chief agent was so catching, that I then thought as little of him as he did of me. Those who best know his career would say this was a very simple illustration of the faculty, which enabled him to influence the hearts of other men, and imbue them with the spirit which moved his own. It was, perhaps, the secret of the success which so constantly attended his efforts, on far greater occasions than that in which I was allowed to take a part. . . .

"The day before the lecture, I went, accompanied by Captain F. Gambier, to the Docks, and boarded every ship, that the seamen might know, from the lips of a naval officer, that Admiral Parry was coming to address them, and to remind them who he was. When we entered the ships, we were surprised to find bills posted up to announce the address, not only on the upper deck, but between decks, where, I was told, such notices were not commonly allowed. The men generally knew well what we came to tell. They anticipated our recommendation by saying, at once, 'We mean to be there!' and they kept their word.

"I had been told by many, that 'a great mistake was

made, that no common seamen would come up to the Victoria (the great company) room,—it was a mile from the shore, across the town,—it was not Jack's way to show himself in assembly rooms, and I ought to have engaged 'the long room, by the water's edge,' &c. But I had persisted that the occasion demanded the largest area we could command, and so it proved. I stood with Captain Gambier in Portland Terrace, just before the appointed hour, and saw a steady flow of blue jackets and working clothes of all hues, (for we do not aspire here to naval uniformity of dress or neatness,) which told me plainly there was no mistake, and that we should have a room crowded with seafaring men, and other working people more or less connected with the Docks.

"Here the whole order of things was reversed. On common occasions, at our great religious meetings, female attire and brightness form the adornings of the room. Now the colours were changed indeed. Bonnets there were next to none, and instead of them, a close-set range of dark, swarthy, sunburnt faces, with eyes unprotected by any covering, all intently gazing on the speaker's countenance. It is needless to tell of what may be read in the lecture*, but my report would be deficient if it did not relate, first, the quiet, determined earnestness with which every syllable of the address was delivered, especially those parts which were of direct religious bearing, and, secondly, the profound stillness and breathless attention with which every word was received. Men wont to a short, sharp word of command,

* The lecture was afterwards published; and placed in the seamen's libraries of Her Majesty's ships, by order of the Admiralty.

and an instantaneous, active reply,—men given to yawn, and loiter in listless apathy, when they have no energetic work to do,—were there, for nearly two hours, attent, without a motion, hanging on his lips. There was not a momentary interruption, except for an occasional expression of sympathy, or a quiet outbreak of heartfelt applause. And yet, throughout the address, there was a brightness and cheeriness, with a sailor-like ease, as well as a self-possession on the speaker's part, which often caused a smile, for an instant, to enliven many a face. Of such a kind was the mention of the three L's*, which a captain, under whom he had once served, said should always be observed in running up channel; or, again, when he spoke of the eagerness with which men sought admission into the Portsmouth Sailors' Home, when all the beds were occupied, 'pricking for the softest plank' on the boarded floor. But the main character of the address was grave. The welfare of souls was in the speaker's heart, and no one could mistake his aim throughout. It was this fact, and the conviction which possessed the whole room, that the best and eternal interests of the service were what the Admiral mainly desired to promote, that gave its peculiar character to the address, and which, for an instant, seemed well nigh arresting the progress of the speaker himself, and overpowering many of his hearers. I allude to the character, conversion, and death of John Gordon. I shall never forget the thrill which ran through the room, and the palpable triumph of Christian principle over all the ways of man's devising, which were

* Viz. "lead, lead, lead:" with reference to the importance of continual soundings.

so commonly pursued by the company who confronted my chair at that time, as Sir Edward said: 'For my own part, I can never think of that Christian seaman without feelings of sincere affection, and his memory will be dear to me as long as I live. But the loss was only ours, not his. Gordon loved, and read, and prayed over his Bible, and, so sure as that Bible is true, he is now safely moored in that haven, where there are no storms to agitate, no waves to roll, but all is rest, and peace, and joy, for ever and ever! Can it be necessary for me to add that, if I commanded a ship again, it would be my pride and pleasure to have her manned with John Gordons!'

"The address delivered, men seemed to pause and think. I have often remarked that the noisy applause which follows a lecture or speech is often the least satisfactory evidence of the effect produced. On this occasion, there were manifest signs of a blessed return from the word which had gone forth. The inquiry obviously in the minds of the audience, as some of them looked around, was 'Who is next to speak?'—'Where is the man, who can reply to what we have heard, and thank him for his address as is meet?' Captain Austin, R.N., Government Superintendent of the Steam Navigation at this port, rose, as had been arranged, and, in a few hearty and appropriate terms, expressed what we all felt, — 'that we ought to be the better for what we had heard.'

"The scene which immediately ensued took me, certainly, by surprise. A number of officers and men, living in Southampton, who had served at various times under the Admiral, came forward, to remind him of the part they had borne in his honourable career. Several

of them he recognised at once; among them Lieut. D——, and a John Gordon, who said, on claiming acquaintance, that 'he was not the John Gordon who was drowned.' 'No,' replied Sir Edward, as he shook him heartily by the hand, 'but I know you well enough. You were my icemaster, and a very good hand at it you were!'

"The memory of this evening and its proceedings will never be effaced from my mind. It was one of the happiest and most profitable in my life!"

The gratification felt by Sir Edward at his appointment to Greenwich was mingled with other feelings. None were more aware than himself, that the line of conduct which he had felt it his duty to pursue at Haslar had exposed him to censure from many, especially amongst those who knew him only by report. He was, therefore, now more than ever anxious that, in entering upon a somewhat similar position, he might be enabled to avoid all unnecessary offence, and, at the same time, to maintain his Christian consistency. "We must all pray," he said, more than once, before coming to Greenwich, "that to us may be granted wisdom from on high, for I feel that now, especially, is needed the wisdom of the serpent no less than the harmlessness of the dove!" How well he succeeded is best proved by the undoubted way in which, during the short year and a half of his life at Greenwich, he endeared himself to the hearts of all. "Had we never known him," one writes, "we should have

been spared the sorrow we now feel at the thought of losing so dear a friend, yet we can never regret or forget the circumstances which gave us the great privilege of knowing, even for so short a time, so rare, so inestimable a character as that of dear Sir Edward." Sir John Liddell, late Medical Inspector to the Hospital, writes:—

"When Sir Edward Parry was selected to fill the very important post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich, high expectations were formed, from his former distinguished career, of his great usefulness to that noble Institution, the cradle and the grave of England's best seamen; but these expectations were more than realised by the energy and devotion that he brought to the discharge of the public and social business of the Hospital. He advocated the interest of religion and morality with the energy of a wise and philanthropic man, leaving us, who had the privilege of his intimacy, only to admire, and do honour to the singular ability he displayed in the various occupations he actually filled. His society and opinions were courted by persons in the highest, as well as the humbler stations of life; the former he frequently declined to visit, on account of his health, the latter never; nor was it only in the way of advice, that he served the poor, — he was most liberal in relieving their distresses, and in a manner so unostentatious, that it is only since his death that the extent of his bounty has come to light. These virtues were exercised perseveringly, under the pressure of the severe sufferings of a hopeless and protracted disease, which he endured, not only with the most perfect composure, but even with cheerfulness, till the close of a life

that had been spent in unceasing efforts to raise the character and extend the usefulness of the Royal Navy, the especial object of his care; whose improvement his large, acute, and vigorous mind enabled him to see more clearly than most men."

The following is from the pen of Admiral Hamilton, late Secretary of the Admiralty:—

"Blackheath, Nov. 1856.

"I need no reminder of Sir Edward Parry, when I write from a place so near Greenwich as this. Great, indeed, must have been the force of a character, which, in a comparatively short period, made itself so extensively felt. It shows what may be accomplished by a constant mind, even when bodily powers are failing. The remembrance of his exertions for the good of others is often, I may truly say, an almost unwelcome monitor to myself, for it has so happened that my name has taken the place of his in several associations connected with our service. We all need the injunction not to 'be weary in well doing,' and he seems never to have wearied. Most glad am I that it fell to Lord Aberdeen, as Prime Minister, to appoint him to Greenwich. I think I may venture to say it was a satisfaction to himself, to believe that, in conferring on Sir Edward the reward of his character and services, he was, at the same time, benefiting the Institution of which he made him Lieutenant-Governor. How far his Lordship was correct in his belief may be judged from the manner in which the name and memory of Sir Edward Parry are revered in Greenwich Hospital!"

During his residence at Greenwich, Sir Edward interested himself in the revival of a "Ladies' Benevolent Society" in the Hospital, for the purpose of visiting and relieving the families of the out-door pensioners. Nothing discouraged by some minor difficulties which awaited him at the outset, he entered into the scheme with such good will, that his zeal communicated itself to others, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that his efforts for the welfare of his humbler brethren were ably seconded. "All," he wrote, "have entered upon the cause most cordially; and I trust it may be a comfort to many a poor wife and child."

On more than one occasion, he was present at the meetings held in Greenwich by one of the London City Missionaries, for the benefit of the pensioners exclusively. He afterwards succeeded in procuring a larger room for the purpose, the men themselves contributing to pay the rent.

"At our lecture the other evening," he writes, "about ninety persons were present, all, with one or two exceptions, our old friends the pensioners. The most devout feeling seemed to prevail, and I believe it to have been genuine. In the course of the evening, I addressed them on the gratification I felt in seeing them thus engaged, as a proof that they cared for their souls, and, after expatiating a little on the only way of salvation, exhorted them to continue in that way, and to show their faith by their works,—works, not as meritorious in themselves, but as a test of the sincerity of their profession as followers of the Redeemer. After

all was over, two or three of the old men came and shook hands with me, and, curiously enough, one of them proved to have been with me in 'La Hogue's' boats (under Coote), when he and I got our medals. The poor old man was quite affectionate to me."

To Sir Edward's family and friends, his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich was very gratifying. They regarded it as the well-earned reward of more than half a century spent in his country's service; and, while they rejoiced to see him, as he said, "at length moored for life in a snug harbour," they could not help indulging the hope that many years of ease and usefulness were yet before him. But it had been otherwise appointed, and never was seen more strongly the truth of his own favourite maxim, "Man proposes, and God disposes."

In the summer of 1854, London and its suburbs were severely visited with Asiatic cholera. In the Hospital itself it found its victims, though its ravages there were not so great as in the surrounding localities. Towards the end of August, Sir Edward was himself attacked with the premonitory symptoms, which, though soon brought under control, seemed to be the exciting cause of his suffering and fatal disorder. At first, no serious apprehension was felt; though it proved a complete bar to all his active habits, occasioning almost constant pain, and seriously disturbing his rest at night. Under the watchful and affectionate care of Sir John Liddell, no means were

left untried to alleviate the malady; but, notwithstanding, it seemed to gain ground instead of decreasing. During this autumn, he was able to transact the routine business of the Hospital, in the absence of Sir James Gordon, the Governor, and attended regularly, as chairman, the weekly meetings of a society for the relief of the families of sailors engaged in the war, in the formation of which he had himself been mainly instrumental; but these efforts were not made without severe suffering. On the 6th of November he wrote, "I am much the same; certainly no sensible improvement. Do not forget me in your prayers, that calm, childlike submission may be given me."

In the midst of this fiery trial, the brightness of his Christian resignation shone forth as clearly as ever. "God's will be done!" was the prayer ever in his heart, and constantly on his lips. "If He wills," he would say to those whom he saw grieving on his account, "I shall recover; but my times are in His hands." A friend, who saw him at this time, writes:—"That visit of ours in the spring to Greenwich was a special privilege. How cheerful, and manly, and noble, his bearing under such severe chastening! We were most thankful to have had that sight of him, so near the time when he was to be taken from this passing world of ours. It left impressions never to be forgotten."

His attention had latterly been directed towards a celebrated German doctor, who had been successful

in his treatment of a similar case with which Sir Edward was acquainted; and Dr. S —— being called to England in the spring of 1855, he took the opportunity of consulting him.

On the 9th of May, Lady Parry writes:—

"It is now quite fixed that we go to Ems this day fortnight. Dr. S., who lodged here last night, holds out good hope of great benefit, and says that he regards it as a curable case. Many hearts will, I know, be helpers together by prayer on our behalf."

In all the preparations for the journey Sir Edward took an active share, superintending the various arrangements, and with his own hand writing the directions for the different packages. On Wednesday, the 23rd of May, the party, consisting of Sir Edward and Lady Parry, accompanied by those of their children who were able to leave England at the time, embarked at Greenwich on board the Rotterdam steamer, earnestly hoping that the desired boon of his recovery might be in store for them. The exertion of the voyage proved, however, too much for his enfeebled powers. "The very day of our arrival at Rotterdam," writes Lady Parry, "his strength seemed to fail so suddenly, that it was as if a thin shell had been worn through, and it were found hollow underneath." They remained a day at Rotterdam, and, the next morning, embarked once more in the Rhine steamer.

"Sir Edward and I," continues Lady Parry, "had the pavilion to ourselves. We made up a bed for him with a soft mattress on the sofa, where he lay with so much ease, that we determined on Saturday not to quit the boat, and all slept on board that night. At six A.M. on Sunday (Whit Sunday) we reached Düsseldorf. The town was filled with feast keepers and holiday makers, so that only at an extravagant cost could we get ourselves supplied with rooms; but there was no alternative."

On Monday evening, they arrived at Coblenz, and it was an inexpressible relief to be able to send at once for Dr. S——, who resided at Ehrenbreitstein. The effects of this "weary and anxious journey" were so plainly visible in Sir Edward's weakened condition, that for some days they were obliged to remain at Coblenz, and it was not until June 5th that they were able to reach Ems, where the rest of the party were already established. This was accomplished in an easy carriage, Dr. S—— himself accompanying them. His opinion of the case was, at first, by no means unfavourable; and he hoped that, when the fatigue had passed off, there might be sufficient strength of constitution left to rally from the present state of complete prostration. These hopes, however, soon proved delusive. For the first week, he was able to walk daily to the baths; but each day his strength continued to diminish, until even this small exertion had to be given up. In a letter to her brother, the Rev. E. F. E. Hankinson,

who had kindly offered to join her at Ems, Lady Parry says: —

"Ems, June 20, 1855.

"I now write to claim your kind offer to come to our help. I cannot conceal from myself that the weakness has steadily, and I must say, greatly increased, and I detect tokens of its extent, which at times startle me. The voice is so altered, and the speech sometimes so indistinct, that I can with difficulty understand him. There is also a certain degree of vail and dreaminess over the dear mind. Alas, alas! my hope is faint as to the rallying power that remains, but we know that it *may* be, and, if right, *will* be. 'He who spared not his own Son, shall He not freely give us all things?' He cannot bear much reading or talking, but we have daily a little service together, consisting of a few verses and prayer. He is in very frequent prayer himself, but, I think, low in natural spirits. Two or three hymns from the 'Spiritual Songs' he likes much, — 'I lay my sins on Jesus.' 'My times are in Thy hands,' &c."

And again: —

"Ems, June 21, 1855.

"My tidings must be of steady, and surely increasing weakness, and a look, that cannot be mistaken, of failing nature. I said to him this morning, after reading a few verses of John xiv., 'I do not feel as though this illness were for recovery.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I think not.' 'Are you willing to depart, and go to Jesus?' 'Oh, I long for it, I *long* for it, I am sorry to say!' 'No,' I answered, 'not sorry, — and we would fain be willing to let you go, — only pray for us, that we may follow after, and, with not one lost, be a family in Heaven.' With

great emphasis he said, 'Not one will be lost, for they are *all* beloved of the Lord!' 'What a mercy it is,' I added, 'that you have not now to seek a Saviour!' Again, with much emphasis, he replied, 'Oh, it is indeed! but I have known Him, I trust, long ago, and now my whole trust is in Him.'"

By the end of June, those of his children, who had hitherto been unable to leave England, arrived at Ems, so that all his family, with the exception of his sailor son and his married step-daughter, were now gathered round him, and the increasing weakness of their beloved parent warned them too surely that the closing scene must be near at hand. On Saturday, the 7th of July, Mr. Hankinson writes to his father:—

"I almost expected, when I last wrote to you, that my next letter would tell you that it was all over, and that our beloved brother had been released from the sufferings of the flesh, and I think you would almost expect it also. However, it is not so,—he is still with us; but we cannot expect that it will go on much longer: indeed, we ought not to desire it, for, from time to time, he has renewed and severe trial and suffering; and his prayer for himself is, 'Father, in Thine own good time receive me to Thy mercy!'

"This morning, we all assembled round his bed, and I administered the Sacrament to him. I trust it was a comforting and strengthening privilege. He is ready! What an inexpressible comfort is this! There is no intermixture of doubt in him, or for him. I trust that the Lord is with us; and He will not leave nor forsake us."

In a short conversation with Lady Parry, in the course of this same Saturday morning, he said, earnestly, "I can only say that in Christ, and Him crucified, is all my salvation and all my desire." "Yes," she said, "that is as He would have it, that all but Himself should be as nothing." "Oh," he replied, "nothing, nothing,—I sweep it all away! He is all my salvation, and all my desire!" Again, when the conversation turned on the prospect of his speedy departure, "Oh yes! I *long* for it! my desire is to slip away,—to slip into the arms of my precious Saviour, and I think I shall soon slip out of your hands." Shortly afterwards, he added, with characteristic earnestness, "Mind, let there be no death-bed scene!" She asked if he would not like to have his children round him. "Yes," he answered, "but take care, take care!"

Late on Saturday night he seemed sinking. A few words of prayer were offered up at his bedside, of which he was conscious, but too exhausted to speak, except once, when he was overheard to murmur "the chariots and horses!" evidently under the impression of his own immediate release. After a while, however, he rallied, and sank into a quiet sleep, which lasted, with only occasional interruptions, through the night. That night was the last he ever spent on earth. The next morning, at half-past nine, on Sunday, the 8th of July, he entered on "the rest which remaineth for the people of God." His last hours were mercifully free from pain, and

he remained conscious to the last, until, with a gentle sigh, the lingering spirit "slipped," according to his own earnest desire, "into his Saviour's arms." His course was finished, the victory won, and the faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord!

In the course of the same week, the sorrowing family left Ems, a place henceforth hallowed to them by its many touching associations, and, early on the next Sunday, reached Greenwich, bringing with them the dear remains. The funeral took place on the following Thursday, July 19th.* The following is from the pen of a near relative who attended:—

"London, July 20, 1855.

"Yesterday passed off very much as you would suppose. It was a large funeral, and well arranged. The procession left the Lieutenant-Governor's house soon after twelve. In front of the coffin (on which lay his hat and sword) marched a regiment of pensioners, with furled flags and craped drums. As soon as we left the house, a large number of officers, connected with the Hospital, fell in from the council-room, and arctic officers not a few, — M'Clure, Collinson, Kellett, Austin, &c. We first proceeded to the chapel, where the chaplain read the service, and then to the Mausoleum in the burial-ground belonging to the Hospital. His coffin rests by the side of the late Governor, Sir Charles Adam, and upon that of Sir Robert Stopford.

"This terminates the sad story. A 'mighty man of valour,' a 'father in Israel,' a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, whose light hath shone brightly before men, and whose record is on high, was, on this day, con-

signed to his last resting-place among the honoured of the earth, and there awaits the morning of a bright and glorious resurrection!"

A tablet has been erected to his memory in the Mausoleum of the cemetery at Greenwich, and another at Tunbridge Wells, close to that of his first wife.

"WE BLESS THY HOLY NAME, O LORD, FOR ALL THY SERVANTS DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THY FAITH AND FEAR; BESEECHING THEE TO GIVE US GRACE SO TO FOLLOW THEIR GOOD EXAMPLES, THAT, WITH THEM, WE MAY BE PARTAKERS OF THY HEAVENLY KINGDOM."

APPENDIX.

(A.)

Page 268.

Proposed Union in Prayer for the Promotion of Religion in Her Majesty's Navy.

"If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 19.

That a very decided change has taken place of late years, not only in the physical, but also in the moral aspect of the Navy, none who are acquainted with our Service will entertain a doubt. Recognising, in this fact, the gracious interposition of God, in behalf of the long degraded and spiritually destitute Sailor, it appears to suggest the duty of uniting in a humble and prayerful effort to improve the religious character of our Seamen. We desire, therefore, to engage the cordial co-operation of all (whether belonging to the Navy or not) who know the value of United Prayer; in order that the hands of our Christian friends afloat may be strengthened, and that an increasing number of those who "do business in great waters" may, by God's blessing, be brought to a knowledge of "the Truth as it is in Jesus."

With a view to further this design, it is proposed that on every Sunday morning, between the hours of seven and eleven, or as near that time as may be convenient,

the spiritual wants of the Navy be brought before the Throne of Grace by all who feel the importance of this object; — and the following heads of prayer are respectfully suggested :—

For the Navy generally, both Officers and Men.

1. That all belonging to, or connected with, the Naval Service, may entertain an increasing reverence for Almighty God; for His Word; and for His Sabbaths.
2. That all orders of men in the Naval Service, from the highest to the lowest, may be led to entertain a serious concern for their souls, and for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men.
3. That, as professing servants and soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, all may be enabled, by God's grace, to avoid

    Profane or indecent language.
    Sensuality and impurity of every kind.
    Angry or revengeful tempers.
    Disregard of truth.
    Idleness, or want of attention and zeal in the performance of every duty.
    Disrespect or disobedience to superiors.
    Want of courtesy, consideration, and Christian feeling towards equals or inferiors.
    Every besetting sin or infirmity.
    And, generally, that they may be preserved from all the snares and temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil;—also, that they may be protected from bodily danger, and kept in health and strength.

4. That the Spirit of God may rest upon them, not only to keep them from temptation, and deliver them from evil, but to "sanctify them wholly;"—that they may "grow in grace" daily. "and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;"—that "whatsoever they do, they may do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;" and be "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives' end;"—an honour to the service, and a blessing to their country, as well as to the heathen and other nations with whom they come into contact;—thus giving evidence that "Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."
5. And, that all hearts may be raised in *thanksgiving* to God for the blessing that has attended the efforts already made for the spiritual improvement of the Navy.

For Officers in particular.

1. That the Spirit of Wisdom, Justice, "Love, and of a sound mind" be given to them in the discharge of their arduous and responsible duties.
2. That they may entertain a just sense of their high responsibility, as regards the spiritual as well as temporal interests of those over whom they are placed.
3. That, by their example and influence, they may discountenance everything tending to "the derogation of God's honour and the corruption of good manners."
4. That grace may be given to our Chaplains to be wise, diligent, and faithful servants of Christ;

and that the Spirit of GOD may abundantly bless their labours, to the awakening and establishing many souls.

MANCHESTER.
Francis W. Austen, *Admiral.*
Edward Hawker, *Vice-Admiral.*
Henry Hope, *Rear-Admiral.*
Henry Fanshawe, *do.*
Fred. E. Vernon Harcourt, *do.*
Wm. Edward Parry, *Captain.*
Richard F. Rowley, *do.*
Henry D. Trotter, *do.*
George C. Blake, *do.*
John Monday, *do.*
Francis Liardet, *do.*
John Washington, *do.*
Claude H. M. Buckle, *do.*
Robt. F. Gambier, *do.*
James C. Caffin, *do.*
James H. Cockburn, *do.*
John Richardson, M. D., *Medical Inspector.*
James Anderson, M. D., *do.*
Robt. B. Yates, *Commander.*
Francis Maude, *do.*
George Hope, *do.*
Henry Downes, *do.*
Hugh Goold, *Commander.*
Edmund G. Fishbourne, *do.*
Edward H. Kenney, *do.*
Robert Coote, *do.*
Wm. T. Bate, *do.*
Wm. R. Payne, M. A., *Chaplain.*
Thomas J. Main, M. A., *do.*
John Adamson, *Lieutenant.*
George Atkinson, *do.*
Geo. C. Greenway, *do.*
Robert Justice, *do.*
John Billingsley, *do.*
Geo. B. Bunbury, *do.*
Wm. H Symons, *do.*
John De Courcey A. Agnew, *do.*
Crawford A. D. Pasco, *do.*
Frank H. Lambert, *do.*
Henry H. M. M'Carthy, *Capt.* R.N.
Colin A. Browning, M. D, *Surgeon.*
Mitchel Thomson, *do.*
Chas. Paget Blake, M. D., *do.*
Wm. Bowden, *Paymaster & Purser.*
Arthur Ellis, *do.*

December, 1851.

(B.)

Page 290.

LECTURE DELIVERED AT HASLAR,

June 13, 1852.

Acts xxvii.

The Apostle Paul, having taken advantage of his rights as a Roman citizen, to appeal to Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, against the malicious injustice and violent persecution of his own countrymen, the Jews,—it was now determined to send him as a prisoner to Rome for this purpose, although King Agrippa, before whom he had made his defence, did, in fact, pronounce him guiltless. More honourable and satisfactory evidence of his innocence Paul could not have desired!

The chapter on which we are this evening entering,—one of the most interesting portions of the history of the Acts of the Apostles,—contains the account of Paul's perilous voyage on his way to Rome; but, before we commence it, I cannot help reminding you in how wonderful and altogether unexpected a manner the Lord's purpose, His promised and declared purpose, that Paul should go to Rome, was now about to be accomplished. At the very time when, as we are told, he was actually in danger of being "pulled in pieces" by the people, on account of his faithfulness to Christ, and the chief captain ordered him to be taken by force, and brought into the castle for the security of his life,—under these fearful circumstances of peril it was that "he was to

bear witness also at Rome." But who would have conjectured how this was to be brought about? Who could have predicted that Paul, who was to be a witness for Christ at Rome, should go there as a prisoner? Truly, "God's ways are not our ways;" they are, indeed, "past finding out!"

I propose to consider, this evening, the whole account of this remarkable transaction, because it is so full of interest, especially to sea-faring people, and because it is not easy to divide so connected a story into separate portions. Let us now endeavour, by God's blessing, to derive some benefit from it to our own souls. And I think that such benefit may be ours, by our considering, with serious attention, the conduct of Paul, the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, under the various circumstances of difficulty, danger, and trial in which he was placed. And this will naturally lead us to contemplate the faithfulness of the Lord to all His promises in behalf of His servants.

I. Let us look at Paul's coolness, presence of mind, and holy courage, in the midst of the most appalling danger. Everybody knows — and some here may perhaps know by experience — that a shipwreck in a gale of wind, with a heavy sea, and on an unknown and dangerous coast, is no light matter. But even those among us who do, perhaps, know something of this peril can form but a very faint idea of what the danger was in Paul's time, with ill-constructed and badly-found vessels, without the art and the discipline which give us such great advantage. There can be no doubt that, under such circumstances, their danger was even greater than ours; and their hope of escaping with their lives much less. In fact, such was their state of peril, that Paul,

in describing it, says that "all hope that we should be saved was taken away," *i. e.*, humanly speaking, there seemed no possibility of escape, — human means seemed unavailing, and the people of the ship had given up all hope, seeing no prospect before them but that of certain and inevitable destruction!

But now mark the conduct of the servant of God! Imagine a little vessel beating about among shoals, at the mercy of the winds and waves, in a gale so violent that they could carry no sail.* And again, when the sailors tried to desert their comrades in the hour of peril, and Paul remonstrated against this cowardly conduct, then we read, even at the very height of the danger, Paul besought them all to take meat, and to be of good cheer. Now, this, I say, is an instance of uncommon coolness and courageous presence of mind. And what did it all proceed from? My dear friends, the narrative does not leave us for a moment in doubt upon that point. It was not mere animal courage, — by which I mean that quality which, however valuable, the lower animals possess in common with man, and often in a much higher degree than man. It was not simply this; it was a holy trust in God; a firm confidence in His power, His mercy, and in the faithfulness of His promises. The ground of Paul's confidence may all be summed up in one brief sentence of his, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."† Yes, my friends, faith in God is the source of the highest order of courage, of that moral courage which distinguishes man from the brute creation. The promises of God to His people, the promises of His mercy and love to all who belong to Christ Jesus, His Son, are so numerous, so strong, so

* Ver. 17. † Ver. 25.

distinct, that I do not suppose any reasonable man, who believes the Bible to be God's Word, would, in so many words, venture to doubt or dispute them. But faith, living scriptural faith, goes farther than this. It is not merely an admission of the truth, but it is acting upon it, acting up to it; and this acting up to the truth is holy courage and confidence in time of need. It is not merely saying we believe in God's promises, but showing that we believe them, as Paul did, when the time of trial comes. It is easy enough to talk of faith in God, when all is smooth, and quiet, and safe around us; but it is only the Christian warrior who can say, when the blasts of affliction and the waves of sickness or sorrow are beating upon him, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me,"—told me in His Holy Word, whose every assurance is faithfulness and truth! My dear friends, if you wish to possess this confidence, this holy courage, cultivate that faith in God's promises, which is alone able to produce it. It is a high and a blessed attainment to be able to say from the heart, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me!"

And, observe, as a proof that this was a source of Paul's courageous bearing in the hour of danger, that he ascribes it all to God. Paul may have been, and probably was, naturally a bold man. His whole history seems to imply that he was. But we do not see here any boasting of his natural courage, nor any reference to it. God had said to him "Fear not, Paul," and Paul did not fear. God had said, "I have given thee all that sail with thee," and Paul did not doubt it. Self was wholly out of the question,—all had reference to God. Let us learn from this, my friends, to ascribe all that we have, and all that we are, to Him who has given us all we

have, and who has made us what we are. If success attend our worldly occupations, if a blessing rest upon our lawful endeavours, if we are enabled to avoid danger, or are safely delivered from it when it comes; in each and every case, let us be sure to recognise the eye that watches and the hand that guards us, and let the language of our inmost souls be ever this, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake!"

II. Next, then, let us notice, as I proposed, how faithful God is to His promises. Paul knew that he was dealing with a faithful God, when he said, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me," and his hope was not disappointed. Nor shall the hope of any be disappointed, who lean upon the promises of God. The promises of man are full of uncertainty and doubt, a constant source of disappointment, in some shape or other, and from a variety of causes. How often do we see a promise made, and wantonly broken! How often does it turn out that a person is unable to perform his promise! A thousand contingencies may cause the failure of one man's promise to another. But this can never be the case with the promises of God. In God there can never be either the want of power or the want of will. He is both willing and able to fulfil, to the uttermost, whatever His word is pledged to accomplish. "He is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should repent." "Hath He said, and shall He not do it, or hath He not spoken, and shall He not make it good?" However adverse the circumstances may be, to all human appearance, however unlikely the accomplishment of the divine promises may, at any time, seem to our limited apprehension, yet "the word of the

Lord standeth sure," and "not one jot or one tittle" of what He hath spoken shall ever fail. It was in the midst of the most appalling danger that the angel of God stood by Paul, and assured him not only of his own preservation, but of the safety of every soul embarked in that ill-fated ship. Nothing could be more improbable. No peril could well be greater. Probably Paul was the only individual, out of the "two hundred threescore and sixteen souls" on board, who believed in the possibility of their being saved. But the Lord had said it. His word was passed, and that was enough. The storm was violent, the sea was fearful, and the land was under their lee; but He, at whose command the tempest blew and the waves arose, was stronger than they; "and so," we read, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

But now I want you to observe, from the narrative before us, to whom it is that the promises of God's gracious protection are most especially, if not exclusively, made. On this occasion we are not told that any such assurance was given to any but one out of the 276 persons who were placed in this dreadful jeopardy, and that one was the servant of God! Mark that well, my dear friends. One man received a gracious intimation that, in spite of the disastrous predicament in which their ship was placed, all should end well. The other 275 received no such intimation; and the ground of this selection of one man, out of so large a number, is clearly set forth in one expression used by Paul, in encouraging his affrighted shipmates. He says, "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve." There was the secret of this marvellous transaction. Yes, my friends, the gracious promises of

Almighty God are specially made to those who are His, to those who serve Him! The "eyes of the Lord are," in a special sense, "over the righteous, and His ears open unto their prayers." It is true, indeed, that "He makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sends His rain on the just and unjust;" but, while these ordinary gifts of His providence are thus scattered with a liberal and bounteous hand upon all, it is to His own servants, to the people of Christ, to the sheep of His dear Son's flock, that He dispenses, in richest abundance, all the blessings both of His providence and His grace. To all such he addresses the language which he addressed to His chosen people of old, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye."* "Whoso hearkeneth unto me," says the Lord, "shall dwell safely,"—that, my friends, is just what we all want,—"shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."†

Let me draw your attention to another circumstance well worthy of our notice in this account of Paul's shipwreck. God not only promised him that his own life should be spared, in this great peril, "but," said the angel, "God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." Mark that expression, "hath given thee," clearly implying that it was for Paul's sake that God was pleased to spare their lives,—very likely in answer to Paul's prayers; for we know "that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" with God; and thus, there can be no doubt, it often happens that the wicked derive important benefits from being associated or connected with Christians. God often confers important benefits on the world at large, in the course of His

* Zech. ii. 8. † Prov. i. 33.

general purpose to benefit His own people. The wicked city of Sodom would have been spared, could ten righteous men have been found within it. The Lord said, "I will not destroy it for ten's sake." And thus, my dear friends, it is a high and holy privilege to be related to the servants of God,—to be the children of pious parents, or to be connected with pious partners in life. Many a husband, no doubt, has been spared, and saved, and blessed, in pity to his pious wife, or his godly children. It is a privilege to be connected with the friends of God in business, to dwell near them, to be associated with them in the various circumstances of life, whether prosperous or adverse. God, who crowns them with loving-kindness and tender mercies, often fills the abodes of their neighbours and friends with the blessings of peace and salvation.

And then, again, we may here remark, that it is possible for a pious man, like Paul, so to conduct himself in the various trying scenes of life, the agitations, difficulties, and temptations of this world, as to conciliate the favour of worldly men, without compromising one principle of Christian duty. "The soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners; but the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose." Paul's conduct on board the ship, the wisdom of his advice, the courage and prudence he displayed in the midst of the most appalling danger, and, probably, the belief that he was under the divine protection and blessing,—all these considerations disposed the centurion to save his life; and thus, for the sake of this righteous man, the lives of all the prisoners were spared. And all experience shows that consistent Christian conduct, however despised and ridiculed by worldly and wicked men, will, especially in

times of difficulty and trial, secure, in the end, the respect and esteem even of those who know little or nothing of the power of Christianity in their own hearts.

And, lastly, let me direct your attention to the fact, that no assurance of divine help and protection made Paul careless in the use of proper means for his preservation. We have seen this on several occasions in the course of this history, but in none more strikingly than in this shipwreck. To say nothing of Paul's prudent remonstrance, and advice to them not to sail at all, you may observe the same wise precaution in the use of means, even after he had received the assurance of the Lord's protection. When the crew of the vessel were about to desert the ship in their boat, Paul did not look quietly on, as if it were of no importance whether they went away or not; but he said to the centurion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." And in the same way, when they had been fasting so long as to reduce their strength, Paul said, "I pray you to take some meat, for this is for your health;" and this, though, in dependence on God's promise, he could, immediately and with the utmost confidence, add, "there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you!"

From this we learn that we have no right to neglect the means for accomplishing any lawful purpose. However certain an event may be in the divine counsels, and however distinctly revealed and promised, yet man's agency is always necessary and proper. The means are determined as well as the end, and the one will not be secured without the other. And, remember, the same is true as to God's counsels in regard to our salvation. The end is not determined without the means. As God

has ordained that His people shall be saved, so He has also ordained the means. He has ordained that they shall use His Word, His ordinances, prayer; He has ordained that they shall repent, shall believe, shall be holy, shall bring forth the fruits of repentance, faith, and holiness, and *thus* shall be saved. To the diligent use of means God has promised His blessing, and, without these means, no blessing is to be expected. Therefore, says the Apostle, "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,"—here is the exhortation to man's diligence,—and then he adds (not as an encouragement to idleness, but as a stimulus to exertion) "*for* it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

And now, my friends, we have seen with what holy confidence, with what cool, undaunted courage, the servant of God can meet the most appalling danger. We have seen, too, how faithfully the Lord performs His promises to His people. And this applies to all God's faithful servants as much as to Paul. And is not this confidence—is not this assurance of safety worth possessing?—to be able to say, "I know that God is my friend, 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,'—His I am, and Him I serve, and, therefore, I know that His eye continually watches over me, that His hand is ever stretched out for my good,—I know that, come what will, let the storms of affliction blow upon me ever so rudely, He who said to Paul, in the midst of the tempest, 'Fear not!' will magnify His power in my deliverance, will, certainly, make 'all things work together' for my best, my eternal welfare?" Yes, my dear friends, and we shall soon, very soon, need all that holy confidence, all that assurance of the divine love and

protection, which none but the servants of God can experience. It is an easy thing, while life, and health, and prosperity, are granted to us, to treat these matters lightly, and view them with indifference; but oh! let us look ahead, my friends, let us look beyond the present moment and the present scene! The present moment is gone while we are talking about it. The present scene will change before we are aware of it. All may be smooth, and calm, and quiet with you now, but what do you do at sea, when all is smooth, and calm, and quiet? Why, you put your rigging to rights, you repair your sails, you set all in order, while you have the opportunity: and why? Because you know very well that the calm will not last for ever, that it cannot last long, and, therefore, you prepare for the next gale, and the next lee shore! My dear friends, I beseech you, "by the mercies of God," to do the same by your souls! However smooth and unruffled may be the ocean of your life now, it cannot always be so. Even in this world, the storms of affliction will come, the billows of trial will beat upon you, the rude blasts of suffering will assail you. It is the common lot of humanity, and you cannot be exempt from it. And, even then, you will find that to lean upon any but your God for comfort, strength, support, and help, is but to lean on a broken reed. But, my dear friends, a much worse, a much more terrible storm is at hand. "Upon the wicked God shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest." The impenitent and unbelieving sinner is described here. Yes, my friends, that will be a storm indeed! a storm against which no human art, or learning, or device of any kind can prevail to shelter you! Against that storm, with all its terrific and eternal consequences, there

is but one thing can shield you,—"LOOKING UNTO JESUS," —laying hold of the Lord Jesus Christ by Faith,—committing your souls to Him, as your Saviour-God. This is what you must do to secure yourselves against the storm of God's righteous indignation. Every other refuge will prove "a refuge of lies," whenever that storm comes. As, in the days of Noah, the ark was the only place of security when the floods of God's anger poured down on this sinful earth, so, believe me, Christ will be the only Ark which will bear you harmless in that more tremendous flood, when "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," shall be poured upon every soul of man that has not fled to the hope set before it in the Gospel! Would to God, my friends, I could, by any words of mine, persuade you to come into this Ark, and at once! You know not when the storm may come. Be, then, always ready. That is the way, and the only way, to be always safe. Oh, do not trifle, do not linger, do not live on, day by day, half-and-half Christians, meaning well, perhaps, but not acting boldly and decisively, having no real dealing with Christ, no *personal* transaction with the Saviour of sinners, and, therefore, securing to yourselves no interest in His great salvation! Oh, be wise in time! The Lord Jesus is now inviting you to come to Him. His message of mercy is before you. I beseech you, my friends, if you have never come to Christ before, come to Him now! Hear His gracious voice, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Believe that "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!" Show that you do believe it, by acting up to it. The Lord Jesus stands ready to save all who will be saved,

all who will come unto God by him. "Oh, it is a blessed thing to belong to Christ, to be his people! The hairs of their head are all numbered, and the Lord cares for every one of them. They are all kept on earth till they are ripe and ready for glory, and not one moment longer. No disease can touch them till the Lord gives the word!"* When they come to their deathbed, "the everlasting arms" are round about them, and "make all their bed in their sickness." And, when they die, they breathe their last in their Redeemer's arms, they fall asleep in Jesus, and are at once carried, like Lazarus, in Abraham's bosom. In life and in death the true believer realises, in his own happy experience, the fulfilment of that sweet promise relating to Christ, "a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."† Oh, my friends, make that Man, the God-man, Christ Jesus, your "hiding-place from the wind," your "covert from the tempest," and you may say:—

"Then, let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies,—
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

"If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in THEE!"

* Rev. J. Ryle.

† Isaiah, xxxii. 2.

THE END.

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